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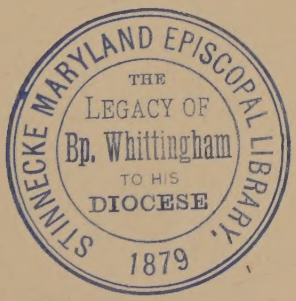
MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN McLEOD CAMPBELL, D.D.



MEMORIALS

OF

JOHN McLEOD CAMPBELL, D.D.

BEING SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

THE REV. DONALD CAMPBELL, M.A.

ordained Deacon June 11 1865. p 91.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAIT ENGRAVED BY C. H. JEENS.

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CHAPTER X.

1860—1863.

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Mr. Campbell, being now relieved from the pressure of ministerial work, was able to give more attention than he had hitherto done to the difficult problems of modern thought. The publication of *Essays and Reviews* in 1860, and that of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch two years later, were events which could not fail to interest him deeply. His own profound reverence for the Scriptures made him shrink from what might seem a too free handling of sacred books.[1] At the same time, his single-eyed love of

[1] With reference to his manner of reading the Bible, Dr. Macleod wrote as follows after his death: "No prophet of old repeating to others what to himself was as the audible voice of God could have done so with more impressive tones than those in which Dr. Campbell read the same words from Scripture. This was very far from being in him a mere matter of taste or propriety due to what was recognized as God's Word. His reverence was prompted by the deepest inward conviction, the clearest inward vision of the Word as God's Word." See *Good Words* for May, 1872, p. 354.

truth prevented him from joining in any hasty outcry against the results of inquiry. He refused to take any lower ground, in considering new opinions, than this—Are they true or are they false? Thus, although the matters in dispute were different from those involved in the controversies with which he had been identified thirty years before, he remained faithful to the principle which he had laid down in his Synod speech—namely, that the important question was not, What does the Church teach? but, What is true?

He had read the *Essays and Reviews* when they were first published, and many months before they attracted general attention. During the winter of 1860-61 he watched, with mixed feelings, the controversy which was carried on with reference to that book; and his letters record what he felt on the subject. In May, 1861, his friend Mr. Duncan urged him to write something which should embody the thoughts which he had been expressing in conversation or by letter; and the result was the publication, in the following year, of *Thoughts on Revelation.* This book was well received; and he heard from many quarters that it had been found very helpful, and that it was more easily understood than his former works. Dr. Norman Macleod, for instance, wrote to him: "I left a copy of your noble book at Florence with the Free Kirk minister there. What a marvellous advance you have made in diction! This book is clear as sunshine."

Mr. Campbell watched with interest the course of the prosecutions which resulted from the *Essays and Reviews*—that of Dr. Williams and that of Mr. Wilson; which, "though distinct cases, were in a great measure conducted together."[1] A sentence of suspension for one year was pronounced upon each of these clergymen by the Dean of

[1] See "Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council: edited by Brodrick & Fremantle," p. 250.

Arches in December, 1862; but it was reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in February, 1864.

At the end of the year 1862, Mr. Campbell had a dangerous illness; and for a time there was little hope of his recovery. He had gone to pay a short visit at Rosneath Castle, and he was taken ill the night after his arrival. He always looked back on this illness with very solemn feelings, and with more gratitude than he could express to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, for their unbounded kindness to him at that time.

To his ELDEST SON:

Then at Cambridge.

LAUREL BANK, 18th November, 1860.

. . . I am glad that the cheers for Mr. Maurice were so hearty;[1] and I am glad that Mr. Kingsley has been welcomed so cordially. . . .

M—— is copying for you one of my favourite hymns;[2] one that I have found often welling up in me as living water. Its great value to me is the way in which inward occupation with the love of Christ is connected with meeting the practical demand of outward circumstances. I was on Friday some time with George Galloway's widow. She told me she often used to overhear him at night repeating psalms to himself; two very favourite ones being the 90th and the 91st. I used so much to fear that his great intellectual occupation with religion, in the endeavour to construct for himself a full and symmetrical form of

[1] Namely, in the Senate House, on the occasion of Mr. Kingsley's Inaugural Lecture.

[2] The hymn referred to is one by Gambold, beginning with the words, "That I am thine, my Lord and God." See Gambold's *Works*, p. 196, edition of 1823.

theological thought, might be, more or less, taking the place of religious life in him, that I the more value any indication of a purely practical living in the consciousness of his own relation to God. But, indeed, I believe that much of what might be taken (mistaken) for mere speculative thought, was the effect of jealousy for the name of God; the jealousy of one to whom that name was everything: as indeed that name is everything to each of us in proportion as we awaken to the truth of things; both because "power belongeth to God alone," and, still more, "because to Him also belongeth mercy." For whatever importance the former thought impart to the Divine name, the latter thought is its *attraction*, and what alone makes the realization of the former what we can peacefully—not to say joyfully—engage in. . . .

POLLOC, 22nd November, 1860.

It is rather late for this work; but we are so much later in the morning here that I may pass a little time with you before going to bed; though it has struck eleven. . . . I am here chiefly to meet the Bishop of Argyll, who has given me his charge, now published, and, quite frankly, said I would find in it what I had myself said to him on the subject of the Eucharist. I can have no feeling but of thankfulness that what I said has so commended itself to him, and is in the way of coming through him in contact with many minds; and though briefly stated it is quite clear enough to be suggestive.

I meet here also one whom I met often long ago, and who has been keeping up her acquaintance with me by reading everything of mine she could get; and from her I have been hearing encouraging things as to my preaching in Edinburgh long ago. She is the wife of Lord Cunningham, one of the Lords of Session. I remember her well at our meetings in '30 and '31. . . .

Robert Story has asked me to come to meet Mrs. Oliphant at Rosneath in December,[1] and I have agreed, if before the 15th. . . . I was glad to receive the paper with the report of Kingsley's Inaugural Lecture. In a general view I do sympathize with him, feeling strongly the difference between the fixedness of physical laws, and consequent certainty with which their working may be calculated upon, and the uncalculable element introduced when the will of man is introduced. One thing he is reported to have said seems to me more specious than sound. I mean his arguing from the difficulty of knowing and entering into the mind of Luther, to conclusions as to entering into the Divine mind. Were there force in the argument at all it would throw us to an infinite distance from any entrance into the Divine mind; but, to take no other objection, it seems enough to say—Luther is not revealing himself to our spirits as God is; and the question is, not how far can we get in the effort to know God, but how far can God come in making Himself known. I think you will see this to be a fruitful distinction. . . .

We were glad for what we saw of Dr. Scott, though less than we wished. I came out here with him to call last Tuesday. He was much saddened by the blank which Lady Matilda's removal has made, and by seeing Sir John so changed. . . .

I must stop. It is "on the chap o' twalve."

To Mr. Erskine.

Partick, 26th November, 1860.

. . . I find your Introductory Essay to letters by a Lady suggesting what I had felt the notes of my own teaching of the same date suggesting,—a fear that injustice had

[1] Mrs. Oliphant was at this time collecting materials for her life of Edward Irving.

been done to states of mind which, though they would not stand a logical test, might have stood a spiritual test. How difficult it is always to distinguish between our commending ourselves to the conscience, and our commending ourselves to the intellect. Also, "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Doubtless "doing the will of God" in the true and deepest sense of these words is that which fits for "knowing the doctrine whether it be of God." May we so do that will which is love as to be increasingly capable of entering into the counsels which are love.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 10th December, 1860.

. . . Since finishing Davies I have read Young's Criticism of Mansel's book, which I brought up, you may remember, from Rosneath. On the whole I think it a valuable contribution to the aids to right thinking on this important subject, and please mention it to Mr. Macmillan as what I think fitted to strengthen Mr. Maurice's hands. "The Province of Reason, a Criticism on the Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought: by John Young, LL.D."

Norman M'Leod is feeling Dr. Robertson's death[1] very much. I feel it myself, having felt that there was that truthfulness in his advocacy of Church extension which God would acknowledge. I believe also it was "a work of faith and labour of love" as well, and so gone on with in "patience of hope." I do not remember whether you heard his speech on the Education question, which I heard with so much pleasure.

[1] Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh University, whose name was identified with the Endowment Scheme.

To Miss Duncan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 4th January, 1861.

[After speaking of the extremely cold weather:] I have no doubt you are having many demands on your sympathy, where suffering from privations is added to disease; and tender nursing care may also be absent. We are to be thankful for all mitigating circumstances, while sympathizing in what is endured; remembering, also, that the delicate nursing which mitigates the trial of sickness, also increases the nervous sensitiveness. How past our finding out are the ways of that wise love which sends suffering, and renews it, and continues it through years! We are apt, if spared ourselves, to wonder how others, whom we may think less to need chastening, are chastened so sorely: a thought that often presents itself when I remember M—— G——. But physical suffering is not the only form of discipline; and if we keep steadily before us the ideal of our God for us, and, in the light of that ideal, see our shortcoming, we are likely to see that we are not neglected as to chastening, but really have it in the form suited to our need. Even while alive to see this, and giving thanks that we are so remembered, how slow our progress! how infinite the long-suffering which we are proving.

To Mr. Erskine.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 12th January, 1861.

. . . I believe the difficulty felt in receiving a statement on the subject of the Eucharist such as is now questioned, is to be traced altogether to the view held on the nature of the atonement. It is the essential presence in all our worship of the sacrifice of Christ which is not understood, because that sacrifice itself is not understood.

Since I wrote you, I have re-read Mr. Jowett's essay on "the Interpretation of Scripture":[1] and with an increased feeling of respect and of tenderness for him. How far an acquaintance with what he calls "Historical Criticism" (which I have not) would awaken in myself that *kind* of need of largeness and liberty which he feels, I cannot be sure: and I know that, while a theory which prepares the mind to find one sacred writer differing from another, must expose to the risk of hastily finding such differences where they may not exist, and where, waiting for more light, they would have come to be seen not to exist (my own experience as to many passages usually founded on in the discussions about Election), it is also undeniable that the assumption of the impossibility of discrepancy is likely to tempt to strained efforts at harmonizing. But I seem to feel all the largeness that I need in the faith of divine teaching; I mean the faith that I am called to be myself taught of God. This faith gives me what I feel to be a healthy freedom in the study of the Scriptures, in that waiting for more light to which I have just referred; for example, assuming that I do not understand the ninth of Romans, instead of giving it up to Calvinists, and preserving the harmony of my own thoughts by assuming that the Apostle was in error.

When I formerly read Mr. Jowett's essay, I thought the demand that we should learn from the study of the Bible what inspiration is, and not go to the Bible with a theory as to what inspiration must be, quite reasonable. But I now see that the thing meant is, that we should consider what price we shall put on the Bible after subjecting it to canons of historical criticism, and not that we should ascertain what the Bible may itself claim to be. Surely the Bible addresses itself to something else than our capacity of historical criticism, and our recognition of God speaking in it must be on ground altogether other than this; and this Mr.

[1] In *Essays and Reviews.*

Jowett would in some sense admit. But what seems to me ultimately in question is, the reasonableness of the faith of any direct authoritative utterance of a *personal* character on the part of God, either outward through man to man, or inward to the individual; and what we call the voice of God in conscience, is being subjected to a lowering among human consciousnesses corresponding to the lowering of the Bible among books. As the Greeks are regarded as having progressed (in the persons of their great thinkers) from the faith of personal Gods to the recognition of laws of nature, so are we assumed to be now having a similar advancement in the persons of what are assumed to be our deepest thinkers; with the difference that in their case it was a change of conception in relation to the natural world,—in our case a change of conception in relation to the moral and spiritual world; attributes of God, as moral and spiritual laws, being substituted for a personal God. No doubt the attributes are in the highest sense laws, the laws of the Divine nature; and the faith of them as sure and abiding, is an essential element in our faith in God. But our faith is in a *person*. "They that know Thy name, will put their trust in *Thee*."

This essay has still interested me much in the writer, because of the honest desire to contribute what seems to him help to truth-seekers; and it contains many needed cautions in reference to the danger of finding in the Bible just what we take to the reading of it. But the difficulty is in the practical application of such cautions, and we may take to our reading other beside theological prepossessions.

It would be a comfort to receive the assurance of a more complete convalescence than you have been able to tell us of. We are thankful that Mrs. Stirling is pretty well. She will not easily attend much to herself when you are ill. . . .

To Mrs. Macnabb.

Laurel Bank, 9th February, 1861.

Mental ordeals try some, as moral ordeals others: and though lawlessness is the great source of danger always, those who have never been exposed to temptation, in whichever form, cannot easily allow, as much as may be just, for the place which better feelings have in the history of results that, on the whole, we must regret.

I feel in myself a tenderness towards conditions of mental perplexity on the subject of truth, which, had I not looked at them so nearly, I could not have felt: for I have come to recognize the pressure of difficulties honestly felt, where, at first, I feared there was but captiousness, or impatience of authority. My first desire, therefore, in every case is to endeavour as much as possible to place myself at the standpoint of those who see differently from myself. Thus may I hope to be saved from doing them injustice. Thus also may I sometimes have the great privilege of helping them.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 3rd March, 1861.

. . . Of course the movement, or rather commotion, produced by the *Essays and Reviews* has reached to Cambridge. Indeed I see some letters in the *Times* from Cambridge. It seems a great fire kindled by small sparks; and it, indeed, like a fire so kindled, smouldered slowly for twelve months. But it had burnt forth in great strength at last: quite a conflagration. I am thankful, very thankful, for a few words from Mr. Maurice, in his notice of Bunsen's death in the present *Macmillan*, on reading the Bible as the Word of God, in opposition to reading it as one reads any other book. I forget whether I showed you my letter[1] to

[1] Of 12th January, given above.

Mr. Erskine in reference to Jowett's essay, before sending it away. I have myself found the difference of result from reading the Scriptures with an undoubted trust that what is taught is truth,—though that truth may in many passages be obscure to me, or even not yet seen even obscurely,—as compared with a preparedness to find the sacred writer only partially enlightened, and in many points labouring under the disadvantage of a stand-point so much lower than our own, that we may be authorized to look down and say, "There he errs as he would not now." I have, I say, found the difference of result so great that I am most thankful to have been guided as I have been. I never, as I think you know, would have understood what is really taught on the subject of Election, if I had assumed the first impression of the Apostles' meaning to be a true one, and the Apostles to have been in error, and so had retained liberty to believe, in opposition to their teaching, what I saw having internal evidence of truth. But by waiting for more light, and suspending my decision as to the meaning of the stumbling passages until such light might be received, I have come to see clearly that what was stumbling was not really taught, but something quite different. This process is indeed still incomplete, for the hardest knot of all is still to unloose, the ninth of Romans. But I do not doubt that if the Apostle's words ever come to convey to my mind just what he intended, they will be then conveying what I shall be able to receive, and shall see to be in harmony with those of his words which I now feel that I understand. I must stop.

To MR. DUNCAN.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 27th March, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe I ought to write to you more frequently, as letters bridge over—or rather, are good stepping-stones in—the space between our meetings.

I am thankful that dearest Miss Duncan has this promise of pleasant healthful interest in this school. It is a great mercy to us to make us channels of good to others, whatever the good may be; but what a school aims at stands very high, if not indeed highest in the scale; that is, when the abiding results in the spiritual world are looked to as the real end in view. As to myself I would often feel very low, were I not having some hope that the interest which I feel in the hallowing of the Father's name, and the coming of His kingdom, and the doing of His will, is not without fruit even when its outlet is most exclusively upwards in prayer. But sometimes what I see and feel is uttered in conversation with those to whom it may be a word in season: and sometimes, though rarely, in drawing forth a friend's sympathy by a letter.

I have not seen Robertson's volume on the Epistles to the Corinthians, but intend to take the first opportunity of doing so. I can quite understand that he is more in light in his own region than Maurice in his. Robertson draws more upon humanity,—what is known to a man by the spirit of a man which is in him. Maurice seeks more to rise into the divine light,—a region in which the coherence of a theology is apt to be mistaken for spiritual insight. Yet I always regard my own misgivings as to him with distrust, when I feel that (as you say) his confidence seems to me beyond his vision, being certainly beyond what he enables me to see: and so I try to wait, as I may yet see.

It is since we were together that these *Essays and Reviews* have caused such a commotion. I had a good deal of conversation about them with dear Mr. Erskine when in Edinburgh (the week before last), and was very thankful for the sympathy which I met in him. Since my return home I have had a visit from my young friend E. Caird, who is down for the Easter vacation; and understand better than I did from anything I had read (either in Jowett's essay on inter-

pretation, or his volumes on the writings of the Apostle Paul) what the real point of departure is on the subject of inspiration. The ultimate question seems to be, "Does God communicate directly with man otherwise than by the light of eternal truth in conscience?" I have long seen the tendency of much realization of the high place and ultimate nature, in relation to spiritual development, of the condition of spirit expressed by the words, "In Thy light we shall see light," to cause a depreciation of any lower supposed participation in the knowledge that God has of His own counsels, and their historical development, which prophecy (if, as we believe, such there be), presents to us. And the natural sequel to such depreciation is doubt as to the reality of anything lower. Yet the Bible in its history as given and as received, has seemed to me to present the fact of such lower knowledge; and that as a step towards that which is higher. This the new theory of inspiration denies: the words, "Thus saith the Lord," or "The word of the Lord came unto me saying," in the mouth of an Old Testament prophet, being held to be simply the expression, according to the manner of speech of their time, of the same consciousness which we express by saying, "I see clearly in the light of truth." . . .

To MRS. CAMPBELL.

[EDINBURGH, April, 1861.]

. . . I was dining at Mr. James M'Kenzie's with Mr. Erskine and Dr. Hanna.[1] We were just four of a party, and I have seldom enjoyed an evening more. Dr. Hanna seemed very glad to make my acquaintance; and when he was parting with us, he thanked Mr. Erskine for having given him the opportunity of meeting me. (Mr. Erskine had invited us both to Mr. M'Kenzie's.) Dr. H. said to

[1] The son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers.

me "he had to thank me for the pleasure and profit he had derived from my book." He added, "he did not know that I had entered so much into the profounder thought on these subjects." I like him very much. He is the freest and most serious at the same time of all the Scotch ministers I have met. . . .

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 11th May, 1861.

I have just read Hughes' *Religio Laici*.[1] I like his tone of conviction; and though his faith in Christ does not appear to me full-orbed, yet I know to touch the hem of His garment in faith is sure to draw a blessing from Him. The traces of Mr. Mansel's teaching extend to cast of thought, and manner of commending what he believes, as well as to the substance of his faith. I still feel that I desiderate more tenderness for the generation of thinkers passing away; though it is difficult to combine such tenderness with much sympathy with the party of progress. Perhaps my stand-point is more in the past than his could be with his history. We had a sermon last Sunday from Dr. Robert Lee that was a greater approximation to the tone of the *Essays and Reviews* than I was prepared for even in him. I remember saying to Stanley in reference to Jowett's large work, that I felt it wanting in the recognition of the abiding eternal element in Paul's religion; and in proportion as more weight is attached to a man's antecedents, and less is referred to what the grace of God has made him, this is likely to be the case. I am urged by dear Mr. Duncan to write something of what I feel in regard to these *Essays and Reviews*. I cannot attempt a *book*, and a pamphlet seems scarcely worthy of the questions involved. But I am going to write at all events, and judge afterwards whether to print.

[1] One of the "Tracts for Priests and People."

27th May, 1861.

I have had a pleasant week at Helensburgh, and kept each day from 10 to 1 for myself, making in these forenoons a commencement on the subject of the *Essays and Reviews*, leaving the question of publishing to be afterwards decided.

I have been reading Dr. Temple's *Sermons* with great interest. I trust they will separate in men's thoughts between him and all that has been objected to in that volume; as indeed I think his own essay might have done, though open, I think, to special objection itself: but not the same; and indeed what the volume of *Sermons* would never have suggested, though I cannot say that they contradict it. This volume is valuable in itself; and its being given to the public is at least one good that has arisen from a publication which still I must regret.

31st May.

I have just read Mr. Maurice's tract on the *Essays and Reviews*. It is very able and very manly, and full of seasonable teaching; and may, I trust, do much good. I trust this stirring and searching of men's minds may have been profitable to many. Mr. Maurice has, I see, dwelt most in reference to Mr. Jowett on that compromise with the morality and religion of the day, which had been so marked to me in Mr. Jowett's large work on the *Epistles of Paul;* where he asks, "Who now could say, I am crucified with Christ?" as if we were to rest contented in the consciousness of inability honestly to use these words.

To his Eldest Daughter.

Tighnabruaigh, Kyles of Bute, 30th June, 1861.

I now on Sunday evening, on this high terrace overhanging the sea, which gleams blue through the leafy branches of some fine oak trees,—Bute opposite, across the

narrow Kyle, at this end rugged and rocky with green patches of fern; and through the end window the sweep of our own Cowal shore, part in shade and part in sunshine; a glorious sky overhead, to which we seem half-way up,—will say to yourself what I have just been saying to your mother, that we long to have you here.

I trust our daily prayer for you both may have been helpful to you. God gives us all things richly to enjoy; and there is a danger, in our anxiety to be right in regard to everything, that we may be straitened as to the free enjoyment which really is a part of our right response to God's goodness in His gifts. But if we are simply seeking to please God, and to cherish a peaceful reference to His judgment of us, while freely using what He freely bestows, we shall walk at liberty. . . .

It is within a few months of *fifty* years since I was some nights in the manse of this parish, with my beloved father and brother, on my way to college—my first session.

That college session, and all that followed it, was but part of a course of education, begun long before and going on still, by which my Heavenly Father has been seeking to train me for that unknown future which succeeds this present. How often might He have said to me in all this time, as our Lord to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." In many cases an "hereafter" which has since come has explained things which were mysterious when they occurred; but as a whole, the past and the present wait a future in which, as Gambold says, the past will come back in light, because "in its bright result." But, however interesting, and often full of a needed comfort, are large thoughts and general aspects of our course, the essential thing is the "daily bread" which we fed upon in discerning and obeying our Father's will step as we go on, whatever the outward thing be in which we have to please God.

scarce to write at

[1] One

To MR. DUNCAN.

GLENFALLOCH, NEAR INVERARNAN, 23rd September, 1861.

. . . I have not been getting on so well as I could desire in some respects;[1] but I trust there may be some help for a right mind in relation to Revelation in what I am writing. I have decided to omit altogether what occupied the first twelve pages, which includes all that I had said as to Bibliolatry; and I have substituted for these twelve pages a more direct opening of the path to *the* subject, viz., the self-evidencing light of Revelation. I do not doubt that if I teach any one the true excellence of Revelation, I shall in doing so have sufficiently exposed that wrong estimate which underlies Bibliolatry.

I am glad to have seen something of Mr. Jowett, though I felt that a little more time together would have been desirable. He is a direct straightforward man, and speaks as one who has no back-thought. I felt the difference between him and able Romanists whom I have met to be in this respect very great. Although I could not harmonize his value for the Scriptures with the conception of their history which is implied in his essay, I was thankful to find that they are so much to him as I find they are. At the same time my conviction of the serious character of what I believe to be error in his theory is not affected by this.

To MRS. MACNABB.

LAUREL BANK, 3rd April, 1862.

The closing portion of my MS. is now on its way to the printer, and I give you my first writing after coming from under the pressure of this "burden of the Lord," for such it has truly been to me.

After writing with so much prayer and so much patient per-

[1] *i.e.*, with his book, *Thoughts on Revelation.*

severance, I may say, inasmuch as I never shrank from the labour of rewriting when another way of expressing myself seemed to have any shade of advantage, it would be wrong not to be peaceful, leaving the issue in His hands who alone giveth the increase, or to be unduly moved if, as may well happen, what has appeared to myself the best line of argument or wisest way of dealing should fail to commend itself to others who may judge in an off-hand way, and not under the load of responsibility under which I have written.

As compared with my former book this little volume has the advantage as to acceptability, that I have not been led to occupy any ground on which there was any kind of collision with the received forms of thought of religious men. At the same time my faith as to the nature of the atonement and of salvation has necessarily given its *tone* to all I have written.

I think this little volume stands in the same relation to my Row teaching on "Assurance of Faith" in which my former volume stands to my Row teaching on the subject of "the Universality of the Atonement."

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

9th April, 1862.

You cannot conceive how strange a feeling it is to have no longer the demand on me which was so constant for the last eleven months. You know the writing was ever with me, whatever I was engaged in. I slept with it, and I woke with it—an inner thought; the immediate bit in process of elaboration occupying me intensely, and now it is *perfect stillness*, nothing to consider, or arrange, or recast. I feel much as a bow unstrung, or mute untouched instrument! Or as one whose watchful care for some dear one needing care has ceased entirely by their departure.

To his ELDEST SON.

HELENSBURGH, 18th April, 1862.

I called to see old Dr. M'Leod yesterday before leaving Glasgow, and found him full of R. Story's book. It is recalling attention to my Row history in a way that I trust may induce in many a reconsidering of the questions then raised; although the progress of what is called "liberal thought" may secure a kind of toleration which will not imply any real apprehending of the sin of man or the free grace of God.

This is Good Friday. I always feel drawn to lift up my heart for all to whom it is a specially holy day, that they may find it the occasion of increased faith in the love which tasted death for them.

LAUREL BANK, 21st April, 1862.

. . . I have read Stephen's defence of Williams. It is very able, and certainly successful so far as bringing out the latitude permitted in the Anglican Church. The contrast with the Westminster Confession is fitted to be an effective *diversion;* but I think overdone, in that at least it does injustice to Calvin, the quotation from whom rather is a testimony to the self-evidencing light of Revelation, than, as Stephen says, an assertion that the infallibility of the Bible is an axiom. The ideas are quite distinct. Many points, indeed, are over-stretched. And as to Williams, if his faith on the subject of prophecy be what Stephen represents it, he has done himself great injustice in writing as he has done, for no one would have seen it in his essay.

To MRS. CAMPBELL.

BABBERTON, NEAR EDINBURGH, 30th April, 1862.

. . . Yesterday was a very good day with us. We accomplished a great deal—thirteen calls; but only five of them were really visits, as in all the other eight cases the

people were out. The first of the five was Mr. Erskine, with whom I had an hour's talk, about my book; M. listening partly in light, partly in mist. He seems very much pleased so far as he had got, which was nearly through the first part. He thinks that not only are the thoughts good, but he thinks more effectively expressed than anything I had ever before written. M. understood this clearly enough, and was delighted to hear it. . . Among our disappointments was, I am sorry to say, Lord Kinloch; and what is worse, he is at the Bridge of Allan, and will not be back for ten days.

I enjoyed the evening quietly here with Mrs. Graham's conversation, and the young ladies' music. . . . Mr. Erskine thought me in *rude* health, and remarked especially the look of strength in my eyes. This to comfort my own love, who, I fear, will get little sympathy from them all in her fears that I would be the worse of my book. Yet they know not how good it has been for me to have had my love as a check on my working. . . . Dear Mr. Erskine is mentally very vigorous, but lame, and going out only in a carriage. He was urging on me yesterday some thoughts which many years ago I, in a form a little different, tried to get him to see. But even when the substance of what he says is true and important, his mode of expressing is most startling, and to many will be repulsive; or, if they accept what he says crudely, will be misleading. How all things get exaggerated in us as we get older!

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 4th May, 1862. Ps. xc.[1]

. . . As to the difficult question of the measure of intelligent acceptance with which men in the ministry are to be expected to use the words which the Church puts into

[1] The 4th of May was his birthday; and it was his habit to read the 90th Psalm at prayers on the birthdays of any members of his family.

their mouths, the possibility of using fixed forms at all implies *some* latitude; and yet there must be limits, and what determines these? As to this difficult question, in its reference to the Baptismal Service, it has appeared to me that one having a true conception of baptism as being into "the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," combined with some adequate conception of that relation of every man to God which the proclamation of this as the *name of God* implies, ought to feel more liberty in using the baptismal service than any excepting those who hold baptismal regeneration can feel. Generally we find that any, who feel confident that what they hold themselves is truth, feel the precise identity of their conceptions with those of the men who fixed at the first the wording of the baptismal service a matter of minor importance, although all protest against the avowal of using words in a non-natural sense when this avowal comes from those whom they regard as erring from the faith; and so Low-Churchmen in point of fact take as much and more liberty in this way than either High-Churchmen or Broad-Churchmen. But without judging the measure of liberty assumed by any, or shutting the mouth of each severally with an "*et tu quoque*," I say that a man who sees every child as being in a true and spiritual relation to Christ, as well as partaking in that flesh in which dwelleth no good thing, is believing *more* than the framers of the service believed, rather than believing what *contradicts* it. So that the thanks rendered after the baptism are for a reality, though with a different conception of the way in which it is a reality. This I feel to be a far nearer agreement (and practically an essential agreement) with the conception which the framers of the service had of the position of the baptised than any other form of thought not really identical with theirs. But of course, if absolute identity is due, then a small and impractical difference is as conclusive as a great and practical difference.

As to the *righteousness* of treating this or even a greater amount of difference of conception, as not a bar to the use of the forms of speech fixed by the Church, the shape which this difficult question has been taking in my mind latterly has been this: "Has God, by the permission of stereotyped forms, either forbidden free thought, or, permitting free thought, has He forbidden entrance to the Church in every case in which free thought issues in conclusions to the smallest extent going beyond and diverse from those at which the guiding men of the generation which fixed the language of the prayer book had arrived?" One cannot be too jealous of himself if taking up this question under the biasing influence of a personal interest in the answer: "a bribe blinds the eye of a judge." But taken up purely as a question of Divine Providence, and the obligations or duties that may spring out of the condition of things into the midst of which we are born, the case is altered. But I shall not follow this farther.

INNELLAN, 31st July, 1862.

Your present reading[1] will, I trust, help you to realize how high an aspiration it is to contemplate being a minister of Christ. Yet, with all that is so beautiful in that record of a man of God, I feel that it presents but a very partial and limited illustration of the apostle's ideal: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." To preach Christ as a living epistle is to manifest his life,—to be servants of others in spirit and in truth, as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.

Whatever of this preaching of Christ was present in dear Irving was mingled with and qualified by another ideal: viz., that of *officially* representing Christ by the taking of a personal standing, and exercising a *personal* authority distinct from

[1] The Life of Edward Irving.

the *authority of truth.* The progress which his later history manifests is an increase of this latter element to the practical extruding of the former. No man can serve two masters. When a man speaks with authority, not any longer because he speaks truth, but because he is officially such an one, and others listen to him with an obedience which is no longer rendered to the truth as the truth, but to the man as an ordinance, the process to which I refer has culminated in the kingdom of Christ's ceasing to be the kingdom of the truth, and men's ceasing to honour Him as He honoured the Father; and, correlatively, men's ceasing to receive His ministers in His name in the sense in which He desired to be received in His Father's name.

Thus it has come to pass that the apostles of the Apostolic Church excommunicate men as heretics, putting down the views they brand as heresy, as simply and absolutely in the way of mere *authority* as the Pope does. It was not easy to discern the two principles when working together in Mr. Irving in the time of which you have been reading; but that the question was become one of serving two masters became clear to me in 1833, and the development since of the Church then coming into being has amply justified the ground which I then took.

I enjoyed my meeting with Mr. Erskine at Polloc very much. He was looking forward to a visit from Jowett. How different from the difficulty of the path of life to ordinary men is its difficulty to deep thinking men! and yet how truly do the words "*abide in me,*" "this is the victory, even our faith," cover both cases, and direct to what meets our real need, whichever be our case! I was struck to mark how much, after all his thinking and free, open, honest thinking, dear Mr. Erskine's firmest hold was manifestly experimental, and what the words of the psalm express, "I while I live will call on Him, who bowed to me His ear."[1]

[1] Psalm cxvi., ver. 2, Scotch Version.

To MRS. MACNABB.

CORRIGILLS, ARRAN, August, 1862.

Our weather is now fine, and we have all along had a fair proportion of fine days. Our Sundays have been specially beautiful, and our glorious mountain preacher (Goatfell), has uttered his message with beauty and power; the best help for our Sunday thoughts here, although there is a Free Church near, which we attend.

I was to one service the first Sunday, and to two last Sunday. There was a full attendance, and quiet still attention; but the preacher was trying. The farmer, whose house we occupy, passes the time during which the farm-house is let to strangers, in a wing; and we hear their psalm-singing at worship late and early, which is pleasant.

How I do wish you could be with us looking at Goatfell! Now with mists hiding its summit, and leaving it to fancy to ascend in the darkness to the veiled pinnacle; now in clear noonday sunshine, its outline strongly defined against the blue sky; sometimes a bluish grey haze, not dense enough to hide any line of its features, still is dense enough to *fine* them and give them a lighter tint, which removes the mountain as to a greater distance without really filling the eye less, so making it almost as the vision of an *Alp*. Then in the evening when the sun is far enough to the north-west, it is all a deep dark purple, combining with a very peculiar effect with the golden cloud above, and the light of golden sunset beyond. . . .

Fellowship and communion in the enjoyment of nature *is* resting and refreshing, as that which is connected with life and actings of the will often is *not*. I desire more and more of the power to take the latter to the highest light, in which the peace of God may so permeate it as to render it a peaceful following of Him as dear children; for this our practical walk should be. Sometimes I think I have got more

the secret of this; and sometimes I seem to have lost it. But then I get it back again. It is *the thread* to hold fast in passing through the labyrinth. I believe the simplest description of it is, that it is obeying, as to ourselves and others, the words, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life."

To Miss Duncan.

Corrigills, Arran, 30th August, 1862.

. . . I feel all emancipation from bondage to the present, and to the life that is in our present visible environment, to be accompanied by a true possession of the past and the future, along with the invisible; in the light of which these come to be truly seen; and by a truer possession, also, of the visible present itself. Such elements in a visible present as are most attractive in that which encompasses me here do, however, *themselves* greatly help in this. "The Everlasting Hills" feel as if they belonged rather to Eternity than to time,—to the Unchangeable than to the changing. They are not, indeed, a part of that kingdom which cannot be moved (for we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness); but they speak of that kingdom, and are as a symbol of it, and eloquently persuade the heart and raise the spirit to dwell in it by faith.

Dearest Miss Duncan, you know that my thoughts very naturally find their way to you in scenes like this, which I know you so much enjoy; but Arran and, of Arran, Brodick especially, as we have been here together. Yet what you saw and enjoyed, however it may *help*, cannot enable you *fully to realize* what it is to be placed here over against these mountains, with the breadth of Brodick Bay between, and high enough to take them in as a whole; seeing them in all lights of morning, noon, and evening; and now in thin mist, now shrouded in dense clouds; now with their form and out-

line strongly marked against the blue sky, owing nothing to the clouds but their flitting shadows. Sometimes Goatfell and its fellows seem to have most interest when you mark them as distinct, and trace the course of Glenrosa where you know it lies among them. Sometimes the evening sun, far to the north-west, lighting only their summits from behind, and causing all that is on *this* side to be one dark purple,—while the heavens themselves are an atmosphere of tinted light, with gilded clouds floating in it,—affects me still more with that sense of the "blending of earth and heaven" which has so much power over us, and is intended to have. The "pure serene" blue ether is the heavenly element in the brightest day; and the mountain, where put as a mountain screen behind a rich purple atmosphere, is still the element of earth in the most glorious sunset. So the "blending" is felt in both; but in the latter the heavens prevail more. But I am not choosing between them, but enjoying *both*. "*He* gives us all things richly to enjoy."

But do not think of me as living a simply Arran life, even in its most permissible form; and among what besides I have been passing through have been sad thoughts and sympathies with the North and the South divisions of that kindred people so fearfully rent asunder. Our great temptation is to judge; our great calling is to prayer.

To Mrs. Macnabb.

Laurel Bank, 13th September, 1862.

I have read the article in the *North British*, and am thankful for so really free a spirit in an article from that quarter. The tone of its reference to me is remarkable, and along with all else that has been brought out by these two lives,[1] as well as these lives themselves, makes me grateful

[1] The Lives of Robert Story and Edward Irving.

for an unlooked-for acknowledgment of me while I was silent, and attempted no setting of myself right with men.

Therefore, though it is so much short of what an able article, written in intelligent sympathy with my faith, would be, it is enough to encourage me to wait patiently His time whose wise will in granting or withholding acknowledgment I have waited hitherto.

To Mr. Erskine.

Partick, 4th October, 1862.

. . . Unless men have something higher than the faith of authority, and so know that they have it as to be able to fall back upon it, the abstract beauty or attractiveness of that which is higher is too apt to be regarded at the most with a hopeless sigh. Nay, even in fine minds the assertion of the self-evidencing nature of light, *while the light is not yet recognized*, sometimes awakens impatience, rather than commands interest. I have lately had my attention directed to Clough's poems (by Mr. Shairp), and have felt in them—though in a philosophic garb—the instinctive impatience of the doctrine of assurance which we were so familiar with thirty years ago, in minds differing widely in respect of religion; some serious, some careless, some Calvinistic, some Arminian; but which were alike in this that they knew not that they knew the living God. I say, "knew not that they knew;" for I believe that some know God more truly than they know that they know. At the time I refer to, I would not have so qualified my language.

Give my love to dear Mrs. Paterson. I doubt not that she at seventy-one,—as I, at sixty-two,—feels that she is *only learning* to number her days aright; and so is it with you also, beloved brother, so near seventy-four! But what our God has taught us makes the consciousness that we are under his teaching still, and shall be for ever, a comfort which our

own slowness to learn, however humbling, cannot take from us.

To his ELDEST SON.

POLLOC, 19th October, 1862.

. . . The difficulties which you have to deal with are of two distinct kinds: 1st, Difficulties which refer to the teaching of the Church; and, 2nd, difficulties which refer to the character of the fountain from which the Church professes to have drawn her teaching, viz., the Scriptures. One may stand in doubt of the deductions made from the Scriptures, whether they have been correctly *drawn;* or one may stand in doubt of the authority of the Scriptures from which the deductions are made. Also, in so far as that authority is itself the subject of dogmatic statement, the second class of difficulties may be included in the first, and a part of the teaching questioned may be what is taught on the subject of inspiration. Here again it is plain that different theories of inspiration *may* equally leave the authority of the Scriptures *as to all that is Christianity* unquestioned. Thus one man may say, "The Bible was not intended to teach geology or astronomy; therefore my faith in what it teaches in its own proper region is not affected by scientific difficulties as to what it teaches on these subjects." Another may say, "Whatever is taught as to any region of knowledge must be according to the truth of things, however our partial apprehension may be unequal to the task of harmonizing." While both are prepared to bow to the Scriptures, as to all which they are agreed in regarding as the great subject of Revelation.

Yet there are theories of inspiration which so blend the subjective with the objective, in the conception formed of the state of mind of the inspired, as to reduce the Bible to the level of other books, in this sense, that, even as to

essential Christianity, after we have read, the task of separating the Divine from the Human remains. What an apostle has taught may, in this view, be ascertained, and the question "How much of this is truth?" may still remain. The assumption that inspiration is such a thing as justifies our acceptance of what the Apostles taught as Christianity, was *formerly* the state of mind in which all who accepted the Scriptures as a revelation, took up questions of doctrine. Trinitarian and Unitarian alike appealed to Scripture. *Now* the battle has passed into another field. Men are impatient of quotations from Scriptures. They take the Scriptures up to sift and prove their teaching, prepared to find much of that teaching merely human, and to be dealt with accordingly.

But whether the question be one, as formerly, of *interpretation*, or, as now, of *authority*, my conviction is, that the danger of falling into error, and the hope of attaining to truth, turn always on the measure of preparedness to welcome and respond to what God is teaching. Among those who bow to the authority of Scripture there is sufficient diversity to show that so to bow is no security. And, although I would not willingly allow any student of truth to come down from the position that the teaching of St. Paul is true whether he understands it or not; although he is right in doubting that he yet understands it while he does not yet see the glory of God in it;—still, I feel that the man who has "the love of the truth" in him is more likely to receive the truth from the Apostle, even though according to his theory he believes that it is present in a mixed state, than the man who without the love of the truth reads the Apostle's words as those of an unerring teacher.

Believing as I do that the apostle was in divine light, I expect the lover of the truth to *end*, though he may not *begin*, with this conviction. Receiving at first only what had

the witness of light to him,—feeling that the rest might be error,—he may have gone on seeing the portion that had the witness of light getting larger and larger, and the remnant of darkness becoming less and less, until this latter quantity has vanished. But doubtless long before this the ultimate result will have been *anticipated*, and as one passage after another has become clear, being understood, the conviction will have become irresistible that the remaining darkness was only in the reader.

Having this conviction both as to the powerlessness of mere deference to the authority of Scripture to secure us from error, and as to the protection that is in "the love of the truth," even when one's conceptions of the Inspiration of Revelation are inadequate, I am of course more anxious that you should have in you *the love of the truth* than that you should be in clear light as to inspiration. At the same time, if free thought has so often wandered, even while the authority of Revelation has been most fully recognized, it is clearly in greater danger still when that authority is not recognized. For myself, I feel that I might have rested in much rejection of Scripture if I had felt at liberty to refuse portions in which I did not see what was of God; while these very portions have afterwards come to seem to be full of divine light. This has been my experience as to the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and my hope is that it may yet be so as to the ninth.

This is not the letter which I promised, but it may be its suitable precursor.

POLLOC, 21st October.

. . . I think you know that I have no superstitious feeling about the Bible. I believe that it contains a divine revelation in the light of which I desire to be; but I do not forget the great diversity in its constituent parts; and I am simply anxious to accept each part according to what it is.

Thus I believe that the prophets were the teachers of their own generation. I believe, also, that they had a further function which connected them with the church in all time. How any particular portion of their writings is to be understood,—whether as simply a word to the men of their own time, and a divine comment on present things, or as a word for the *future* in its great bearing, however fitted to be light also to their own time,—this I feel a proper subject of study: nor do I feel my general faith in the Scriptures at all touched by the conclusions of this study. What I am jealous of is, not the conclusions of fair criticism, but certain assumptions as to what is *antecedently believable and unbelievable*, which hinder fair criticism, and tend to make it a process of stretching the Scriptures on a Procrustean bed: a process which, used by a Hugh Miller in what seem to him the interests of orthodoxy, offends, but which is, of course, equally (though I do not say more) to be condemned used in the interests of heterodoxy.

To Rev. D. J. Vaughan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 29th October, 1862.

. . . I trust you have both returned home much the better in every way of your time in Scotland, and converse with nature in my native land. How the places you have seen without human associations would have spoken of persons to me!

When you find leisure for your contemplated letter please tell me what you feel, and what the younger clergy feel, as to what Lushington's judgment[1] amounts to. There has been an article, which however I have not seen, in the *Westmin*

[1] This refers to the judgment given in the Court of Arches on 25th June, 1862, "which was in form interlocutory, but in effect a full treatment of the merits." Dr. Lushington's final judgment was given in December. See *Ecclesiastical Judgments*, pp. 251, 252.

ster Review, urging that, if before, at least not now is "subscription no bondage." If this article is in the spirit of the famous one on the *Essays and Reviews*, I would not attach much weight to it. The subject of articles, and the requisition of subscription to them, is one of much difficulty. But in proportion as the Church of England is seen as related to God as a divine ordinance for light in the land, and as we cease to look for a perfection in the ordinance of the church which we look not for in any other ordinance,—as the family or the State,—we must feel that articles of faith must be thought of as connected with an imperfect and progressing institution. If also we are enabled to be pure in our desire to minister in the church, we shall feel it a solemn thing to say, "God shuts us out from this ministry, for He has permitted in His providence conditions to be attached to it, which are incompatible with a true confession of Christ." If *light* shuts us out, then how is this an ordinance *for light?* Yet the light that is in the great body may conceivably become darkness, inasmuch as darkness may come to bear rule. We, I suppose, would say that it is so in Roman Catholic countries; Unitarians must hold that it is so in England. Only it is no mere inadequacy, or vagueness, in the light of the church of a particular time, and in the embodying of that light in articles, that would amount to this. . . .

To the Same.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 13th November, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. VAUGHAN,—I knew nothing of Bishop Colenso's book until a day or two before its publication, when a friend of his (and of Mr. Maurice) sent me the preface and the last chapter (in proof); and mentioned also what Mr. M. felt about it, and the step which he had contemplated, but which he had been persuaded not finally to

take. I got the volume on its coming to Glasgow, and read it with painful interest, while with much tenderness for Bishop Colenso in his embarrassing position. I have much sympathy with Mr. Maurice in what I believe him to be feeling; although, as I always regret when a churchman comes down from the higher ground of "What is true?" to the lower ground of "What does the church teach?" I shall be thankful if he keeps on the higher ground, and is not tempted to come down to the lower ground.

Mr. Maurice's frequent testifying to the creed of the church,—even to the extent of expressing thankfulness for the Articles,—would save him from any suspicion of inconsistency in making an appeal to what the church has declared, so far as his own position is concerned: but he has contended for toleration in a case which differed from the present only in degree, if even in that; I mean the case of the *Essays and Reviews*; and I should regret to see the taunt addressed by others to the writers of that volume addressed by him to Colenso.

But I am very thankful, whatever he does, that he has not come out of his present position in the church, as if that were necessary to his acting freely. Such a step would be sure to be misunderstood;—unless, indeed, he has come to the conclusion, that Dr. Lushington's judgment has made "subscription" to be no longer "no bondage."

As to this, I do not know how far a judgment such as this (supposing it confirmed) is to be regarded as determining the constitution of the church,—however it may be effective in penal consequences to individuals. I cannot myself see how the church can consent to be other than free in declaring the truth—of course submitting meekly to whatever this may involve. I know the habit of the English mind as to the authority of *judgments*, as fixing the meaning of *laws*. But the infallibility of judgments is not, I suppose, assumed. It surely is competent in civil matters to go back from the

decision to the *statute*. Is it not? But whether this would be done *hopefully* in a question of *doctrine*, or not, it might be—I think, would be—a part of faithfulness to Christ to take this course in reference to any decision that interfered with "the liberty of preaching." Nay, it appears to me that it is allowable, not only to fall back on what deeper truth underlies the truth recognized in articles of faith (in which light I always saw Mr. Maurice's acceptance of the Articles); but even to dissent from whatever mixture of error the imperfect light in which articles have been framed, may have caused. It belongs, it appears to me, to the living church to accept the purer teaching, or to reject it, and the teacher with it,—doing this at its peril. This appeared to me clear when teaching what I knew the living church in Scotland was *likely*—and, unless by some special grace of God, was *sure*—to reject. And although I felt it right, seeing ground for so thinking, to state reasons for concluding that the word "redemption" was not used by the Westminster Assembly in the sense in which holding *redemption limited* was a *limiting of the atonement*, I was at pains to make it clear that I stood simply on the truth of my teaching,—its *harmony with the Scriptures*. I did not, indeed, then see the subject of election as I now see it; otherwise I must have recognized a pointed contradiction of a part of my faith, as contained in the Westminster Confession. But the liberty which I claimed I claimed on ground which even that would not have affected. But even with that extent of difference, I would have felt it *my* part to witness faithfully to the truth which I knew;—*their* part to weigh its claim to be truth.

I was not understood *then*; nor would one taking the same line be likely to be understood *now*. "As deceivers and yet true" is among the most repulsive aspects of the cross. But the risk of misconception was to be faced in the endeavour to force my brethren to come *direct* to the question,

"Is this the truth?" which it was their temptation to shirk. How many would have shrunk from saying, "I believe that Christ did not die for all men," who had no difficulty in saying, "The Confession says He died only for the elect, and that is enough for us." I remember well the pain with which I heard one of my judges (a D.D.) say, "He cannot preach this, and be a minister of the Church of Scotland. Let him go to England and preach it, and we may bid him God speed." This was, I believe, an extreme case. But I was thankful, and am now thankful, that any measure of liberty to get away from the question, "What is the truth of God here?" I protested against.

You will see, if I have expressed myself now with sufficient clearness, how to *me* the pain of reading Bishop Colenso's book was, that he should have come to such conclusions, or, having come to them, that he should have felt it his duty to publish them, rather than that he should not have felt it necessary to denude himself of his position in the church before publishing them. Of course I feel that his position as a bishop makes the power of his book for evil greater; as, I would also say, it made the call upon him to take counsel with his brethren, and to seek any light for guidance that might be in them, more imperative. And I am quite unable to see how a man should feel called at so terrible a risk to disturb men's historical faith,—however clearly he might conclude that that faith accepts errors as to such matters of fact as he discusses,—unless he saw some element of eternal truth to be involved. But, indeed, I expect, when he has gone through the task which he has set to himself, and we know all his thoughts, that it will appear, that it has seemed to him that these matter-of-fact errors, as he conceives them to be, have infused some evil element into our thoughts of God. If it be so, this has not been to him a question of discretion or wise reticence, but something far more serious, involving

not arithmetical or physical difficulties merely,—though these he puts forward first,—but what he feels to be moral and spiritual difficulties.

I feel deeply for Mr. Maurice, not only because he has been so much in the van in our day in free thought, and may be felt by Bishop Colenso to have given the impulse to free thought to his mind; which also Mr. Maurice may at one time have himself thankfully perceived to be the case:—but more especially because he has done so much to claim for the Old Testament a unity with the New beyond what has been generally discerned; and has himself so deep a faith in that unity, that he must feel—what we may all feel—that to touch the one is to touch the other. This I, at least, feel—to a degree that makes the desire for an answer to this book at this moment painfully earnest,—an answer that may be as easily understood as the statements to be answered, and which therefore I could offer to others as a simple and straightforward reply. Nothing of what occurs to my own mind has this character. Such reply may be found in some more accurate knowledge of facts, and yet, for the trial of men's faith, may remain undiscovered. But nothing occurs to me that is not apt to appear a straining, though no such straining is so hard of faith as the conclusions which the book involves.

My mind has been so full of this matter,—and of the possibilities of the near future to you, and my other friends in the Church of England,—and to the Church,—and to the land,—that I have written all this before coming to the subject of my letter—that subject on which you ask me to write.

I have felt enough in my own experience of what you express to be able, I think, to enter fully into your difficulty. I have felt the mention of long seasons of prayer, in the record of holy lives, as convicting me of great short-coming; and, though I have come to distinguish between much time spent in the thoughts and the language of petition, and

actual communion with God in prayer, and to see that a low conception of what such communion [is] as known in spirit and in truth, may permit a satisfaction in seeming prayer beyond the reality of prayer, and in this way have come to make less account than I once did of the mention of "hours spent in prayer,"—still I have had no liberty to cut down the apostle's experience, or on this ground to reconcile myself to the consciousness of coming so much short of his demand. From any feeling of this kind I was the more shut out that to me our Lord's teaching, and our Lord's example, have always seemed to raise the standard at least as high as his servant St. Paul raises it. There may be as real communion in meditation as in prayer; there may be as much faith in expecting as in asking; but, in the light of the knowledge of the *evil that is* and of the *good* which God *wills to be*, prayer according to that will of God seems to have a fixed place between *desire* and *hope*. My whole conception of our Lord's dealing with the evil in reaching to the good is according to this. Besides, also, what seems to me the *natural process* of light as to evil, present in union with weakness and dependence, and with faith that the evil is not according to the will of God, moving to prayer to God concerning that evil, and of light as to the good which may take the place of that evil, moving to prayer that it may take its place,—besides this it appears to me to be constantly *coming out*, as I may say, that this was a process ever going on in our Lord's inner life of intercourse with the Father, as what was of the inward essence of that 'doing always that which pleased the Father' of which He speaks. And as to more marked and special events of asking and receiving, how striking (what has been noticed) the mention that He "continued all night in prayer" just before choosing from among His disciples the twelve to be apostles. This record of our Lord's *continuing all night in prayer* has been, I confess, more frequently present to my thoughts both for rebuke and for

guidance (I do not mean as the actual amount of time) than the practice or teaching of St. Paul; though these accorded with this, and his exhortation to "pray without ceasing" has been to me one with our Lord's "speaking a parable that men ought always to pray and not to faint."

As to making the example of the apostle, or even that of our Lord, a *law to oneself*, this as you say would be to let in an element of bondage. Let us rather see prayer in our Lord as an *element of the life given to us in Him*, and prayer in St. Paul as the presence of this element of that life *in a man of like passions with ourselves;* for so those should look at both to whom eternal life is the *gift* of God in His Son, and whose faith in this gift is helped by cases of manifest participation in it by men our brethren. The perfection of this element of the life of sonship in our Lord, or its high measure in the Apostle, should no more cast us down, under the sense of the smallness of the measure to which we are attaining, than the smallness of our personal measure of attainment in holiness or love.

As to the greater sense of *easy flow* in our *spiritual life* when much prayer is not attempted, and we rather rest in meditation, and childlike waiting on the will of God as it takes form, I know perfectly the difference which you mark. But self-examination has led me to the conclusion that this greater sense of ease and freedom arises from less being attempted in the way of faith in the living God, and in consequence short-coming being less revealed in our consciousness. *That* most *tests* our faith in God which most demands trust of that kind which contemplates an effective influence on the future through a response in God; and this character is distinctive of prayer as compared with meditation. I never am so conscious how small the measure of my faith is,—never so remember with comfort our Lord's gracious acknowledgment of its value when but as a grain of mustard seed,—as when seeking the reality of prayer.

I would say, also, as to comparative *pleasantness*, that, if less *sunny* than seasons of holy meditation, or believing repose under the shadow of God's wings, moments of conscious trust in prayer have in them a consciousness of personal meeting with the living God,—*a true transaction with Him*,—which, both in itself and in the effect which remains from it, in the forms of humility and brokenness of spirit, and strengthening of the habitual faith, is beyond all price.

As to the coming in of legalism I may add as to my own experience, that neither formerly when I used to set apart more time for prayer, nor latterly since prayer has been less of set purpose, and more the natural form which thought and desire have assumed in the turning of the heart to God, as things have been habitually taken to His light, have I felt any legal bondage as under a task-master. What I have felt of self-condemnation has been, I think, what has been inseparable from seeking an ideal far above my attaining; only, as I have said, that the nature of what has been sought has made the short-coming to be more felt.

I must stop. I have read over what I have written, and think I could make it clearer were I rewriting it; but I hope you will have no difficulty in understanding me: and you will enter into my reason for making my answer so much a *confession*. I will only add that I am very fearful of giving place to the temptation to wait upon the evolution of a Benevolent Fate, rather than to deal with God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. . . .

To Mr. Duncan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 15th Nov., 1862.

Your letter found me occupied in writing to my friend, Mr. Vaughan of Leicester, in reply to a very pleasant letter from him, which I was answering at considerable length. I would have more pleasure in meeting your request had I

felt in clearer light on its subject. Indeed, in that case I would probably have written without waiting to be asked to do so. Yet the thoughts which I myself turn to for comfort I may offer for your comfort.

For the first time I have found myself unable to meet with its *direct* and *appropriate* reply an attack on Revelation. I have no answer to Bishop Colenso's book *on its own ground*, and meeting it *directly*. My persuasion, nevertheless, is, that in the full knowledge of the facts such an answer would be readily seen. The explanation must be as simple as the difficulties are. The real history can have had no contradictions, however this appearance of contradictions has arisen. But the needed knowledge, if to be had, I at least have not. It may be graciously granted, or it may, for the trial of men's faith, be withheld.

However this may be, I feel justified in retaining my confidence in the Sacred Record; not merely as a matter of religious comfort,—which it very obviously is,—nor yielding to a blind conservative instinct, however much this might be my tendency were the occasion less searching and rousing; but as the *reasonable alternative*. That is to say, I feel it more reasonable to assume that there is some simple natural explanation, though I know it not, than to assume that the edifice of our Faith,—the substructure of Judaism, and the superstructure of Christianity,—rests on a hollow foundation. It does not appear to me just or reasonable to ask us, standing where we stand in the course of time and history of man, to take up the Exodus and examine its contents, in order to measure its claim to our faith by the result of what is called historical criticism, ignoring what we know of its relation to Judaism and Christianity. It sounds plausible to say, "Put aside the prestige with which it comes to you, and judge of it as you would of anything coming down to you from a remote antiquity with no special prestige at all." But we cannot get quit of the prestige with which it

comes to us. We dare not make the attempt if we would weigh in just scales its claim on our faith.

To determine what it is in itself, we must take into account the work which it has wrought in the earth. We must realize the present, and travel up the past; we must start from Christianity as a fact,—a form of human thought and feeling—a life seen in men; we must trace Christianity to Christ, realizing our faith as to Him,—what we believe Him to be, what many of us can say we *know* Him to be; we must ascend from Christ to Moses by the light of His testimony to Moses' prophetic words concerning Him; we must consider how the language of the Gospels recording our Lord's personal ministry, and the language of the Epistles after the gift of the Holy Spirit, and all that we esteem Divine Revelation down to the mention of "the song of Moses and of the Lamb" in the book of Revelation, are all one in the place given to Moses; we must, in the light in which we thus are, trace back the development of the divine counsel to its earlier stages, and so ultimately reach the Exodus; and *then*, having approached the Exodus by this path, ask ourselves, "Is it easier to believe that the difficulties urged by Bishop Colenso have some explanation though we know it not, or to believe that these difficulties discredit the Exodus, and leave for the germ of this divine development only a fiction?" These are the horns of the dilemma between which this book seems to place us. But which horn must yield I cannot doubt. Putting the *analysis* of the book and what we know as the *history* of the book into opposite scales, the history must outweigh the analysis.

But however strong this position is, and however peacefully we may occupy it, it is impossible not to feel that one would gratefully welcome direct answers to the Bishop's objections; nor can one withhold the endeavour to find such answers. . . .

[After examining several points in detail, he continues:] But I cannot believe that arithmetical and physical difficulties have been what weighed most with Bishop Colenso. He has moral and spiritual difficulties also; difficulties in identifying the God of the Jews with the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. I shall not notice these now. . . . I feel as yet that I cannot go through the whole subject as I would like to do. Let us wait in faith and in prayer; for answers as level to all capacities as the objections would seem a great mercy, however needed the trial to which faith is in the meantime subjected. . . .

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 30th Nov., 1862.

You have learned from your mother that our dear kind old relative, Dr. M'Leod, has been taken away, leaving a blank in his home that may be more felt than had he been taken years before, ere decay had made him the subject of so much nursing care.

I returned from Edinburgh on Thursday, and went early on Friday,—first to Norman and then to the sisters, and then to the widow and the daughters. I may say that I went as a mourner to these mourners; for I feel his death both as the removal of one from whom I have experienced much kindness during the fifty-six years to which my remembrance of him extends, and as the breaking of the last link with that past of which my beloved father was the central interest.

This blow has been sudden, inasmuch as he was better since his return to Glasgow a week before, than he had been on the occasion of his return for some years; although they have latterly always felt their hold of him very slender. They are feeling under it no more, I think, than it is well that they should feel.

The funeral is to-morrow. I shall be of those who go to Campsie. The bulk of the company go no farther than the Infirmary Square.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Laurel Bank, 18th December, 1862.

My dear Mr. Maurice,—I have been much with you in thought and sympathy since I have known your recent trial,[1] —a trial the measure of which none can estimate who have not learned to prefer Jerusalem above their chiefest joy. I have asked myself whether I ought not to write to you; but I felt that I did not know enough of what special circumstances may have made this painful event more painful to you than to myself and others, to whom it is causing so much pain, to permit me to do more than say how much I have had you on my heart before Him who knows it all; and that I should be enabled so to bear you on my heart was more important than that you should know what I was feeling: though true sympathy is helpful even as sympathy,—chiefly, I believe, because it helps our faith in the great Fountain of Sympathy.

I now write to thank you for your dialogue on Family Worship. I have read it with much pleasure,—I may say, much "comfort of love;" and it has been no small addition to my enjoyment in it that it permits me to see some of our Father's care for you at this time; for you must have been proving in writing that "the Spirit of truth" is "the Comforter," and the comfort He ministers "everlasting consolation."

I know little of historical criticism. In its present state it seems to have its chief value in being a peculiar and very searching trial of our faith. It may yet develop into an aid to faith. This I cannot doubt it must become if it ever

[1] In connection with the publication of Bishop Colenso's book. See above, page 32.

attain to what it aspires to, viz., a true matter-of-fact restoration of the past. But at present it seems to be simply a trial to the faith held on higher grounds, with which its imperfect and fragmentary results are not seen to harmonize; doubtless only because they are imperfect and fragmentary. But what is as yet adverse to our faith, whatever it may become, is best met by laying the foundations of that faith more and more deep: or rather, going down into its depths, and taking others with us to be comforted in seeing how it rests on the Rock of Ages. This you have done with your *Layman*, and his comfort is uttered in the words—for which you must have given thanks in writing, as I did in reading them —"The sight of my children, the thought of what they are, and what they are to be,—yes, my friend, I must hope that they have a better Father than I have ever been or ever can be to them." . . .

Ever, dear Mr. Maurice, yours most truly,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his SISTER.

ROSNEATH CASTLE, 21st January, 1863.

I am now, the doctor says, "progressing daily," but most slowly certainly. I am putting myself entirely in his hands, and will not move until he pronounces it safe. This the Duke and Duchess both insisted on, with perfect truth of interest in me I most assuredly believe. Their kindness has been marvellous, and not to be told.

My fondest love as of one alive from the dead.

To his NIECE.

ROSNEATH CASTLE, 24th January, 1863.

MY LOVING MARY,—Yours has been a large share in what we have passed through. May your sharing in the blessing which I trust will come out of it be as large!

I am not writing a letter, darling, only showing you and Mrs. Paterson, and your Mary, and the other dear ones there, my hand-writing, as telling of my progress,—progress back to you all.

Oh! darling Mary what a mercy not to have passed hence in a mist and darkness, unconscious to the great event. Yet there would have been no darkness with *Him*, nor risk to what has been committed to His trust. I feel the broad ground on which Mr. Maurice loves to place us all very precious. Yet can give special thanks for having been brought into the fellowship of the words, "The Lord, whose I am and whom I serve."

As to passing hence in consciousness rather than unconsciousness, I have desired of the Lord some fellowship in the words, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 27th February, 1863.

MY DEAREST MISS DUNCAN,—I write a few lines to go in this cover for you. Your deep interest in my illness—as well as dearest John's—comforted me at the time, and comforts me still when it comes back on me; as all the deep feeling of which I have been the subject at this time has done, and does: for it all speaks to me of the Eternal Fountain of Love. "Of His fulness have all we received." How comforting, in the ebbing and flowing of our own hearts, to realize that the ocean is ever full! No form which the words, "God who *quickeneth* the *dead*, and calleth those things which *be not* as though *they were*," take, more frequently brings me help,—needed help,—than as (when my heart is cold and dead, and I feel not to any as I desire to feel) the assurance that the fountain of my life,—of love as my life,—remains with God. It is no small element in the comfort of the hope, "When I awake I shall be satisfied with thy likeness," that the love which is the likeness

hoped for, is love to our brothers and sisters, as well as love to our Father.

I was much refreshed by your dear brother's visit. . . . I am sure signs of decay in dear Mrs. Duncan must sadden you in the thought of the blank her removal will cause; though it is "a calm decay," and I doubt not "peace divine" blends with her natural happy temperament.—Your very affectionate friend,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 25th February, 1863.

. . . I thank you for Clark's Sermon.[1] I gather from its tone that those in the church who claim and use liberty of thought, at whatever point they may individually stand, are determined to show fight, and not to recognize as legitimate any lower question than "What is the truth?" This much I see; but not at all that he has accepted Colenso's conclusions, or those of any other inquirer. He is led away by a mere seeming analogy when he likens "articles of faith" to "terms of a treaty of peace." They are the manifesto of a party, not the compromise of opposing parties. But this, the true view, does not add to their authority, which never can be more than that of commentary by erring men, giving their interpretation of Scripture. It is quite startling, after what one has been recently reading, to take up a volume of the holy men of the last or the previous century, and meet texts of Scripture as quoted by them; that is, ever as axioms (in whatever sense they understood them),—axioms or unquestioned postulates: and theoretically, in all that is moral and spiritual, this authority would seem still conceded even by those who take exception in the regions of

[1] A sermon preached by Mr. W. G. Clark in the Chapel of Trinity College, containing some reference to Bishop Colenso's publications.

science and history. But one feels that in no region is the written word bowed to as it was. Yet I trust that in those who are more occupied with what they believe than with what they doubt, submission to the authority of God may not be less than it was.

I must not write on. I felt the other morning, in reading an Epistle which I had not read for some time, all its living truth and divine love *freshly* affecting me, and yet as what I had felt *before;* and, in reference to something that had been urged as lowering its claim on faith, I felt as one does when with an old friend, against whom something has been speciously said in his absence, to which the heart can give no place in his presence. . . . I am now out daily and superintending gardening, though not yet handling the spade, or even the hoe or rake.

To Mr. Erskine.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 2nd March, 1863.

My very dear Brother,—I have delayed long thanking you for your two letters,—your letter to my wife, and your letter to myself. Your seasonable words to her were, I believe, very helpful to her; beside the help that is in all sympathy; and I ought to find your realization of the Lord's dealing with me a help to my own realization of it. *This* has come only gradually. Indeed it has only been since I have been better that I have learned how ill I had been. I have by this time had much deepening of old lessons; and some new apprehensions also of our Father's love; and of the faith which honours that love most. It is a large faith, as to all things; giving strength to "be still and know that He is God."

I am thankful that dear Mrs. Stirling is left with you still for a season. I have no doubt you have personally felt it sparing mercy. And it is so, though not in the same mea-

sure, to many, who will feel her removal a blank and a loss. Please remember me in love to her. It may be long before I see her ; but I have comfort in thinking of her as still in her own place in your dear circle. Unless your way is ordered to the West I may be long before I see you either ; as liberty to leave home seems indefinitely distant.

After having it beside me for some weeks unread, I have this last week ventured to read Bishop Colenso's Part II. I shrunk from the pain I believed it would cause to me, and was waiting to be physically stronger.

The conclusion that we are to be contented, in exchange for the "cloud of witnesses," to possess a series of parables, is too dreadful. The first that we are allowed to know as a real man is Samuel; and the work ascribed to him, if wonderful as a work of art, must still revolt as a pious fraud. Yet even as a work of art, the understanding of the details of the Exodus, which is here assumed to be the true one, implies a supposing of impossibilities, and a stating of them as facts, to a degree that no writer of fiction, with even much less mind than is ascribed to Samuel, could have fallen into. Whatever the true history of the Pentateuch may prove to be, I feel that which Bishop Colenso offers as his hypothesis incredible.

I have gone beyond my tether (one sheet), and will stop. With many thanks for all your inquiries about me and the course of my illness, and all the untold thoughts of loving interest which were thus partially expressed,—I am ever your very affectionate brother,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To MR. DUNCAN.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 24th March, 1863.

. . . I am very glad that you were at Edinburgh on the 10th. Your feeling about the nation's strongly expressed fellowship in the joy of the Royal Family has been quite my

own; and, in connection with the previous sympathy in their sorrow, is indeed a most pleasant outcoming of the national unity and life. I was glad to see an expression of some appreciation of it in some of the French papers.

. . . I have at present Dr. Stanley's "Jewish Church," which I am reading with much interest. This volume begins with Abraham, and comes down to Samuel. I am thankful for the firm hold of the great facts which it indicates, written as it has been since Dr. Colenso's disturbing of men's minds. At the same time, in his conception of Abraham's offering of Isaac he seems to accept Mr. Maurice's view; and otherwise indicates a welcome for all that lessens the demand for the faith of the supernatural; while he is very far from withholding that faith altogether. My own feeling is that, the supernatural being once recognized as having a place in the dealing of God with man, we ought to have no leaning one way or other, but be open to evidence as to facts in every individual case. I think you will find this volume pleasant and profitable reading.

To the Same.

[April or May, 1863.]

. . . I am sending for your perusal, by the same post with this, a publication by my friend, the Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, which he has sent to me, and which will interest you. Its tone is solemn, and its feeling deep.

I have just read *David Elginbrod*, by the author of *Within and Without*. Its aim is the highest teaching, and I trust it will be profitable to many. From how many sides do we hear voices uttering free thought on the large hope for man that is in God! I have just had sent me by a friend whom I may have mentioned to you, Mr. Dunn, of the Borough-road School (but he has now retired), a book in two volumes on *The Destiny of the Human Race*, which, though not

teaching "Universalism," which he disclaims, still argues from the Scripture in favour of the hope of a largely extended salvation, *beyond* the comparatively small flock of the elect saved in this dispensation. Norman M'Leod was surprised lately in England with the freedom of thought on this subject which he met in some Evangelical Dissenters of considerable mark. . . .

To Mrs. Macnabb.

Laurel Bank, 5th May, 1863.

I have not seen much of Norman for a long time. His time is so very full when at home, and he has been often away besides. But he came down last Friday, and he was some hours with me. Had you been in England you would probably know fully the coarse attack or series of attacks on *Good Words* by the *Record* newspaper. I only know what it has been by report. I asked Norman to send the numbers of the *Record* to me, but he did not; thinking they would only vex me for no purpose.

I see the Free Church people have also been stamping *Good Words* with condemnation, on the absurd ground that the matter in it, *professedly* a magazine "for all the week," is not *exclusively* Sunday reading.

I see in the *Times* of yesterday a well-merited censure of Dr. Candlish, and of the Free Church Assembly which heard him without protest, for his "impertinent and unfeeling" attack on the inscription on the monument to the Prince Consort at Balmoral, on the ground that it is "a quotation from an Apocryphal Book" (*Wisdom*, iv. 13, 14). My Mary and I of course immediately remembered the comfort which the application of the passage to beloved Campbell had given to you; and we felt that though Dr. Candlish had sought to guard himself by saying he regarded the selection as "the deed of the Broad Church clergy about her," it has

most probably been her own selection, embodying as the words do her own estimate of her husband.

To Mr. Erskine.

Laurel Bank, 26th May, 1863.

My beloved Friend,—Your letter was most welcome; and I have desired to write to you ever since I had, through it, some communion with you; feeling that no other interchange of thought or feeling with you seems now to remain to me. Yet I trust we have communion when we are present to each other's minds in association with those views of our God, and His ways, as to which we, in measure, see eye to eye, and in which we rejoice together. Two words of Scripture, whose drawing *seems* to be in different directions, often appear to me to press on you and on me severally: your word being "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forth to things still before;" mine being "Hold fast the beginning of your confidence." I am quoting from memory, and in so doing risk offending my friend.

As to ordering of words, and selection of words, in connection with the great question of the day,—I mean "Inspiration,"—I have been feeling two facts to be very teaching:—1st, the quoting from the Septuagint by the Apostle; and 2nd, the necessary dependence upon translations of the great mass of the readers of the Scriptures. Are we not taught by these facts that the responsibility connected with the possession of Revelation turns upon the substantive truth revealed,—not on the precise words in which it is conveyed?

[After referring to some letters, which Mr. Erskine had forwarded to him, on the subject of spiritual gifts:] I remain still ignorant of the nature of that consciousness which those have known who have been yielded to the

power of the Holy Ghost; which clearly was not of the same nature with our obedience of faith in the light of truth, because often (as when a man spoke in a tongue, his understanding being unfruitful) there could be no *discernment* of the glory of God in the matter which was the subject of the utterance, which could be his warrant for being sure that, in uttering it, he was yielding himself to the Spirit of God. The gift of tongues, disjoined from that of interpretation, is the strongest case: but in regard to other gifts there is, in the record of them and of their manifestation, what separates between the consciousness, whatever it was, which gave the certainty that the power yielded to was the Holy Spirit, and our experience in being taught of God and seeing light in His light.

The *present* interest of this subject to me is not what it was in the time to which ——'s letter takes us back;[1] when I was anxiously considering what *practical obligation* utterances such as we were hearing, assuming their divine source, brought to me; or what direct intimation must come to myself from the same source to seal them, in order to *justify action on them*. I waited for what I never got;—that which dear Irving went on without getting, esteeming his doing so to be faith in God: and what of rightness of heart towards God there was in this we know not: but, whatever its measure, it cannot have been forgotten with God.

But the present interest of this subject to me is the distinction (which assumes always more and more importance to my mind) between the special acting of the Divine Spirit

[1] This refers to the speaking "with tongues," or "in the power," which first attracted attention at Port-Glasgow in the spring of 1830. For particulars with reference to what took place at that time, see *Memoirs of James and George Macdonald of Port-Glasgow*. By Robert Norton, M.D. London: John F. Shaw, 1840. See also the Lives of Story and Irving. An instance of speaking "in the power" has been mentioned above, vol. I., p. 125.

in the revelation of truth not previously revealed to men, and His acting in enabling us to apprehend that truth, and to advance in its light and the life which it feeds. To explain experiences in the early Church which we have not, I must assume an acting of the Holy Spirit of which we know nothing. No explanation seems adequate which admits not—rather, assumes not—that God can—and when it seemeth good to Him does—give the human spirit to know His own presence, and His own touch, otherwise than in that *highest* way which is communion with Himself in the light of life. *This*, which the record of Christianity as presented in the Church at Corinth obliges us to believe as to what are smaller matters, the whole record of Revelation seems to me to teach as to those great events in the history of intercourse between God and men which we have been accustomed to receive as "Divine Revelation;" viz., a knowledge of being spoken to by the Living God which was not an inference from the nature of that which God spake,—a knowledge common to Balaam and Jonah with Moses and Samuel, and distinct from all communion in the word that came to them. What this was I know not, and may never know; while I bless God that what is other than this, and more to be desired than this, I in measure do know; as the least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he than whom no greater prophet had then been.

This is a long letter—very long for me; but I know not when we may meet; and, with the thought of writing to you, and in connection with ——'s letter, this thought has pressed for some mention. What we seek to know is, surely, the actual fact as to what our God does in the earth, of which we may not make our own experience the measure; while we cannot be too thankful for that clear consciousness of seeing light in God's light which may be our temptation to do so.

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 16th June, 1863.

I know the special sweetness to the heart of all expressions of interest in a beloved parent, however little others, even the nearest, outside the family circle, can know him as those do who are within that circle. But my experience has been of testimonies to a father whose love radiated very widely, and in that form of general benevolence and sympathy with his kind which is most assured of a response. How beautiful the Rosneath woods and walks must be when what in this kind Laurel Bank can show is so beautiful as your mother and I saw it in our walk last evening.

The change from leafless branches to rich foliage would feel to you as the shadow of that which you knew within—the desolation which came with the sense of threatened bereavement, and the fresh life which sparing mercy has granted. . . .

To MRS. CAMPBELL.

LINLATHEN, 14th August, 1863.

. . . I went with Mr. Erskine to drive to a neighbour's a good many miles away, where he was going to see a young man in consumption. We had a delightful day, and a good deal of conversation. He is very full, as has ever been his way, of the thoughts which have last taken form in his mind, and would bend everything to them; and my work as of old has been the endeavour to keep before him what he may seem to me to leave out of account. As to his personal life, I never felt his prayers more real, or more what I could join in; and his *reading* is almost an *exposition* from the living sense of what he reads with which he utters the words; but he has not expounded. This is his family

worship with the household; but after breakfast, when Mrs. Stirling joins us, the psalms and chapters for the morning of the day are read in the drawing-room (by Miss Dundas), and we close the day at night about ten by reading in the same way the psalms and chapters for the evening. Then the rest go to their rooms, and he and I remain till eleven, or a little after. He is more vigorous than I have seen him for long, and his mind is fresh and active, clearly grasping and clearly expressing the present thought.

HUNTER'S QUAY, August 25th, 1863.

I have just been letting my eye rest on Rosneath over opposite me, and the hilltop which I crossed with Mr. Story in 1825, later in the autumn. I remember the day. I had been with him to see on this side "the back of Rosneath," an old woman whose proper language was Gaelic; and he had enjoyed her enjoyment in my conversation with her in her own tongue. On our return we sat some time on the brow of the hill on the other side, towards Row, then still a blank page to me. We sat a while looking across the Gareloch, a bright rainbow spanning the Row—a bright promise to my hopeful young heart, in which an infant faith took the form of hope, all the more easily that it knew not itself to be a young soldier for whom battles were in store, and who could know success only as victory.

What solemn lines were afterwards traced on that blank, then of inviting whiteness! What solemn lines on other pages since Row became the past to me! What solemn lines remain to be traced on the still blank future! This a maturer faith feels—forbidding unmixed anticipations such as interpreted that bright rainbow thirty-eight years ago. But the anchor sure and steadfast entering within the veil holds now, not less but more firmly, with a deep sense of secure peace even in the thought of unknown strains upon

it—strains anticipated in a deeper understanding of the words, "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God."

To Miss Duncan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 29th September, 1863.

I wish I could express in a few plain words my reasons for regarding what is called "Spiritualism" as forbidden ground. My chief reason is that it is taking to itself the place of religion, and of that anchor of the soul which enters into that which is within the veil. This it does, although it does not *professedly* substitute the teaching supposed to be received from the spirits of the departed for the teaching of the Spirit of God. But, without professing to do this, it absorbs to itself the interest which the Invisible has for us, feeding that interest with assumed communications which do nothing for us, as spiritual beings, whose life is in the favour of God,—to whom Christ is the way to the Father, and who know Christ only as the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us.

Mercifully there is enough on the very surface of this new thing to make men pause, who feel that they are accountable to God for their choice of guides and teachers. If thus accountable as to the place we allow to men in flesh and blood, whose claims on our confidence we can test in so many ways, how can it be safe or right to accept guidance which we cannot test? The seeming warrant for confidence offered by the names assumed is vain, inasmuch as the spirits (if spirits be present) may be lying spirits, who personate friends whom we are prepared to trust. This objection is, I say, on the very surface, because the mutual contradictions of the supposed spirits show that *some* at least are false; and this is admitted; but if some, then may it not be all? We cannot tell.

It is also fitted to deter us, that we see that the intercourse held with these assumed visitants is idle and unprofitable,—its great interest being the *marvel* of the thing. None are made wiser or better by it, even according to the ordinary low standard of wisdom and goodness. No doubt there is much social intercourse which is liable to the same objection; but the foolishness and emptiness of men's talk is not associated with the invisible and the eternal, so as to lessen the solemnity of religious thought.

Some spiritualists have said to me that "they judge the teachings of spirits as they would those of men still in the body; receiving only what approves itself to them as true." This independent attitude of mind I believe few will be able to retain in the presence of spirits coming from the invisible, in which so much is assumed to be known that is still hid from us; although, if God called us to meetings with such spirits, we might trust to be enabled by Him to "try the spirits whether they were of God." But, in point of fact, who among those who are occupied with Spiritualism can claim to be thus exercising discernment of spirits? As to those to whom I refer as thinking their own discernment a sufficient security, their case was certainly one to warn us; for doctrines were received by them on the authority of spirits which we know to be untrue, and which they themselves would at one time have rejected; as, for example, that the Holy Spirit is only a mesmeric or electric power!

I felt little doubt that, had the same teaching met them in a book, and without the prestige of a communication from the invisible, it would have been at once rejected. But there was a fatal, though it might be an unconscious, bowing before the spirits. At this we cannot wonder; we might expect it. How difficult do we find it, even when our teachers are before our eyes,—men of like passions with ourselves, with none of the prestige of spirits,—to keep the ear of our inner man open to the teaching of the Holy

Spirit, proving all things to hold fast only that which is good.

Dear friend, let us seek to avail ourselves more and more of the promise of the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, who is to guide us to all truth. What, as spirits who desire to be *at home in the universe*, and not in this visible world only, it is important for us to know, He, and He alone, can teach us. Taught by Him, we are in light which is light alike for time and for eternity. Untaught by Him, we are without the light that is light for eternity; nay, indeed, without the light that alone is true light even for time; as Christ says, "I am the light of the world."

And considering that our legitimate and intended intercourse with the invisible is communion with the Father, and the Son, in the Spirit, and that to that communion *all* are called, yet that so few seek it—and these few so interruptedly —this dealing with spirits, and men's rejoicing as in a new gospel in the thought of it, is to me awfully like the history of those who, not choosing to retain the knowledge of God in their hearts, were given up to strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.

I have desired to be brief, yet here is a long letter. I hope I have been more successful in the endeavour to be plain.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 18th October, 1863.

. . . Yesterday was rather a full day with me. I went in early to Norman's, getting to him before eleven, and found J. Shairp with him. I sat with them in Norman's smoking-room for more than two hours, talking of many things, all of serious interest. I like Shairp, and I am thinking of (some time hence) availing myself of his kind and very pressing invitation to visit him at St. Andrews. I

had to come home to meet Mrs. Finlayson and Mrs. Maxwell, who were to come here to lunch. I was to dine at Jordanhill, to meet Dr. Howson,[1] who, you know, was the Duke's tutor. I had a very pleasant evening: some conversation with Dr. Howson, whom I had met twice before, but never to have much conversation; and a good deal with Archy Smith.

Both the morning and evening conversation had a Church of England interest, which is a growing interest to me, partly, doubtless, through you, but also because it is the portion of the Church to which I turn with most comfort. I had, from our neighbour Mr. Cairns, the *Manchester Guardian*, with the full report of the Church Congress at Manchester. I had also read the Bishop of Oxford's speech on Christian Missions. The pecuniary position of the English Church may well test the purity of desire for the ministry of those who seek to minister in it. The Bishop of Oxford's speech will be felt to be weighty, although there is a great flaw to my mind in the argument from the place which miracles had at the beginning, to the use which he proposes we should make of the prestige of civilization. Not that we have not a certain power, and do not come under a certain responsibility, because of that prestige, but that the claim to attention to his message, in the case of one working a miracle in the name of Christ, is essentially different from any claim which our steam-engines or railroads confer on us. A miracle is fitted to command attention, but it is also itself a preaching of Christ. He who says "In the name of the Lord Jesus rise up and walk" *with effect*, presents the Gospel with an evidence which rightly becomes an element in the hearer's faith; although the answer to the Gospel in conscience is the highest and ultimate evidence.

I expected to find the Bishop indeed making more rather than less account of miracles as grounds of faith. But it

[1] Now Dean of Chester.

would not be a fair conclusion to infer that he reduced miracles to the level of that which he says we are now to look to, to command the attention of the heathen, although he urges the responsibility of using for the cause of Christ the vantage which we have.

To Mr. Duncan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 10th December, 1863.

I have not been able to answer your question sooner.

Colenso both maintains that portions of the Pentateuch in which "Jehovah" occurs cannot be older than the making of that name known to Moses, as now for the first revealed to Israel: and, besides, that this incident itself is a fiction, because the real introducer of that name was Samuel, who feigned this story to gain it acceptance. As to the first point, I do not clearly see the answer; that is, I do not see why Moses, in recording incidents of the Patriarchal period, should not have preserved what would be called a dramatic consistency in the use of words. It may be that, if these incidents were handed down by tradition, and embodied in Genesis, they may have had one name for God substituted for another, after both had become familiar. But I rather think that both names existed as names before the time of Moses, and that what was a *new thing* was the special use of Jehovah as the national name for God, when the nation was being separated to the Lord.[1]

But what I referred to in my letter had reference to the

[1] This view agrees with the opinion of the distinguished Dutch critic, Dr. A. Kuenen, of Leyden, who says: "In all probability the name 'Jahveh' was already in use, among however limited a circle, before Moses employed it to indicate El-Shaddai, the god of the sons of Israel."—See *The Religion of Israel*, vol. I., p. 280, of the translation published by Williams and Norgate, 1874.

second point, viz., his ascribing the introduction of the name Jehovah to Samuel. The argument for this turned chiefly on the Psalms: and what I found in the review that agreed with what had occurred to myself, was that "Elohim" was the name of God as God, or Deity; that "Jehovah" was His name as the God of the children of Israel. As to the assumption of David's having known the name of "Elohim" *alone* at the time of his earlier psalms, and that of "Jehovah" later, having been taught the use of it by Samuel, the fact that David's sister, Joab's mother, Zeruiah, is admitted to have "Jehovah" in the composition of her name, implies that that name was held in honour in Jesse's family *before David was born*, and therefore that he must have known it from his childhood. My idea is (but I have not proved it by any analysis of the psalms in detail with reference to it), that the name which calls upon God just as God would prevail in psalms of the nature of *individual prayer;* while the *national* name would prevail more in psalms meant for public worship and the expression of national feeling, such as David *the king* had more occasion to compose. But these two names are used too interchangeably—I mean both in the same psalm—to permit much to be built on their use; and so, both being known, they would naturally be. Nothing is more marvellous than the superstructure built by Bishop Colenso on this narrow foundation of a preponderance of the one name in the later psalms, unless it be the conception of a pious fraud by Samuel to facilitate the introduction of a new name. . . .

CHAPTER XI.

1864-1866.

Introductory—Letters from January, 1864, to February, 1866—Renan's *Life of Jesus*—Irving's views of Baptism—Bishop Butler and the Supernatural—Visits to Polloc—Mr. Vaughan's *Christian Evidences*—Dr. Purey's *Eirenicon*—The Sabbath Controversy—Death of Mr. A. J. Scott.

THE letters of these years require very little explanation. They record the interest with which Mr. Campbell watched the course of theological thought in the country. Although the "commotion" of the preceding three years had now somewhat subsided, the questions which had been started continued to engage attention, and to press for solution. Amongst the new books which Mr. Campbell read about this time were — Renan's *Vie de Jesus*, *the Life of Frederick Robertson*, and Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*. At the end of 1865 the "Sabbath Controversy," which resulted from Dr. Macleod's speech in the Presbytery of Glasgow, caused great excitement in Scotland; and Mr. Campbell's feelings with regard to it are expressed in his letters.

As regards his personal history: he had a tedious illness during the summer of 1864, which for a time prevented him from writing anything. In 1865 his eldest son was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London; and his second son went to India in the autumn in the Bombay Civil Service.

To his ELDEST SON.

HELENSBURGH, 20th January, 1864.

. . . I have about finished the article[1] on Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. It is solemn reading to me. Whether I would feel it more or less so were I more informed myself on the questions touched, I cannot say. Less, of course, if I knew a satisfactory reply to all that I am unable to harmonize with my present faith as to the Scriptures; or, at all events, if that faith must be modified, if I felt able to harmonize such modification of my views of Scripture with the fact of their having been the channel of the highest truth to me. But if neither be possible for me, I shall not feel the less assured that the second, at least, of these alternatives is possible in itself; and I can wait God's time for light to make it practicable for me. The chief gain of receiving such light *now* would be the power it would give of dealing helpfully with the difficulties of other minds. As to the *tone* of the article, its *assumption* is certainly repulsive: the "light of the day" means what has satisfied the writer. It puts me too much in mind of what I was familiar with forty-seven years ago. Then the question was, not, What is Scripture? either as to genuineness or authenticity; but, What does Scripture, assuming it to be both genuine and authentic, teach? And I was much with men,[2]—Arians and Unitarians of different shades,—who thought themselves in advance of the holders of what was called the Orthodox creed: and I remember, that whatever the individual had come to receive, as a more enlightened creed, was spoken of as the *point already reached.* I remember owing much then to the effect of the bigotry of the Heterodox,

[1] An article in the *Westminster Review.*

[2] This refers to intercourse with fellow-students of Glasgow, many of whom were English Nonconformists. See vol. I., p. 4.

as making me pause when the bigotry of the Orthodox almost threw me upon them (the Heterodox) as probably thinking more truly because more freely.

The trial of the day into which you have been born is different from that of my day. Whether you feel the confidence of such writers as this reviewer inspiring confidence, or are put on your guard by it, I do not know; while I would be thankful that it had the latter effect.

. . . . . .

There is much reason in what you say in one of your letters as to the relative responsibility of Colenso and those who condemn him for so much of the disquiet he is causing as may be referred to error in men's theory of inspiration; and yet, if I am satisfied that men are learning only truth from the Bible, and that that truth they are feeding on by a living faith,—not resting in the mere holding of an historical creed,—I would far rather let them live and die in their wrong theory of inspiration, than risk disturbing their life-giving faith in the attempt to correct their theory. Not that I would forbid this attempt to convince scholars, made wisely, and the matter being kept in its proper place. I would expect good only from the correction of such an error, assuming its existence. Still I would deprecate such discussions as tend to suggest the thought:—"Then I have believed the Bible too readily. I must endeavour to suspend my faith in what it has taught me until I purge my Bible by the help of historical criticism, and ascertain what portions are trustworthy, and what are not." To suggest this thought, or even to awaken the feeling which would take this form if passing into thought, would seem to me unwise. Just consider: Judaism passed into Christianity without such a purging of the Old Testament Scriptures as this. How much, on this subject, should this one great fact teach us!

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 23rd April, 1864.

I intended having searched out a quotation from Gambold, ending—

> "Will sparkle forth whate'er is right
> For exigence of every hour."

It is on abiding in Christ. May you feel the true "exigence of every hour," that is, what is needed to enable you to please God in it. What light comes with the honest appeal to Him, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" To put the question in quiet self-possessed consciousness brings a measure of freedom even before the answer is received. There is a blessedness in being willing to hear that comes before the blessedness of actual hearing—as the *dawn* before the *sunrise.*

To the REV. D. J. VAUGHAN.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 7th August, 1864.

Many thanks, dear friend, for your letter, the kind interest of which is very refreshing. I would have enjoyed the while of you which you contemplated bestowing on me, and believe that I might do so safely; for I have been advancing steadily, though slowly, and though yet lacking much of tone, both mind and body;—but we would have grudged for you both so long a travel for so short a stay. When I was rather low, and fearing that my working time was over, I was much comforted by a few words in a discourse of your brother's in *Good Words*, to the effect that "failing strength—or rather, diminished work—might coexist with growing piety." I now, with the sense—though rather dim—of growing strength, desire that any reviving hope of work may be cherished (if permitted at all) in the waiting attitude of the prayer, "Thy

will be done,"—in that part of the meaning of that petition, which Ellis intends when he regards learning to say "Thy will be done" as his fruit and gain from all his sufferings. I mean the Senior Wrangler of such great promise, who was taken away so early.

My thoughts about the conflict appointed for you younger men, to which faithfulness to Christ at this time will call you, have been many in this long time of forced inaction. I had been labouring to give expression to some aspects of faith, to which it seemed desirable to direct attention; and indeed I believe, in seeking to go deep enough and to clear foundations, had been going rather beyond my strength. If permitted to return to the task I must be contented to take it more leisurely, and contented also to say what I can easily say; but the present tendency of thought, with men who seem earnest and true, to raise philosophy above Christianity, while seeming to themselves but extracting and accepting the philosophy of Christianity, weighs upon me heavily. But I must stop; I may some other time expand my meaning.

To his ELDEST SON:

Then in Switzerland.

LAUREL BANK, 4th August, 1864.

I have this morning a letter from D. J. Vaughan, written at Perth. . . . He writes as feeling a good deal my illness; and to him a long illness in '63, and another long illness in '64 will feel like a breaking up. My beloved Father had many long and severe illnesses, and always rose after them nearly to what he was. I indeed have never had his strength to draw upon, while I have drawn upon my strength more than he did on his. I was, as I always am, the better of Mr. Duncan's visit; although I feel I have still much to recover in tone of mind—or nerve—whichever be the proper word. . . .

I have been a good deal in Switzerland in my late reading, endeavouring to picture by Sir Charles Lyell's aid, the mighty glaciers of a former time, which dwarf the present more than the mastodon, &c., our present Fauna. The evidences of their existence and course which they have left are extraordinary; and so also is the observation which has now noticed these, and the ingenuity with which the geological judges have summed these evidences up.

29th August, 1864.

I can understand that the number of people looking at sunsets and sunrises along with you, and the being summoned together as to a sight, may interfere not a little with the quiet waiting and gradual opening to receive, as the voice of light waxes stronger, and its utterance becomes clearer, which being up to see the sun rise suggests to me; though I scarcely recal a sunrise, though so many sunsets in the most desirable circumstances. Do you remember Coleridge's comparing the difference between the dawning on the mind of the light of the thoughts of true genius—as the thoughts of Shakespeare—and the forced attempt to strike of sparkling talent that is not genius, to the difference between dawn and sunrise and the corruscations of lightning? There is something very beautiful to me in the preparation for the sight of the sun which there is in dawn; and also in the light that remains in the sky after the sun has passed out of our sight—softening the transition to darkness, as the warm sense of affection which is drawn out in a parting, and possesses the heart for a time, softens the transition to the blank of absence.

Our weather continues beautiful. I trust you have it equally fine—and, if as fine, finer, because of your clearer atmosphere. This will reach you after the vision of Chamouni, and it may be of the Mer de Glace; which I

suppose will add the newest sensations, and be the freshest aspect of nature.

9th September, 1864.

You have no idea how much interest the notices of your progress have to me, or how my fancy fills up your sketches; and your seeing these glorious scenes is really more to me than seeing them myself would be; although I am as young as ever for the interest of nature, and older also—with more developed capacity. We have read your favourite Tennyson's new volume. That first poem which gives it its name, "Enoch Arden," is very beautiful; but the volume as a whole is inferior to the last, though I feel as if it were unfair to depreciate a man's work by comparison with his own excellence.

15th September.

. . . Although I have not attempted deep or close thinking, thoughts have been from time to time presenting themselves, as to which I would be unwilling to think that I may never be able to record them. But I must not feel that I am *needed*, however great a privilege I would feel it to be *used*. . . . We had Norman down to see your aunt—full of his work as Convener of the E. I. Mission Committee; in which capacity he has been going through the land as far as Caithness, holding meetings, and endeavouring to quicken an interest in the mission. We had Dr. Wylie also down to see your aunt, whom he had not seen since 1816! She was very glad to see him; and they seemed both able to see the past of each other in the present.

PARKHILL, ARBROATH, 21st September, 1864.

I am as ever finding this dear place a resting place. . . .

I suppose this will be my last letter to you to Switzerland, hearing from which and writing to which has been so great

an interest these two months, though a small part only of my thoughts and wishes for you has taken form in letters. Mr. Erskine used to say in the Row days that "whoever preached" (even when it was Mr. Scott) "he wished for me to add the personal application." Searching personal application was indeed the secret of the interest—as well as of the opposition—which my preaching then awakened. And to illustrate the importance of such applications of truth will be one object of my writing if I am enabled to write what I contemplate writing. Had I been with you listening to the solemn voices of the preachers *under whom* you have been —as they say in Scotland—Mount Blanc and his *confrères*, I might often have offered the supplement of personal application, in the form of uttering the application to myself which I felt.

To his THIRD SON.

PARKHILL, 3rd October, 1864.

MY DARLING JAMES,—I send you your loving father's best wishes for your birthday. How thankful am I that my wishes are cherished in the sure knowledge of your Heavenly Father's wishes; that my heart is only saying "Amen" to the heart of God revealed to us in Christ! Therefore my wishes may and do freely take the form of prayers, being according to the will of Him to whom I pray.

When you were about to appear on this earth I hastened from Italy to meet you,—not knowing what you might prove, but prepared to receive you as a gift from God: and as such have I held you these eighteen years; with the anxieties from time to time incident to parental care, but with an abundantly compensating share of the comfort which a loving child can be to a loving father. Just of late circumstances made my need of this comfort from you greater,—all above you being away; and the demand, I thank my God, has not exceeded the supply.

I have pleasure in saying this that it may be among your cheering birthday thoughts, and that your father's testimony to you as a loving child may move you and encourage you to draw love from the Eternal Fountain of love, with which to love father and mother, and brothers and sisters—and all—as the highest use to which these gifts can be turned, and the purest enjoyment of them. It so is that at this present time you have opportunity to celebrate your birthday by being a special comfort to beloved mama,—a privilege which is some compensation for that smallness of your home birthday party which M. regrets.

To his Eldest Daughter.

Linlathen, 12th October, 1864.

I must write to you with this date, and wish you many happy returns of this day, in time, and in eternity, if birthdays are there recalled and separated from the other elements of time—time as a whole looked back upon as the birthday of existence. How it seems as if time would become a speck in the retrospect of eternity! Yet how powerful must ever be the telescope of our moral and spiritual memory, recalling, for the enhancing of our gratitude for present blessedness in God, the past in which we had "washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." No height of glory will cause us to forget our lowly beginning, and the great tribulation through which we had entered the kingdom of God; that suffering with Christ which had prepared us for reigning with Him; the cross which wrought in us the humility which shall have made the crown meet for us; while, "knowing Christ and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, we have been made conformable to His death," and so had attained to "the resurrection from the dead." The Lamb in the midst of the throne is "a Lamb as it had *been slain;*" and

"the kings and priests unto God," in giving praise and thanks unto the Lord who has made them such, say, "Thou hast washed us from our sins in Thy blood."

I would help my child this day "so to number her days as to apply her heart unto wisdom," and it will be a help to be taken to a stand-point in eternity, from which to look back on time :—for surely time's real value now is what will be then seen to have been its value, viz., that of a season in which to have been "washed in the blood of Christ;" no unconscious passive mysterious process, but the consciousness in our inner man of working out our salvation, taking up the cross and denying ourselves, dying to self in the strength of the life in God's favour given to us in Christ; as Gambold says, "Smiting each error with our Maker's rod, and by self-knowledge reaching unto God;" "confessing our sins, and finding God faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" "confessing our faults one to another that we may be healed."

To his Eldest Son.

Polloc, 22nd November, 1864.

. . . When I distinguish between the inward witness which the truth has in us, and the sense of obligation to seek to know the truth, I am contemplating the power to commend itself to us which there is in what we are to believe, as distinct from all questions connected with the history of its coming to us. You know that I do not ignore such questions, or regard them as of little account, especially as asking the attention of scholars; but the great mass of human responsibility, that is, the responsibility of the great mass of men, and our great responsibility as men, belongs entirely to the former subject. Truth has its loveliness, as the rose its beauty; and the love of the truth is the spirit's due response to that loveliness. But this is not always realized sufficiently;

for the "love of the truth" is often (under the expression "love of truth") conceived of as only the sincere desire to attain to the knowledge of truth: a most important desire, and, being deep and genuine, what may be expected to issue in attaining to that which is desired; but I think you will at once see that, as what we may be conscious to while we feel still in the dark, this desire must not be confounded with that joy in the light, when the light is reached, which has a high spiritual character as the due response of our spirit to light, and the conscious exercise of our capacity of seeing the glory of God in the discovery of Himself to us which he gives us in Christ.

But I may seem about to give you in a letter over again what you have read and re-read in my little book. What I intend is only to direct your attention to the importance of cultivating our spiritual sense of truth even as a step towards increased knowledge of the truth. In other words, as you may have heard me say, the preparation for understanding the New Testament which there is in being a good Greek scholar, or in possessing any other subsidiary learning, is not to be compared to the preparation for understanding it which a quickness to see and recognize God's mind gives. This may seem to belong to personal religion, and to our ability "to worship God in spirit and in truth." But it is not difficult to see that it is also a *mental key* to the meaning of Scripture even as a subject of critical study.

I have been led to this train of thought at present by my reading of Renan. Mr. Burns, in his inaugural lecture as a professor in the Free Church College, says Renan has done good in, as he expresses it, making our conflict with infidelity "not a skirmish of outposts, but a defence of the citadel;" *i.e.*, not a question of the *history* of revelation but a question of the *matter* of revelation,—the question "What are we to believe concerning Christ?" This may be one with Dean Stanley's meaning in saying that the question of inspiration

was not now *the* question; though I did not so understand him at the time. . . . But Renan is not in point of fact exclusively and professedly occupied with the question of the believableness of what we are asked to believe, viewed abstractly, and as a conception of God and of His relation to man, to be accepted or rejected according as it is seen to be, or not to be, God-like. On the contrary, as what he says about the place of our Lord's nativity shows (and there is much more of the same kind of thing), he uses assumed results of historical criticism to weaken faith in the written record; giving such results as accepted by himself, and not professing to argue or state what is said in reply. Still his *great* appeal demands from us, not knowledge of Greek or of history, but capacity of recognizing moral beauty and harmony. And here I felt as one asked to meet him, and weigh his arguments, on ground on which I was somewhat at home, —though, I know, not so much so as I ought to be,—but at least far more at home than on the ground of Greek or historical criticism. And it was in this highest aspect of what Renan has attempted that his unpreparedness for his task has been to me so palpable.

I do not know the materials that exist for weighing and appreciating the chronological objection to the account of the nativity of our Lord given by Luke, which refers to the "taxing." I cannot but think that the statement of any writer whom he referred to a date so near the time in question—and whose "artistic" writing of history he so dwells on—would, had he *not* been an evangelist, have been received by him as satisfactory evidence, in a matter as to which it must have been in his power to inform himself, and as to which he professes to have informed himself.

I confess I passed on easily from his impugning of Luke's authority in a point as to which (apart altogether from inspiration, or supernatural enlightenment, or protection from error in what was so important) he was most likely to know

the facts. But it was different when I found him pronouncing on the harmony of the teaching of Jesus as given by Matthew and his teaching as given by John, and venturing the decided assertion that the Christ of Matthew and the Christ of John is not the same Christ. This he says, not as supposing that the two evangelists speak of different persons, but as supposing that the true picture is that which Matthew has presented; that John, writing so much longer after the time, modified his reminiscences by what he had himself latterly, under new influences, come to think; ascribing all that he had so come to hold to his original teacher. . . . In all this theory he has manifested a superficial—though a favourable—impression or estimate of the discourses of Jesus recorded by Matthew, and an entire incapacity for appreciating those recorded by John.

To one, like me, to whom the divine character of the picture by John has been about the very highest evidence of revelation, this has been a most conclusive evidence of Renan's want of qualification for the task of producing a "life of Jesus." . . . It is not indeed altogether that he thinks that John saw the past through the medium—not to say mist—of his own present state of mind, when writing towards the close of his life (or, "if not John, his school"), but that he regards our Lord himself as really changed by circumstances, and brought down from what he regards as the highest spiritual level on which he is visible to us—viz., that on which we see him in the "*logia*," as he calls them, of Matthew—to a lower level on which he stood after men's opposition and enmity had wrought their work on Him. Hence the *deterioriation* (as he speaks) is partly real, while partly exaggerated by John in ignorant endeavour to exalt Him: a "deterioration" which really was development and progress, and a teaching addressed to a more advanced condition of mind in His disciples; also, in part, an anticipation of a time when they would be enabled by the promised Com-

forter to understand what they heard better than when hearing it.

But whether regarded as a change for the worse in Jesus, or as a delusive colouring by John, the blindness to what the picture in John really is, is equally blindness; a blindness, as I have said, unfitting him for dealing with this high subject.

This is the most conclusive and most important proof of the untrustworthiness of this smooth flowing and attractively written theory of the origin of Christianity, in the form of a life of its founder intended to be philosophic. But the rash self-confidence implied comes out continually; and the preparedness to accept the most unsatisfactory and inadequate solutions of facts, from the true explanation of which he had shut himself out by the predetermination to recognise none but natural causes.

POLLOC, 25th November, 1864.

. . . This has been a longer visit than I often make to my kind friend here; though as much to Mr. Erskine as to him: and Mr. E. has made it move on freely. Sir John has an increasing welcome for serious conversation; and Mr. Erskine is so varied and full, passing so easily to what Professor Thomson, who dined with us yesterday, or Professor Rogers, who dined with us to-day, contribute from their special stores, drawing them out as an intelligent questioner does, and often by natural transition passing to that which is higher. I have myself been enabled to contribute more than I often do to conversation. So it has been a pleasant and refreshing time. I am glad to have now really made Thomson's acquaintance; so much so, that he has invited me to come to him to his laboratory at the College. He has manifestly great delight in communicating knowledge, and great facility in doing so; and of course what he illustrated he illustrated without the use of mathematics as he could not assume that they would help him with us. . . .

I do not see that I can advise you about books; only I feel that the attempt to get up a great deal may be confusing, and laying too much weight on the memory. As to Commentaries, having never studied with one, I am little qualified to advise. . . . You know how much I dread frittering of the mind's attention by such critics as Alford. . . . Your loving father thinks of you, and prays for you, through the night and through the day.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Christmas, 1864.

Perhaps the circumstance that Christmas is this time a Sunday may separate more between its religious character and its festive character—the latter being left for the morrow. However this may be, I trust it is not passing with you, darling, without serious thought—which your being away from us all, with whom you have ever till now welcomed this season, may favour. Your nearest friend—and who ought to be your dearest friend—is He who is with you now as He has ever been, and the feeling of His love is the true deep joy of this season: His love expressed in His unspeakable gift our blessed Saviour, whose coming into our world this day recals. Even a little knowledge of our need of a Saviour, and a little tasting of that Saviour's love in what He has done and is doing to save us, may give its true sweetness to Christmas. My prayer for you, darling child, is that you may be meditating with some true understanding on what you owe to Christ, and may be yielding your heart to the drawing of His love with some degree of welcome to His grace; and above all, that you may be truly praying for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that you may understand more and love more, praying believing that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

To his ELDEST SON.

14th January, 1865.

. . . I would have enjoyed much going on with you in your reading. Of course I cannot wish you to read without thinking and merely, as men would say, to *get up* subjects; but the subjects have to be got up; and there is much thinking that may be not only inviting but right in itself, which yet may be allowed to wait. I believe *true* rest is only in broad general truths; and as to any attempt to take the mould (or to try how the mould will fit us) of any of the several forms of thought which systems have assumed, the diversity in these seems to me to forbid it;—the diversity that was present originally in the bodies of men who had to agree on articles, and the diversity traceable in subsequent comments on these. If the substantial abiding truth of the footing on which we stand before God in Christ, and the conception of our relation to Him, both as to His mind towards us and the mind which we are called to cherish towards Him, be covered by—or rather cover—the teaching that is set forth as that of the church, it must be enough; unless the church is to fall to pieces in fragments as numerous as the various shadings of thought. If utterances of the mind of the church at successive epochs, and through individual minds, or assemblies of men, were one continuous flow of Divine Inspiration, vindicating its claim to be so recognized by its own character, whatever we might be able to apprehend and receive as light, there would at least be nothing to reject or modify; and this character belongs to the foundation laid in Apostles and Prophets: but church history, as the history of the church's thought, is something very different; and if we should task ourselves to receive that history, or any selected portion of it, as if we were dealing with pure unmixed light, we should greatly err.

But the church has not therefore lost its claim on us for

gratitude for the extent to which it has been the salt of the earth, or for devotedness to the task of seeking to be ourselves part of its salt retaining its savour.

If you are going on with your reading of Butler tell me so, and where you are, and I shall endeavour to procure a copy of it and read with you though apart; so as to be able to respond to anything that it occurs to you to say about it as you go along. . . . You will be interested in the notice of Dr. Robertson's death. I think I told you to what simplicity of faith he seemed to have attained, judging by one of the printed addresses to his people which I saw at Linlathen. The pleading on the freeness of the grace of God took me back thirty-eight years—when I first saw and urged that freeness.

24th January, 1865.

. . . On Friday we accompanied Caroline and Catherine Wylie to the Museum and the Cathedral. The afternoon sun at its present level illumines the Cathedral more effectively than I had formerly seen it. Dr. Robertson's death came freshly over me, in being where he had ministered the word—I trust, not without profit to his people. . . .

I have not written since Mr. Bell's death. I went to see him on Monday, James having heard that he was much worse. I came too late to see him. He had died on Sunday night. I found his poor wife worn out with nursing him, and under the first fresh sense of bereavement; but occupied most with his peace in death, which, along with the feeling of the severity of the suffering which death had terminated, made thoughts of the change to herself seem selfish and to be put away. My visit to him after yours had comforted him greatly; and before the last increased suffering he seems to have been able, not only to be peaceful as to his own future, but also as to all his natural anxieties for her. . . . He

was brought up religiously and read his Bible much, and long felt as if God came nearer to men in the Old Testament than in the New; that in the former the people seemed all taught to look to him as their Father. It was not until he became one of their family, and came under my teaching, that he saw God's Fatherliness as revealed in Christ, and as *the Gospel.*

. . . This history of Mr. Bell's early feeling recals to me Mr. Irving's preaching before he knew that Christ had died for all, when he found in the fact that all his hearers were baptized men that liberty in preaching Christ as one in whom they had all an interest, which his heart craved for, and which afterwards he saw in that to which baptism is a witness, and a seal, because sealing what is true.

Mr. Irving refused to submit to that treating of baptized men as if they were less God's people than circumcised men of old; and, though he did not stand then on the deeper foundation, the Rock of Ages—the name into which men are baptized—yet, not questioning the interest in that name of the baptized at least, he stood in a larger place than men occupied who were fettered by the practical form which the faith of Election takes in ordinary evangelical teaching.

I remember well—and you may have heard me often mention it—how, when he came to call on your aunt at the hotel where she was with Mary, when she brought her home from India—how he took the child up in his arms and kissed her, blessed her, and then, putting her down, turning to her mother and me, said, "This child is a Christian, as we are." I think—but rather infer than remember—that he was speaking of baptism before the child came into the room.

It was some time subsequent to this that one day at his own house the incident occurred, which I must also have mentioned to you, from which dated his preaching that all were called upon to see Christ as their Saviour, because He

had died for their sins and been raised again for their justification.[1] . . .

LAUREL BANK, 5th February, 1865.

. . . I have no doubt that were he now alive, and dealing with the graver and more earnest doubt of our time, Butler would realize the great question to be, "What is Christianity?" not, "What credentials of miracles or prophecy does it bring?" At the same time miracles, prophecy, and all the supernatural connected with Christianity, must be regarded as a part of what it is; and to any entering into the difference between religion and morality, and seeing man's need in the light of our personal relation to God, as distinct from our personal relations to one another, the supernatural, in all its forms and measures, from the gifts with which the early church was endowed at the beginning down to all ordinary answer of prayer, is in harmony with the Divine purpose of cultivating in us direct personal dealing with God,—direct faith in His faithfulness and trust in His will, as responding to our will asking things according to His will. As to the relative place of the merely supernatural as distinct from the purely spiritual, the habit of thought in Butler's time seems to me more remote from that which we discern in the Apostle Paul than that to which we now more incline. I do not mean merely in that subordinating of gifts to charity which is so strongly expressed,—to which no theory on the question of evidences could lead men to object. I refer rather to the manifest recognition of a power to command faith present in the truth spoken, as not only independent of the mere influence of witnessing the supernatural, but as mightier than that influence, and prevailing by its own might when the other might fail of result. See 1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25. . . . I do not suppose that any one

[1] An account of this conversation has already been given; see Vol. I. page 54.

whose recognition of the claims of the Church had this history would assign the miracles which he had witnessed as the ground of his faith: yet would these also find their fitting place in his faith, and not be felt superfluous, or—as men now profess to feel them—a hindrance rather than a help. Most certainly, believing in their reality, we shall find them not a hindrance but a help to that walking by faith and not by sight, to which we are called.

I shall not pursue this subject further; but what I have said may explain to you the religious conservatism in me which would retain all argument from miracle and prophecy, with all record of answers to prayer from the beginning until now, while fully sympathizing with those who say, Christianity must ever have its highest claim on our faith in what it is—what it reveals God to be,—what it calls us to be.

Now this is enough of this kind of writing for me for one day. . . .

LAUREL BANK, 5th March, 1865.

. . . Thanks for this intimation of the way in which this season is to be marked at Doncaster. The help found in the frequent prayers of such a time, as well as in the whole selection of lessons, &c., is often very great; and this in a way that is free from superstition, and a pure cherishing of faith in what has often been called "Historical Christianity"—[called so] with a feeling that has been painful to me—the feeling of having attained to "essences" which made the "history" from which they have been extracted secondary.

We err in seeking to separate the Eternal Life from its divine form, or attempting to receive it as an abstract knowledge of God rather than as a knowledge that is made apprehensible for man in Jesus Christ. Hence it is that the most simple faith in the facts which the gospel reveals quickens the mind of Christ in men; while much philosophic

meditation on the elements of that mind, and their nature as essential to salvation, often issues more in the admiration of this ideal than in fellowship in it.

. . . . . .

In thinking just now of the gain that a right use of this season as marked by the church may bring, I have felt as if the exceeding value put on the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at the beginning was illustrated to me. Men setting themselves, "whether they eat or drank, or whatever they did, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father by Him," would find a divine fitness to help them to realize this ideal of life in the Eucharist. . . . So long as "feeding on Christ" preserved its true spiritual meaning, there would be no need to attempt to distinguish between the aspect of the Eucharist as a "remembering" and a "showing forth," and its aspect as a present receiving of the sap of the vine—a present increase of divine life. Christ would be "known in the breaking of bread," as well as "remembered" and "confessed."

That a purely spiritual interest in time passed into an interest which was rather superstitious than spiritual we know; and when we would trace this progress, and attempt to say how much of what Romanism offers to men's faith on this subject is pure superstition, and how much is truth seen as in a mist, we are, I believe, in great danger of expecting from mere intellectual analysis what is to be reached only in the light of a spiritual experience,—the experience that comes with the use of the ordinance in the light of redeeming love. In that light it has appeared to me that even the distinctive element in the Mass which has been called the *bloodless sacrifice* and offering of Christ, is seen to be—like the material feeding on Christ—the record of an element in the early experience of the church; when Christ, accepted as their life, was offered up in worship,—that life ascending to God as worship.

If it is true that "we live; yet not we, but Christ in us," it is true that we offer ourselves living sacrifices; yet not we, but Christ in us. For what does God accept as our true worship? Is it not Christ? . . .

I have attempted more than I intended when I began to write. *Practically*, wisdom here is occupation with the truth, and not refutation of the lie. We may seem to be gainers in rejecting that which is superstition. This is, however, but a negative gain; and even as such is very insecure, unless we are accepting that which is the spiritual reality of which that superstition is the counterfeit. And as I have said that those would most value the ordinance of the Lord's Supper who were seeking to abide in Christ and live by Him in all things, so I would say that to be followers of them in this universal feeding upon Christ is the way to know as they did the special blessing of partaking in the Lord's Supper.

To his Second Son.

Laurel Bank, 16th March, 1865.

My dearest John,—I seem to myself very silent to you. But I am not the less mindful of you; often lifting up my heart for you, as I realize your circumstances and probable need, and remember, besides, how great your need may be in respect of difficulties in your path which I know not. But such difficulties, whether what I may conjecture or cannot, are all known to Him for whose protection of you from all dangers, without and within, I pray. I know that I am taught to desire for you things which are according to the will of God; and I know that this is the form which parental interest should take, the earthly father saying, in truth of spirit, "amen" to the will of the heavenly Father; and thus I have freedom in casting my cares for you on Him who is teaching me what right cares for you are. And I believe

that thus I am helpful to you,—not to the effect of doing away with your own personal responsibility, but yet a *real* spiritual help to you in your endeavours to discharge that responsibility aright. The apostle says, "Pray for us, for we trust we have a good conscience." His cherishing a good conscience did not raise him above the help of the prayers of others; it only made the expectation of help from their prayers stronger. And that your gracious God should do you good through your father's prayers need not seem less consistent with His own greater love to you than that He should in any other way make my parental care an advantage to you. God is the Father of the spirits of all flesh, and His interest in each one of us is personal and immediate; and yet His benefits flow to us *through each other* in countless ways, and one of them is prayer. And there is no form of expression which an interest in others can take more pure and holy in itself, or more in harmony with the consciousness that "one is our Father, and all we are brethren," than intercessory prayer; none that more exalts and refines our love, or more helps to keep us right in heart towards them. So I use it,—not for comfort only, and rest of heart, in thinking of you and other absent dear ones, but for strengthening in all right feelings when thinking of any whose wrong feelings may be trying me, and making a right mind towards them a difficult victory of faith.

Therefore our blessed Lord, when charging us to "love our enemies," adds, "and pray for those who despitefully use you." Setting ourselves honestly to pray for them, we must needs extend to them ourselves that true forgiveness which we ask for them from God. Oh! how do such precepts as that which I am now referring to reveal the divinity of our Divine Teacher beyond all miracles! We reasonably feel that He who opens the eyes of the blind and raises the dead is one whose word we may receive as the word of God; but how far

deeper is this conviction as it is imparted to us in our coming to apprehend the divine love that is in that word itself! Doubtless those who listened to "the Sermon on the Mount" did so with all the more readiness to believe because of the "mighty works" of Him who spoke. Yet the Divine Authority with which He taught was only imperfectly expressed in the mighty works. Its full expression was in the Divine Excellence of the teaching itself; and those whose mental eye was open to discern that excellence alone listened and believed with that faith which fully glorified God.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 19th March, 1865.

Your more limited work is, I suppose, making what you do more effective and thorough; and this is no small advantage. Another advantage is the greater justice that you will be able to do to anything prescribed in preparation for confirmation. But such preparation is only fixing more special and considerate attention on what should have a share in your habitual thought—or at least feeling—and should at special times, as on Sundays, be the subject of earnest meditation.

Darling child—the love of God, revealed in Christ and into the light of which we are taken by the Holy Spirit, is to our spirits what the light of the sun, the atmosphere which we breath, and the food we eat, are to our bodies. This is true; though we cannot be deprived of food, or air, or light without painfully feeling that we cannot do without them: while our spirits may be without the supply of their corresponding need and no painful sensation of want be experienced.

This insensibility is what is called spiritual death, the willing death of sin. Its opposite is that craving desire to know

the love of God in Christ, and to be enabled by the Holy Spirit to keep it in remembrance that it may feed and cherish the divine life in us, which is more or less keenly felt in proportion as we have awakened to the consciousness that we are God's offspring—and have eternal life in his Son—and are now here in the school of Christ to be educated and made meet for our Father's more immediate presence, in the light of that kingdom and glory, for the coming of which we pray.

Now preparation for confirmation is receiving the true knowledge of which the elements are these—viz., what God is to us, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and what we are called to be to God in response to what He is to us. Drawing near to the Father, through the Son, in the power of the Holy Spirit, may you, dearest child, seek by truthful meditation on what you are taught, and by prayer, to attain to this preparation. May you come to realize as the very truth, and the highest truth concerning yourself—truth as certain as your existence, and the truth which makes it good for you that you exist—*this truth* that the Father is your Father, that the Son is your Saviour, that the Holy Ghost is your sanctifier! May this thought about yourself—this aspect of your own condition—fill you with wonder, and awe, and grateful love to Him who has given you a being! May you be moved by this wonder and awe and love to consider what manner of person you ought to be of whom such high and excellent things are true! May you thus learn to know and value your heavenly birthright! The faith of this your high birthright, as one to whom God has given Eternal Life in His Son, was my comfort in holding you up and presenting you for baptism. This same faith in whatever measure you are enabled to cherish it will be *your own right* comfort in receiving confirmation.

March 28th, 1865.

Darling, I trust my last letter may be really helpful to you. I have felt since sending it as if I might have been wiser to have occupied your attention, your thoughts, and your heart, more simply and exclusively with *the love of Christ.* This might help you more as to the right mind in which to "show forth the Lord's death"—in the solemn ordinance to which confirmation opens your way. But I think so much of confirmation in its relation to baptism and to the name into which we have been baptized, that anything that sheds light on that great name, or rather, helps one to enter into the light that shines in that name, seems to me the most *direct* preparation for confirmation.

But let me now urge you to meditate on the love of Christ *just as pure love to you*—love seeking to bless you—love taking the form which, because of your sinful state, it was needful that it should take in order to bless you: and when I say "bless you," I mean, "make you good—make you holy—make you true—make you loving." Do understand, darling child, that when Christ died for you that you might live through Him, "suffering, the just for the unjust, that He might bring you to God," it was the life that is divine—Christ's own heart and mind—that His love proposed to impart to you. When we are in danger of being satisfied with the comfort of the death of Christ for sins, stopping short at that point, let us remember that nothing can satisfy Christ concerning us but our being "alive to God." Because He ever sees us, not only as in ourselves sinners, but as those who may through Him be to God dear children, we ought ever to think of ourselves in the same way. If we do so we shall both confess our sins—believing in the forgiveness of them through the blood of Christ—and lift up our hearts to God as our Father, expecting and welcoming help from Christ to enable us to say "Father" in spirit and in truth. Jesus

Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. As *in love* He died for us, so, being risen from the dead, and present at the right hand of God, having all power in heaven and on earth, He in *the same love* uses His power for our benefit—our benefit in all ways, but especially our benefit in enabling us to walk in His own steps—the steps of pure unselfish love—love to God, and love to one another.

My wish is to fix your attention on the love of Christ—alike on what He has done for you when on earth, and what He is *ever ready to do for you* now that He is in heaven—your "Glorified Head"—your "High Priest" over the house of God. I say on both alike, because I believe that neither of these thoughts can work well without the other; for they are both included in the "Gospel"—the good news of our salvation.

To his ELDEST SON.

POLLOC, 28th April, 1865.

. . . We go home to-morrow after a pleasant visit to old Sir John, which James has enjoyed, the weather being beautiful, and the bursting forth of the hidden life of the trees proceeding so rapidly as to make the difference between day and day marked. I have been fancying the beauty of the "Backs" with you. . . . I was thinking in my waking hours this morning of the words, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon Earth that I desire beside Thee," as the language of one who has found the secret of loving the Lord his God with all his heart and mind and soul and strength. And I was made very thankful by reaching—after some self-proving—the conclusion that in truth of feeling, and not in mere conviction of what ought to be, I knew something of such a mind towards God; —in *truth* of feeling, though not in *intensity*, such as the words seem to have been the expression of.

"We love Him because He first loved us." Self-examination with the object of finding in ourselves encouragement to appropriate the love of God to ourselves, may lead either to a self-righteous hope, or a fear that implies ignorance of the freeness of the grace of God. But self-examination engaged in in the clear faith of the love of God as what the gospel reveals, and only to prove ourselves as to the reality of our trust in God's love and of the response of our hearts to His love, however it may encourage us by the consciousness that God's purpose is being fulfilled in us, can never awaken any self-righteous self-congratulation; while, however it may humble us, and awaken self-blame because our return of love is so faint and scanty, it can never make us stand in doubt of our interest in the love which makes us ashamed of our coldness of heart, seeing it is that love which, "while we were yet sinners, gave Christ to die for us."

Lady Lucy Grant has indulged me with the perusal of some letters of Lady Matilda's which she has copied into a small MS. volume. They are a precious record of faith and hope and love.

To the Rev. D. J. Vaughan.

Polloc, 19th May, 1865.

My dear Friend,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter just as I was about to leave home, to be for some days here with Mr. Erskine at the house of a common friend.

This expression[1] of what you feel to me is very grateful and very *comforting*. This last word may seem a confession

[1] Mr. Vaughan had just published his book on "Christian Evidences and the Bible," which bore this dedication: "To my honoured friend, John M'Leod Campbell, formerly minister of Row, this little volume is respectfully dedicated in grateful acknowledgment of many invaluable lessons learned from his works."

that encouragement has not over-balanced disappointment in my endeavours to commend to others, through the press, the apprehensions of truth which have appeared to me calls to publishing; and it is such a confession as to the hope with which I first published. But, on the whole, I think that I may have calculated on getting the ear of the church more than was reasonable; and I certainly am very thankful for the measure of response that comes to me from time to time, and in ways that justify the hope that there must be much response that never reaches me. Accept my true thanks.

Your letter has found me just about to write to you, to say to you how much I feel indebted to you for the happiness, and, I believe, important benefit, which being with your brother, Dr. Vaughan, has been to my son.

You say nothing of your summer plans, or the disposal of any holiday time you may allow to yourself. If you can kindly include Partick in your plan, let me know as soon as you know yourself.

To his ELDEST SON.

POLLOC, 21st May, 1865.

. . . I am again having summer weather here, and Mr. Erskine and I have pleasant walks together; and Sir John, though weakly, is well enough to enjoy having us with him in the evening. His great suffering during this attack seems to have been mingled with much comfort through faith; so as to make the prevailing expression of his face, as well as of his words in referring to it, to be thankfulness. We expect Mr. Maurice's Oxford son here to-morrow.

The beauty of this day is very great. We have been at church. Mr. Erskine and I walked home from church. The beauty of the trees is perfect, and of the fields, and of the sky, and of the river also; and the cattle and the sheep

pasturing are elements in the scene which add the interest of life; and the birds are very vocal with joyous notes. How vague and indefinite the sense of the enjoyableness which belongs to this whole, and of oneness in the impression received from such varied elements! The "Backs" must be in their greatest beauty, and I am glad that my John sees them as I saw them. They remain with me still in the album of memory, with its coloured photographs. But I go back to other elements of Cambridge as it was to me with still more interest; with most interest to *our* receiving the bread and the wine *together* at St. Mary's.

LAUREL BANK, 11th June, 1865, 6.40 p.m.

By this time the solemn rite of your ordination is some hours in the past. I read the Ordination Service to your mother after breakfast to help her realization of it. . . . I seem to myself to be in these days realizing what it is to enter on the ministry more than I did even when receiving ordination myself. But if it is a solemn thing to be a clergyman, it is a solemn thing to be a man; the former is the latter carried to a higher power. No clergyman can look hopefully into the future with a well-grounded hope, excepting in so far as he knows his sufficiency to be in Christ; but no more can any man who has come to look for life only in God's favour. To be oneself a "living epistle" of the love of God, as it is the calling of every man, is also the first aspect of the calling of a clergyman. "Take heed unto thyself and to thy doctrine." I do not forget that there is an important addition to "take heed unto thyself," in the words "and to thy doctrine;" but I am persuaded if all that is implied in taking due heed unto oneself were more realized, the addition would be seen to be less in proportion than it usually seems.

To Mr. Erskine.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 7th June, 1865.

My beloved Friend,—I know you will be feeling the death of this friend, Sir John Maxwell, who loved you and had such faith in you, a great blank in the circle of remaining personal interests. You must be thankful that you waited with him to the close. I have no doubt that you have been more to him in this last visit, and even in these forty-eight hours of suffering, than you can yourself easily believe. We never are to others all we desire to be, or all that we feel that we might be, abiding more in Christ. Yet knowing what others are to us in our need beyond what they themselves know, we may trust that we do not altogether fail in seeking to meet the purpose of our Father's love in making us members one of another. And yet we know that we do greatly fail; and then our comfort is that our friends have a Friend who is the perfect Brother born for their adversity, whose sympathy is the fountain of our sympathy—a full fountain, however its flow through us is hindered; not dependent on us for its outflowing, but having many channels; above all, having an immediate inflowing into each heart independent of all channels. In thinking of my friends, and what I would be to them and am not, I often feel in this relation what dear Maurice so beautifully expresses as to another relation, when he makes the Layman in his *Family Worship* say, "The sight of my children, the thought of what they are, and what they are to be—yes, my friend, I must hope that they have a better father than I have ever been or ever can be to them."[1]

Mrs. Stirling will feel with you; for she had manifest pleasure in seeing the pleasure he had in being with you. I myself feel Sir John's death as that of one who has shown

[1] *Family Worship*, p. 216.

me much kindness, which I have sought to return in words that might help his spirit, as opportunity has been given to me. Many will feel his removal in many ways. I feel much for his attached domestics.

Young Maurice will write to you from Carluke. He went there yesterday. I feel much drawn to him. Our James will be delighted—as any of us who can do so will—to accept your kind invitation.

Please give my very kind remembrances to Mrs. Stirling. Mrs. Campbell joins me in this, and desires to do so also in my love to you, dear, dear friend.—Yours ever,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

To REV. D. J. VAUGHAN.

LAUREL BANK, 5th July, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. VAUGHAN,—I am very thankful for your *Christian Evidences and the Bible.* I think the order in which you present the claims of Christianity on our faith, and the question of Inspiration, the right order; and I am most thankful for the tone in which you ask that attention to it which it seems to me most important that it should receive, if our advocacy of our faith is not to be embarrassed by the defence of untenable positions.

I have longed to say this to you; but have delayed writing until I should have finished the volume, which I did only two days ago; having had many interruptions from being from home, and, where I have been, suspending my own reading to allow friends to make some acquaintance with it. These friends have been among the most valued of those with whom my bond is the highest: and they also are thankful for what you have written, and will add this defence of Christianity to their libraries. One of these friends is Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, whose name, and whose writings also, you probably know.

My commendation is of the book as a whole, and embraces both the matter and the spirit of it. There are questions of detail as to which I wish we had opportunity of free converse; some things being difficulties to your mind which have not been such to me; as they have not presented themselves to me in that light in which they would be difficulties. Thus Samuel's "hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord," has not had to me the character of an act expressive of individual character,—an instance of, as I have heard it called, "cold-blooded cruelty." The history of the whole transaction is so connected with the *large question* of the relation to God in which the leaders of the children of Israel believed themselves to stand, as employed by Him to execute His judgment, and of the reasonableness of believing that they were justified in this, that I have been reconciled to it (as to the whole of which it is a part) only by making a distinction between the moral state implied in *punishing by divine authority*, and acting under the power of the *fleshly feelings* of wrath, or revenge, or ambition, or pride of victory, which originate "man's inhumanity to man."

I do not know how far you would be prepared to recognise this distinction; yet I do not know how to justify the history of the taking possession of the land by the children of Israel on any lower ground. As the *act of God*, the destruction of those whose "iniquity was full" was the same, whether by "the sword, or pestilence, or famine," or by an earthquake, or deluge, or fire from heaven. As the *act of men* it was separated from ordinary invasions and conquests by the consciousness of being God's instruments (and indeed often unwilling instruments) which was peculiar to it. I am but indicating the state of mind on this subject in which your treatment of this class of difficulties has found me. You know how, apart from the consciousness of special divine authority which this history claims, we recognize an analogous difference between the infliction of death, in the

use of the sword committed to the magistrate, and murder. I, of course, have been always assuming that God *could* give the certain knowledge that a command to slay was from Him, and believing that in these cases *He had done so.*

I have, without intending it, entered on a subject too difficult to be satisfactorily noticed in this way.

I trust your anxieties about your mother have been fully relieved. I know the cleaving of heart to an aged parent which you have been feeling: my father lived to eighty-five.

With our united kind regards to Mrs. Vaughan and yourself, and the renewed expression of thankfulness for this valuable word in season to the church, your affectionate friend,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To the REV. DR. WYLIE.

SALTCOATS, 4th August, 1865.

We are here enjoying the pure air of this sea-board, and the endless interest of Arran, far enough off to be seen as a whole, yet not too far for the distinct vision of its grand features; and my binocular has put me on a level with other people, or nearly so. Using it, felt like looking at nature across twenty-five years!

Our last evening sunset was one of the finest I ever enjoyed. My Kilninver choicest memories are of sunsets: and Arran from Saltcoats is sufficiently like Mull from Kilninver to revive these with unusual vividness. Mull from Kilninver last evening would be just what now rises before my mind's eye, with all the elements of the glorious scene, earth, sea, and sky, excepting only the human figures that represented "man," mind, thought, feeling.

Of these, as they reappear in giving this or that date to the "visions splendid," my own alone still belongs to this visible.

. . . . . "Not lost, but gone before."

To Miss Duncan.

Saltcoats, 19th August, 1865.

. . . How I would welcome your utterance of feeling in unison with what the glorious vision of Arran, as we see it from this, moves me to! Sometimes I gaze long in silence; and then feel it a pleasure to say, "How beautiful!" "how glorious!" for the hundredth time: yet not without somewhat of varied meaning, according as the light is that of morning, or noon-day, or evening; and the sky cloudless, or clouded, and with clouds that partly embrace the mountain-tops, or only throw light shadows on their slopes and glens; or, as last evening, are contributing their part to the gorgeous sky scenery of a glorious sunset. Arran itself, the light coming from beyond it, presented only its own majestic likeness in profile; the outline sharply cut against the golden atmosphere beyond, but itself simply a dark purple screen, and—except as to outline—featureless, showing no distinction of receding bay, or deep glen, or wooded base, or heathery or green slope,—its expression a grand repose; while the variously tinted clouds that floated in the golden sunset, recalled Wilson's "glory moving on," with "in its very motion rest." But as I sat drinking in the beauty and the solemnity of the scene, I was not contented to rest in what I saw, or felt from it as from music, but found myself passing to the higher light,—what it reveals and glorifies,—what *it is;* and then thankfulness for being made capable of seeing this "burning west," and of being so affected by its beauty, gave place to thankfulness for the spiritual eye opened in me, by which I saw the Eternal Light and the Eternal Beauty; thankfulness that was much mingled with self-condemnation, as I reflected, that what my bodily eye took in was what is but seldom to be seen, as time and place and many uncertain circumstances might combine; while that which my spiritual eye saw, is an ever-present

glory, to be seen wherever the eye opens on it; and yet my memories of it were of what had been seen only at long intervals, as my memories of glorious sunsets, such as I now enjoyed, but here intervals not of necessity, but in a solemn sense of choice. I say "*in a sense* of choice," because I do not in reality feel that the opening of the eye that sees the spiritual, so that the spirit is flooded with its proper light, is so simple a matter, or so absolutely to be determined by a mere volition, as the opening of the bodily eye. That "glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" we do not see in its brightness simply by turning to it. For such vision beyond habitual faith we wait on the Holy Spirit, and have it not, as bodily vision, in our own hand. But still we know that he that soweth bountifully reaps bountifully.

I thank you for making these teachings of Ruskin's known to me. Men speak of "half truths" as "positive errors." *Over-stated truths* do also approach the character of false teachings. But I do not feel it easy to cut down to the measure of sober truth Ruskin's strong utterances even in thought; and would find it very difficult in writing.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 10th September, 1865.

[After speaking of a sermon on conversion which he had been reading:] That no man knoweth the things of God save the Spirit of God—that spiritual things are spiritually discerned—that we must be all taught of God: such language, as asserting what is true of the divine life in its whole course, and not merely of a first starting, is what seems to me inculcated by our Lord and His Apostles; and therefore I do not think that the great prominence given to the first clear vision of Christ which has caused peace and joy in believing, is in harmony with the highest example of preaching.

I know that usually men are found needing conversion, and that it is of infinite importance that partial yieldings to divine light—measures of seriousness and earnestness —measures of change of walk and conversation, which are altogether short of knowing Christ, or salvation, should not be rested in, or set down at more than they are worth, as what may issue in good, but are not in themselves life from the dead. But I feel, as to the difference between the New Testament teaching and what I distinguish from it, that the one would naturally occupy the mind with the life now known in abiding in Christ; the other with the crisis of conversion and the safety and security into which it has been the introduction. No one has, or could have, worked more than I have done with "Assurance of Faith," as that the demand for which is the most effective instrument for awakening. But I am satisfied that there is an unhealthy occupation with conversion, which hinders the development of the life of Christ in us.

In truth, in the time of conversion it is *not* "that we are converted," but "that we apprehend Christ," which is our peace; and this is that "beginning of our confidence" which to hold "to the end" makes us to be "the House of Christ."

In connection with this subject I often feel that High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen would be brought together if they were simply realizing the Eternal Life given to us in Christ, the power to be the sons of God which we have in Him. No High-Churchman who has any living knowledge of Christianity, would trust his own salvation or that of another to Baptismal Regeneration. No Low-Churchman abiding in Christ as a branch in the vine, and hearing his Lord's voice saying, "Abide in me," falls back on the vision of Christ which first gave him peace, as if the fact of having had that vision was now his peace, or as if anything could be peace to him but that that *vision was true*

—that Christ was, and is, and abideth ever what then he apprehended Him to be—what, with an apprehension clearer and deeper, according to his own spiritual development, he now knows Him to be.

To the Bishop of Argyll.

Laurel Bank, 29th September, 1865.

My dear Bishop,—I have been from home, which has caused your letter to be so long unacknowledged. I am happy to think that, though still so far from strong, you have come back to us so much better than you were going away.

I was made acquainted with this book of Dr. Manning's some time ago by a friend who valued it as accepting fully its conclusions. I have not seen anything that may have been offered to the church as an answer; nor do I know of any formal reply. I feel with you that most Protestants would take what we would regard as too low ground; and I would be very thankful for an argument on the claim made for Rome which was conducted in the light of the high purpose of Revelation as a help to *personal* knowledge of God; and not,—in itself, or in conjunction with the church,—a *substitute* for such knowledge. Dr. Newman says, knowledge of God implies an infallible record and an infallible interpreter. To hold these essential is to ignore all other witness; to hold these *sufficient*, assuming that we possess them, is to come short of the true apprehension of the divine purpose of self-revelation; the attaining of which implies a seeing light in light as the condition to which man is brought.

As to *my* attempting the task of showing the root-error as to the nature of religion in Dr. Manning's argument, I could only, if I made the attempt, apply the teaching of the "Thoughts on Revelation" to his statements. I could not go deeper. But even this I do not feel equal to; that is to

say, by writing; for as I read I went through the process mentally, and to the satisfaction of my own mind. But when I attempt to write I immediately propose to myself a more exhaustive treatment of my subject than I can (now, at least) accomplish.

I received both your tokens of remembrance safely, and have had also, from Mr. Erskine, your letter to him to which you refer. I am satisfied that the tendency of things is to force thoughtful minds to take "true measure" of what they really know of their "eternal treasure." One portion of those who shrink from falling back on the inherent authority of light are themselves—though they may not consider it so—illustrations of the soundness of that principle. I refer to persons who have become the subjects of a true and deep religious awakening. For the confidence with which they speak of the realities in which they rejoice is altogether referable to a seeing light *as light*. So far as mere authority goes there has been no change. What they believe they never doubted; but they now *know* it to be true as they never did before.

I would wish to induce such persons to say distinctly to themselves what the difference is between their former hold of truth and that which they have come to have. . . .

P.S.—The weight we are to attach to the "originality and integrity of Rome" is determined by the character of Christianity as light, ever, and from moment to moment, its own present witness. When we know what we possess in Christianity we know what place to give to the details of the history of its coming into our possession. The power to shake faith put forth by historical criticism in our time, it possesses only, I believe, in virtue of our error in making our appeal so much to the history of Revelation, rather than to the character of that which is revealed. Doubtless that history harmonizes with that character; and in harmonizing adds a commendation. The angels who sung, "Glory to God in

the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men," were the fitting choir for such a song. But we rather believe that they were angels who *so* sung than that the song is divine because they sung it.

J. M'L. C.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 1st October, 1865.

. . . This day week, a most beautiful day, I passed at Auchnafree. . . . I expounded the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel. You have, I know, heard me going over the first part of that chapter more or less fully at different times; and sometimes I am drawn to dwell on one verse and sometimes on another. I always pass from such occupation with the light shed on our relation to Christ by the aspect of it presented in the words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," with a fresh sense of the sacredness and the excellence of man's life as the Eternal Life which God has given to us in his Son; and its very excellence is increasingly felt by me to be an argument for the faith that it *really is given*. It seems an ideal so worthy of God to conceive, and so proportioned to the greatness of the price of our redemption; while that price, and the provision for the realization of this high ideal which is revealed, seem so adequate to the result contemplated, that the end and the means mutually sustain faith in each other.

You know that I expect much as to the elucidation of Scripture from a study of the Scripture in the faith of the harmony and cohesion of truth, which it is the appropriate task of what I may call "spiritual criticism" to discern and trace—a task to be pursued hopefully irrespective of textual criticism or historical criticism. Nor is my own being *unfurnished* for either of these the reason of my venturing to proceed without them as being what alone is open to me.

I have now the experience of exactly forty years in this path of study of the Scriptures; and my assurance of being in the light of what I read has grown with the gradual increase of my apprehension of the meaning of the Scriptures sought and reached in this way. That is to say, the portions of Scripture which have seemed to me to have their meaning fixed by the very character of the meaning which they have suggested, have given forth that meaning with more and more clearness the longer I have dwelt upon it. Also, the meaning of some passages so reached has immediately shed light on other passages; and this not only because of the unity in the teachings of the individual men, but also because of the unity in the teaching of the Spirit of Truth who spoke by men. This unity, when discerned, is the highest evidence that what we read is inspired by the Holy Spirit, as well as the clearest proof that we are come to the light of what we read. In proportion as we understand Paul and James and John, what is individual and distinctive is lost in what is common. This experience I most value, though I feel interested in all that gives them individuality, and helps me to know them as men.

LAUREL BANK, 15th October, 1865.

. . . I am naturally taken back to my parting with my only brother, just forty-four years ago. He left Scotland for India just about this time of year in 1821, though he did not leave London until 1822 was come in, when he was twenty. I remember most vividly returning to Edinburgh after parting with him in the Leith smack which took him to London, and the intense agony of loneliness in which I threw myself on a bed in the lodgings in which we had been together. . . . In whatever dimness of faith, we were cast on Him who had given us to each other. Surely the response which the cry of unconscious infancy has in

the mother's heart, has its parallel in the divine response to what is a cry of need belonging to what one may think of as the unconscious infancy of our divine life.

I was to tell you something of my meeting with your bishop.[1] . . . Of course Norman himself and the bishop naturally spoke most. Indeed I should have got nothing said of what I desired to speak had not the bishop, more than once, directed his remarks to me, inviting the expression of my thoughts. This was on such topics as Newman's *Apologia*, and Manning's recent publications. He had just come from the Highlands, where he had been at Ballachulish with the Bishop of Argyll, whose recent sojourn in Sicily and Italy has caused him to be much engrossed with the questions between the Church of Rome and Protestants, and more particularly the Church of England Protestantism.

Pusey's recent letter to Keble also had been in their hands, but I had not (and have not) seen it. It is intended as the reassertion of the teaching of the "Tracts for the Times," with a justification of himself in not having gone on to stand where Newman stands. The bishop had not read it all, I think; but had read enough to be dissatisfied with it, though how he would himself deal with the questions raised I was not quite able to gather, and I had no opportunity of attempting to ascertain. What a difficult position his is at this time! and how difficult it must be for him to command leisure for quiet thought with the immense demands on his time.

To his SECOND SON:

Who was then starting for India.

LAUREL BANK, 16th October, 1865.

. . . Your parting from Donald has been taking me back to my brother's parting from me, forty-four years ago.

[1] The Bishop of London, Dr. Tait.

I was left alone as to my loss, my only sister being before him my only brother. But he had the advantage over you that he had his sister to welcome him. But the parting was of brothers in both cases; and the true comfort for such a time—whether more or less tasted—the one comfort is the love which gives brother to brother. How dimly did I see that love then! How dimly do I see it now in comparison of its own full light shining in Christ.

This is a dull misty day after a bright summer day yesterday. I do not know how far you share with Lady Randolph a preference for external harmonies with "the sullen sadness;" but I think when the sadness has so many elements of comfort as yours now has, a bright day can be welcomed.

17th October, 1865.

. . . One reason for my writing by this mail is, that I have wished that some home words of welcome should greet you on your arrival at Bombay. I feel as if I would welcome you to manhood, as I at first did to life. Life is indeed all a seedtime (an education as Mr. Erskine says); but it contains a seedtime and a harvest within itself, while as a whole, referring to a harvest *beyond* itself; and you are now, I trust, about to reap what you have been sowing in the youth which is now passing into manhood. For a few months I know the time of acquisition stretches into the time of action; and even when your season of action is fully come, I know that progress in preferment turns in part on acquisition. . . . But I am away from what I had in my mind, viz., your welcome to the life of action—action influential and important to others—the *usefulness* of which you will feel its *true* interest; while you will not measure its usefulness by immediate results; for much of it may be hid from you, and what is rather to be taken for granted because you have done your duty, than something on which you may place your finger.

I warned your friend —— against the postponed hope of usefulness which turns on becoming rich and influential, say, as a country gentleman—his ideal of an useful position. But there is an accumulation of fitness for future usefulness which goes on *pari passu* with the present usefulness implied in the discharge of present duty: I mean the gradual development of oneself,—such a development as must have been long going on in such men as Mr. Donald Macleod, and Sir John Lawrence also, though of his spirit I have had no taste. But Mr. Macleod impressed me most highly.

. . . My darling son, may God bless you, and make you a blessing.

17th November, 1865.

. . . Your fine weather while in the Mediterranean it is most pleasant to think of; but I grudge much your passing through Egypt in the dark: only your moonlight would be all the more a compensation for the absence of the sun, that moon and stars are so much brighter than with us. I remember your uncle used to dwell much on this advantage of eastern or rather southern skies, over our murky north. The sight of the pyramids, which you have (so far) lost, affected him very much, and drew from him some expressions of feeling which had welled up from his deeper nature. I have the same recollection of his feelings at Athens. But I only remember the deep response which his words aroused, not what these words expressed. His active life and social life, with so much of outside superficial interest, and in a circle in which were few, if any, minds from which he could have the response on which he calculated from me, caused much of what *I* most valued in him to remain unknown to his ordinary friends, who, nevertheless, valued him much for what they did know in him. How much remains undeveloped of their higher nature in men! I do not mean their

highest nature, but what is high though not the highest. Lack of external influences of the fitting kind causes this in part. But though neither his work nor his associates be helpful in this view, one who has awakened to the duty and the privilege of self-education may find in the world of nature, and in that of mind as brought within his reach in books, much that he can turn to good account; and, being developing himself, he will find in those around him, if not such as can help him, still, those whom he can help; and here it is important to have faith in the capacity, however dormant, of others.

I knew two young officers once in whom I found a taste for literature, unusual in the army; and I found they owed it, as they thankfully acknowledged, entirely to their captain (afterwards my friend, Sir Duncan M'Dougall), whose subalterns they were. He did not find them different from other young men, or having already tastes kindred to his own; but as their captain he was brought into a near relation with them, which he sought to turn to account for their improvement. Nor was his influence limited to them; he, I believe, gave a tone to the mess. If we do not selfishly consider what men have in them that we can like, but rather how we may help them to become what we would like, we shall find much social usefulness within our reach, and a special interest added to life. Of course, there are limits in men's individual capacities, and some things you may find within your own reach, an to which you cannot invite some others to share in your enjoyment however refined; as, for example, all that your capacity for drawing, and the eye for nature which that implies, give you. But there is a wide field to which this does not apply; while it certainly does not apply to that which it is most important to others that they should share with us.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 30th November, 1865.

. . . I have just finished Pusey's letter to Keble, but have the P.S. yet to read. I am thankful that I have seen it. It has added greatly to my apprehension of this time, and my understanding of the state of the English Church, and of Christendom too, as seen from one standpoint. As to Pusey himself, like Newman's *Apologia* it gives me more tenderness for the man; while it entirely confirms my previous conviction that Tractarian or English Catholicism in no way differs from Roman Catholicism in any of the matters in which the latter has been regarded by me as in fundamental error. It does indeed separate between the English Church and Romanism in some points of serious error, but these had not so much engaged my attention: nor did I till now know the exact root, or the development, of a most important one of these, viz., Mariolatry; as to which I find his feeling both of its error, and of the extent of its development in Roman Catholic people, difficult to reconcile with the hope of union of Christendom as one visible church, which he cherishes.

As to the most important other point, viz., the place usurped by—or conceded to—the Bishop of Rome as Pope, his (Dr. Pusey's) faith in the infallibility of general councils gives him a comfort in the expectation of the ascription of infallibility being confined to such utterances of the voice of the church as one whole, and ceasing to be ascribed to the Roman See; in which I cannot share; my certainty in believing what I believe in no part resting on its harmony with the decisions of the general councils that have been; although I recognize a certain place as belonging to these as light in so far as they were testimonies for truth, and against error. On this subject Pusey will be felt by Protes-

tants less repulsive than Newman, and—still more—than Manning; but this at the price of presenting less attraction to those whose feeling of uncertainty has prepared them to welcome the overtures of an infallible church. An infallible church with an infallible mouthpiece to utter her teaching is enough of course for peace if her credentials are accepted, *and if the spirit is so untaught as to be able to find rest in the confidence of holding true dogmas.* But an infallible church with no infallible mouthpiece in the shape of living men, and whose infallible utterances have ceased to be heard since the last general council, dating before the division of East and West, in no way offers what the word "infallible" promises to the perplexed inquirer of our time.

I have not finished Robertson,[1] alternating Pusey with him, because Pusey I could read at night; and I cannot now attempt to say more than a little of what this laying bare of that remarkable mind and heart and spirit has been suggesting to me. One thing that met me early has been very precious to me, viz., the clear evidence that the Evangelicism with which he commenced was superficial, and in a certain sense accepted second-hand. He did not, while yet an Evangelical, see in its simplicity and as the Apostle teaches it in the 3rd of Romans, justification by faith,—to me, as it was to Luther, that which lies at the foundation of the church. This I see very clearly from his account of his intercourse with Malan; whose teaching of assurance he met on ground altogether different from that on what I met it when I saw him some years before; though with no result as to Malan, for he said to Robertson just what he had said to me, and what he usually said.

But I must stop; to begin in my next where I am leaving off, and also to speak of the great comfort with which I was

[1] He refers to the *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson.* Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

comforted this morning by the words, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth"—Matt. xxviii. 18.

5th December.

. . . Robertson's life will deepen the impression made by his sermons, both in the case of those who value his free utterance of free but reverent thought, and in that of those who regard his freedom of thought as dangerous, alike in his refusal of recognition to the form of Evangelicism while admitting its root-truth, and in his recognition of a root of truth,—"a soul of good in things evil"—in Romanism and Tractarianism, while as to them also witnessing against their form. His *catholicity* was a genuine catholicity, while its practical issue—its necessary issue—was isolation and solitariness; for men will not accept our acknowledgment of the good we see in them while we separate it from forms of thought with which they themselves identify it. It is too like a compliment to the heart at the expense of the head. More especially will they not accept it when they know that we make the same analysis, with the same result of partial recognition, in the case of others in whom *they* see no good. My sympathy with Robertson, however, is only with his attempting it, and does not imply that I make the same analysis with the same results. I am sure I do not as to Romanism; while as to Evangelicism I am not sure that I know what it is in its essence which he accepts.

7th December.

. . . I did not mention on Sunday how much your mother and I had enjoyed Dr. Vaughan's sermon in the December *Good Words*, which she read to me. There are other regions of our humanity in which some others more draw out our human consciousness; but, in the purely Christian region, in which the Apostles meet us (and in it

almost alone *they* meet us), Dr. Vaughan touches more chords that vibrate in me than any other man of our day. Not that even in this region I meet him so much as "a man feeling alone with God" as I feel that Luther was: nor do I know how far he is attaining to that absolute simplicity of justifying faith which I discern in Luther. A human spirit awakening to the full consciousness of sin, and to the sense of the righteous condemnation with which God is regarding it, and feeling alone with God, and realizing the absolute dependence on His will which is implied in the relation of our being to His, and discerning in God, as He is revealed in Christ, what inspires confidence and hope of all good, —rendering all that God is a cause of rejoicing, because it is all the perfection of God the Saviour;—such is the true account of justifying faith. . . . No man whose Evangelicism had attained to this would have had to depart from his beginning, and seek God by another path, as Robertson seems to have done. That he truly sought Him and truly found Him I have no doubt. But I am jealous of all that depreciation of Evangelicism which I must trace to his not having found in it what was thus to me its root and essence.

To his SECOND SON.

EDINBURGH, 16th December, 1865.

. . . Present favourable circumstances only promise a good *start*, being nothing to rest in, nor any assurance that your circumstances may not often be *in themselves* undesirable, and such as will make your happiness dependent rather on the consciousness of duty discharged in them than on what they are. So long as this consciousness is the most prized result, and is a result arrived at, or at least aimed at, in the strength of faith and as by one seeking life in God's favour, it will be well with you: whether other aspects of your

course be bright or dark. Thus, also, if these other aspects be bright, that brightness will be healthfully enjoyed; if they be dark, that darkness will be healthfully submitted to.

You will believe that this matter of Norman's interests me deeply. I shall send you his pamphlet when it comes out; viz., his speech (corrected) with an introduction and appendix. I do not expect that it is to shake the church, or to cause his ejection from it. It is not a vital question; nor is the practical result very different; the liberties taken with the Fourth Commandment by those who maintain its obligation being such as bring them practically to Norman's observance of the Lord's day.

To one of his DAUGHTERS.

EDINBURGH, 18th December, 1865.

You know the extent and nature of my *favourable feeling* towards what are called Evangelicals. It is just a part of my feeling of a living bond with all who love the Lord Jesus. I trust, in your measure, you may feel what I feel myself, while, as a young person who may well expect to be permitted to be silent on points of theology, your path may be more easy in intercourse than mine who am supposed to be prepared to say what I think on this and on that.

I pray that you may "hear before you speak." I know by experience that *if* we are willing to hear, God will not be silent to us. The difficulty is to be willing to hear God, for that implies that suspension of our own will until we know God's will which comes through making His favour our first thought.

You remember the life of Ellis, how at the close the consciousness of being able to say to God "Thy will be done," in the peace and acquiescence of a perfect welcome of God's will, was the attainment reached through prolonged and in-

tense sufferings, and was felt to be an attainment which more than compensated all the suffering.

It is the distance that seems ever to remain between our welcome of God's will and the worthiness of that will to be welcomed, that seems to all who are seeking to reach a true and perfect response, the explanation and justification of the most prolonged trials of faith—as in such cases as M. G.'s. . . . I have very pleasant memories of Brighton, and so far as atmospheric influences prove to one that one is a part of this great whole, I never felt any atmosphere contribute so much to my sense of pleasant existence as Brighton. I am glad that you are to be there *together*.

Our Lord said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." I am not laying hold of too high an association in referring to His words now. For I desire for you more, in your relation to each other, than *mere natural* affection can secure.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 28th December, 1865.

I went, I think you know, to Edinburgh in consequence of an invitation from Mrs. Stirling, who thought her brother would be the better of a visit from me; and, in a letter today, he says he has been; although feeling (as I too feel partly) that we had not made the most of our time—so much was left unsaid. We always breakfasted alone, and sat together for a while after breakfast, till we went upstairs to have the reading of the Psalms and lessons of the day with Mrs. Stirling. We had had worship with the household before breakfast, Mr. Erskine always praying. (I prayed only on Sunday evening, when I also expounded at considerable length.) We were again alone together at night for a short time. Each day guests to dinner. Our parties were not large

and were easy and pleasant. . . . We had Dr. Lee one day, who sympathizes with Norman M'Leod; that is, thinks N. right, though having objections to the way in which he has done what he has done. . . . Mr. Constable, formerly a publisher, and his son, dined with us another day, —both cultivated men. And another day Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and his friends," to whom I took a good deal. . . . I went to the Convent to see my old friend Mrs. ——, now eighty-five; happy to see me,—still hoping that I shall yet join the true church. I think my recent reading of *Eirenicon* had made me more brotherly to her; while it certainly anything but made her hope more likely to be realized. Dr. Pusey's day-dream of an union (outward and visible acknowledgment of each other) of the Greek, Latin, and Anglican Churches, I felt almost touching in its simple earnestness; while to me what was present to his mind as the common ground on which each might meet the others, was my strong fundamental objection to them all—their common point of departure from the primitive faith;—I mean their faith as to Baptism and the Eucharist.

Besides Dr. Pusey's book I have been reading an unpublished volume[1] that gives the fullest view of the faith of the church which is known as the development of Mr. Irving's teaching; and which also, substantially, agrees with the three great sections of the church (taking Dr. Pusey's representation of the Anglican) as to these two fundamental subjects. What a contrast all this thought and hoping and forecasting was to the thoughts and hopes which occupy Mr. Erskine, and on which all our intercourse when alone has turned!

My visit was to him, and its deepest interest was that which he gave it. We still do not see eye to eye in some things of deep moment; as to which my comfort was limited to the consciousness that I had been enabled simply to pre-

[1] *The Purpose of God in Creation and Redemption.*

sent my objections for his consideration. But in the great thing—the living faith that God is love—I have had, as usual, most quickening sympathy with my friend; and I have also felt that our intercourse, even when regarding what we see differently, was such as necessitated on my part,—as, I trust, on his also,—an inward uplooking in prayer, which raised one into the Invisible and Eternal, and strengthened, by exercising it, direct faith in the living God.

On my way home on Saturday I stopped for two hours and a half at Linlithgow to see Donald M'Leod. He met me at the station, and on our way to the manse took me to the old Palace, &c.

To his Eldest Daughter.

Laurel Bank, 29th December, 1865.

Dr. Gibson's pamphlet I had from Norman to read. It is the fullest pleading on that side—the aspect of the question as seen from the standpoint of one who holds that theology culminated in the Westminster Confession of Faith, his faith in which is absolute and I may say unlimited, for he indicates no limit. But it is not to his own apprehension a faith in fallible men, although he would admit that the men who drew it up were fallible, but a faith in the Scriptures, because they have fortified every dogma, to his satisfaction, with very full Scripture proofs. It does not seem present to his mind that to call them "proofs" is to beg the question, in arguing with those who admit the authority of the written word as fully as he does, though they differ with the Westminster divines in their understanding of that word. Nothing I ever read is a more solemn warning of the danger of passing from the assertion of the infallibility of Scripture to the assumption of the truth of our own gathering of the meaning of Scripture.

Dr. Gibson will enable A. to understand the mind of the most serious, *i.e.*, strict portion of the religious people of Scotland; though their different feeling to Norman himself saves serious people of the Established Church from the bitterness of Free Church antagonists.

While I am fully persuaded that he is right as to the passing away of the Sabbath known by that name in Scripture, and the coming in of the Lord's Day as the day to be marked as a religious day in the Christian Church, I would not have felt any call to disturb men's minds on the subject, but have felt it enough to raise the spiritual tone of their observance of Sunday, and to free it from superstitious gloom. And this is what really he would have desired. But now things will not settle down to what is desirable without his wading through a sea of troubles. Even the Duke's temperate and discreet speech they are beginning to cavil at.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 11th January, 1866.

. . . The thought of you all three together in Brighton sunshine—in the sunshine of kindness; also our dear John among you by his many letters,—to have his letters reflected back with Brighton tints by this outgoing mail! How full of the divine goodness is that constitution of things by which we are members one of another!—as has been well said, "doubling our joys, and halving our sorrows;" for the sympathy which doubles joy, divides sorrow.

. . . I send you by this post yesterday's *Herald*, with our Duke's speech, and supplemental speech drawn from him by that of Dr. Cairns. I went to the meeting despite the forbidding character of the weather. When we went to the platform I found myself among several hundreds—chiefly ministers of all denominations—a great distance from the

presidential chair. I cannot pass on without saying what a beautiful sight the hall, as seen from where I sat, presented, filled brim-full with people so far interested in the Scriptures as to come in the middle of a business day (and the large proportion was men) to attend a Bible Society meeting. The proceedings commenced with the reading of the 100th Psalm,

> "All people that on earth do dwell,
> Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;"

and what a Gospel I felt the call, heard as spoken by inspiration of the Holy Spirit! God Himself thus testifying that in Him all have just cause for rejoicing; all, however their sins may seem to forbid the thought; all, however their circumstances, under the ordering of His providence,—with all suffering and all darkness, not of themselves,—may seem to contradict it. Dr. Guthrie gave out the psalm, read a chapter and prayed—a good catholic prayer. For the rest I refer you to the *Herald*. Towards the close the platform thinned a little, and I got down near the Duke, and when it was over had a very cordial greeting from him. The Duchess was in the gallery, and I waited with him till she got to him; and so had her greeting also. Like my Edinburgh friends, they both thought me looking well.

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, January 12th, 1866.

If you read my letter to Donald you may have thought that I concluded more than I really did, from the interest in the Bible manifested by attendance at the meeting on Tuesday. No doubt the Duke's expected speech was one attraction.

But even in so far as interest in the object of the Society

was a token for good (I know well how much ignorance of the true value of the Bible was coexistent with such interest) my real comfort was the thought that the Psalm sung was a divine declaration of the place which all have in the thoughts of the Heavenly Father, whether they know it or not, or whatever preparation of faith in the love of God they had for singing that Psalm. . . .

I now return the extract from Dr. Vaughan. If men will only substitute New Testament authority for a Lord's Day for Old Testament authority for a Sabbath, I do not think there is more risk of an abuse of the day in one view of it than in the other. But you know that, though I see apostolic authority for the change, I have had no wish to direct attention to it. As a minister of Christ I can never take lower ground in commending any form of the will of God than that we are "bought with a price—therefore are called to glorify God with our body and spirit which are His." I cannot now enlarge on this. The prophet expected men under the Old Testament to esteem the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable (Isaiah lviii. 13); and those who really were alive to God would do so. Others would not, but the obligation lay on all. So now also it will be as to the Lord's Day.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 25th January, 1866.

. . . [Speaking of Dr. M'Leod and the Sabbath question:] I feel for him much as to one aspect of his trial that most naturally presents itself to me. I mean that he has not that help towards abiding in a right state of mind towards those who oppose themselves to him, that I had when teaching that Christ died for all; for, in my case, the very love, to the faith of which I called every man, gave its tone to my

mind and dealing with men's objections. To plead for love in any other spirit than love would be so monstrous an incongruity. Not that the thing is impossible. It may easily be if the dogma and the argument, and one's *amour propre* in arguing triumphantly, be taking the place of the realization of the great fact itself argued for. But the love of God is that in *the truth* which least runs the risk of sinking into a dogma. . . . I think I in a former letter told you how much I felt the clear apprehension of the love of God, as God's revelation of Himself to every man in the Atonement, —how much I felt this faith, to which I was so soon brought after I became a minister, to have been what saved me from such an alienation from Evangelical religion as Robertson came to. But it was my salvation (and also my beloved Mr. Scott's salvation) from much that was far more serious than one's estimate of any sect of religionists; though to abide in charity to any other is no small grace. But this faith—which is as deep in me as the faith that God is—has been as an anchor to my soul in many a solemn season, when no little tempest has been upon me, and I might say, nor moon nor stars had for many nights appeared. I cannot now speak of all the ways in which I have been made to prove the holding power of this sheet anchor, when other stays have failed; or, at least, if they have not failed as to their own truth, have failed as to my perception and realization of that truth. But this one element in my experience I may notice now for your help; viz., that it enabled me to exercise patience, and made me quick to hear and slow to speak. Secure in this fundamental faith I could afford to wait for light in secondary matters, however important these came to look through dwelling on them. Also, this grand root faith gave me what to teach and what to cherish, and that fellowship in the long suffering of God, and His painstaking with men, that has so often saved me from breaking—or risking a

breaking—with others, because of anything that was a difference in our measures of light—as to which, assuming the greater measure of light to be mine, and the darkness that remained theirs, this difference only made the obligation all the greater on me to bear with them in love. Thus, while called a "heretic," I have been saved from the reality of heresy, and have been enabled to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

To the Bishop of Argyll.

Laurel Bank, 31st January, 1866.

. . . I was for ten days with dear Mr. Erskine, for which I was very thankful. You did not know our valued friend Scott, of whom Mr. Erskine says that he impressed him more than any other man had, and of whom I can say the same. How mysteriously God seemed to be at the same time increasing his light and withholding from placing it on a candlestick. But our Lord said, "Your time is always ready; my time is not yet come." We rightly pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest. But it remains with Him to answer according to His light.

Have you read this new book, "*Ecce Homo*," which is attracting a good deal of attention? Those who gave some measure of welcome to Renan, as in relation to Strauss a move in the right direction, will see in this book a still greater move in the same direction; but still far short of "seeing Jesus." Whether it reveals all that the writer is seeing, or rather only what he may expect those for whom he may be, in his own thoughts, writing, to bear, I feel uncertain. Some parts seem to me to imply more faith than other parts avow.

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, February 12th, 1866.

I send by this post a copy of the *Scotsman*, in which there is a letter by myself on Dr. Candlish's Lecture on the Sabbath.

Answers suggested themselves while reading it which it seemed desirable that people should have before them; and not seeing that anybody was offering them, I wrote what you read. I have *two* hopes from what I have done. One is to give a more serious direction to the thoughts of those who are taking Norman's side; and the other, to help serious people to believe that his taking that side is not inconsistent with valuing the Sabbath as a Christian religious day.

February 13th.

I hesitated much as to writing, and waited to see if any notice would be taken by some one else of what I felt when reading them to be fallacies, yet very plausible: and I believe having weight to Dr. Candlish's own mind. Only "a bribe blinds the eye of the judge;" and the desire to come to a certain conclusion was likely to prove such a bribe.

I do not think I can have done any harm by writing, and I may have done some good. I wished it to be felt, for I believe it to be the case, that men may value the Sabbath character of the Lord's day, although its rest has not that sacred character as rest which it manifestly had, and was intended to have, to the children of Israel.

I know that this state of mind may exist, seeing that it is my own; but I believe it is that of many; and Dr. Vaughan's beautiful developing of the rest which is higher activity of spirit (in that extract), satisfies me how truly Christian—as

other and higher than Jewish, even when that was highest—is his value for the day.

To his ELDEST SON.

10th February.

. . . I have long ago concluded that the gift of tongues was *not* for the preaching of the gospel to those whose tongues were spoken: although the use of the gift, or rather first manifestation of it, on the day of Pentecost, was a verifying of it by the "hearing in their own tongues the praises of God" by the strangers from so many lands then at Jerusalem. Had we nothing to decide the question but the record of the day of Pentecost, I think we would conclude that it was the miraculous endowment of men with languages to be used as we use the acquisition of foreign languages, and valuable in the same way; but the use of the gift in the church of Corinth sheds a clear light on the subject, in which we see that "tongues" were *not* a conscious possession of a language to be used at one's will, but a form of utterance of the Holy Spirit in men—as prophesying was—having its value in its fitness to edify and develop spiritual life in the subjects of the divine influence, in a way which without experience of the gift we can only dimly conjecture; but distinguished from endowment with a new language by its *occasional* manifestation, by its dependence on the additional gift of interpretation for being brought into the region of intelligence, and by its use in churches where all had a common language, the Greek of the place.

I think I have told you that one of the reasons why what was regarded by the possessors of it as the gift of tongues at Port-Glasgow, was commended to some as a reality (and it *was* a strong presumption in its favour) was its being at once quite different from what was expected, in not being the possession of a new language,

and yet being *in respect of this very difference* more in accordance with what was read of as in the church at Corinth. I remember being struck to find Stanley on this subject writing in light, while Robertson of Brighton had floundered in manifest inability to see. But when I mentioned this to Mr. Erskine, I found that Stanley had from him in conversation the benefit of our observation at Port-Glasgow, and of the light which seemed shed on the Apostle's language by what we witnessed there.

As to what the gift of tongues was in the church at Corinth, there seems no room for uncertainty; whether we can conclude positively from this as to what it was on the day of Pentecost or not. But there is nothing in the record to hinder our so concluding. No gift enjoyed by the early church more raises us into the region of the *supernatural* than the gift of tongues. But beyond what it might be to the speakers, in the consciousness of the presence of the Divine Spirit, and in mysterious spiritual sympathy, the quickening of the sense of the supernatural would seem its sole use to the church.

I go back with you to the difficult subject of faith, and the discrimination of its intellectual and spiritual elements, and the limits of its moral character, and of the responsibilities implied in being capable of faith. I think I understand you, and, if I do, I enter very much into your distinctions. It would be only misleading to confound things so distinct as evidence of a fact, and that spiritual element in a fact (in it because of what it reveals of God, if a fact, and ascribes to God, whether a fact or not) which makes our acceptance or rejection a test of our moral and spiritual state. Thus as to the resurrection of Christ from the dead, the fact is the subject of abundant testimony,—testimony which we may weigh as we would testimony in any other matter. But, apart from the question of testimony, there is the peculiar character of the fact.

"Why," says the Apostle, "should it seem impossible with you that God should raise the dead?"[1] It is not, "What defect or flaw is there in the evidence?" but, "Why should it seem impossible?" for, if impossible, there is no room for a question of evidence. No evidence can prove an impossibility, or command our attention while offered to prove what we regard as an impossibility. It is manifest as to the resurrection of Christ, that the fact reported to us takes us into the high region of the relation of our existence to God; and tests our faith in God as God. When the Apostle Peter says that "God raised Christ from the dead, and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God," he indeed contemplates God's raising Christ from the dead as what, being reported to us, not only tests faith but develops faith, and raises it to a higher power. We must believe in God to be able to believe this; but, believing this, we are raised into a higher light of divine truth, and made to know more of God, and to know what, being known, has power to cause "our faith and hope to be in God." For manifestly nothing can more break our bonds in walking by sight, and having our habitual faith and hope in the creature, than God's raising Christ from the dead (the fact being accepted by us), raising Him from the dead, and giving Him glory.

Let us only realize this fact, and meditate on it, connecting it with what He was manifested to be whom God thus dealt with, and a light is shed upon all the highest problems of our existence, which becomes more and more clear and satisfying the more we allow ourselves to dwell in it, and look around us on all things as it shows them to us.

What is thus true of this great fact is true of all the facts, and of the history as a whole; in which we are asked to believe in respect of its relation to God, and of what it requires us to believe concerning God. In that *divine*

[1] The exact words are, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" (Acts xxvi, 8).

aspect of the facts is their fitness to test our spiritual state, whether we will welcome as true God's revelation of Himself; which is, in other words, whether we welcome God. "I have come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not." This was their condemnation.

To MISS KER:

After the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. A. J. Scott, which took place at Veytaux, in Switzerland.

LAUREL BANK, 13th February, 1866.

MY DEAR GRACE,—I have felt much your kindness in writing to me so fully; and I trust it was also soothing to yourself to say so much of the beloved one taken away, to one who knew what you possessed in him, and who can feel the greatness of the blank to you now; however much memory and hope, sustained by faith, may still occupy the space which his presence filled. I speak of myself as "one who knew;" but I know well that I knew only in part: for how can another know how large a portion of your life was included in your *many-sided* relation to him—your teacher and guide, your friend and brother,—sharing so much of his thinking with you, and of his feeling; caring for you also as a father since you became one of his family; and, besides all this receiving from him, the giving his love back by you in loving nursing, in all his varied need of nursing, through so many years of broken health;—all this must cause the blank now felt to be unspeakable. But is it not all—yes all—a true occupying of that blank with precious memories, which will, so to speak, inherit the place next your heart which all that they record had held while elements of life as it passed?

I thank you very much for writing to me so fully; and, through the kindness of your sister, Mrs. M'Call, I have additional comforts; as in the expression of feeling in your

landlady, &c., and also helps to my sympathy with Mrs. Lucas, who is to my mind one with you and Ann and himself in many pictures of the past which are living in my mind; especially memories of Plumstead Common, where my visits to him were longer and with more communion than either at London or Manchester.

When I think of you all, and especially of her who was nearer to him than any other, I am most thankful for the help to faith in God which *his manifested faith* must be to you: for this faith is your ultimate resource. Truly, he is one of the cloud of witnesses,—witnesses to God's faithfulness: while you may hear him still, as I heard him once in preaching, directing you to *the one perfect witness*, Jesus "the author and finisher of faith." One of his early sermons at Greenock was from the words, "I have given him a *witness* to the people:" a witness witnessing for God in contradiction to all men's distrust and suspicions and hard thoughts of God.

I may say to you that, when I got dear Mrs. Scott's letter, sent through Mr. Erskine (who accompanied it by a few most comforting words of love), the thought of my departed friend that came before me, and filled me with solemn peace, was "Christ in you the hope of glory." This aspect of what I knew him took entire and exclusive possession of me for a time; and was to me what the words "I am the resurrection and the life" were to her at the grave.

My Mary's preparation for deep sympathy with me through her own feeling to him, has been a great comfort to me. She sends you her love and deepest sympathy. Our thoughts are often with you. We are thankful for all the kindness put into hearts there for you; kindness doubly precious to you as a testimony to him. We are thankful also for the quiet dear Mrs. Scott is having, and the soothing beauty of those beautiful scenes, on which he so lately looked with you. "All things are of God:" these, as well as the highest con-

solations that belong to spiritual vision, and the apprehension of His own love,—His revelation of Himself in Christ,—His enabling you by the Holy Spirit to behold His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

Give our love to dear Susan, and to John when you write to him. Though he does not so know us as to understand it as his own, let him receive it for his father's sake.—Your very affectionate friend,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XII.

1866—1867.

Incidents of these years—Letters to India—Letters on Theological Subjects—*Ecce Homo*—Nature and Prayer—Last visit to London—Letters to Bishop Ewing—Huxley's *Lay Sermons*—Rationalism and Superstition—Readings in Philosophy—Banquet given to Dr. Macleod.

In May, 1866, Mr. Campbell went to London for the last time. On his way south he visited Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster, and Mr. D. J. Vaughan at Leicester. He remained more than two months in England, and enjoyed the intercourse which he had with many friends, who were interested in the same great subjects which occupied his own mind. One day at Fulham Palace he met Mr. Maurice, the Bishop of Argyll, the Bishop of Bangor, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. W. H. Fremantle, and others.

During these years the Bishop of Argyll was one of his most frequent correspondents; and in October, 1866, Mr. Campbell accomplished a visit to Bishopston, which he greatly enjoyed. They had first met at the house of Sir John Maxwell some years before; and as their intercourse became more intimate, a very cordial friendship sprang up between them. Mr. Campbell always spoke of the Bishop with much affection and regard.

In 1867 a review of the book on the Atonement, which

appeared in the June number of the *North British Review*, p 190 gave Mr. Campbell great satisfaction, as showing a more intelligent appreciation of the argument of the book than any of the earlier reviews had done. In the same year a second edition was published, containing new matter in the form of an introduction and notes.

To his Second Son.

2nd March, 1866.

. . . The path of duty as a *public servant* will probably be very distinctly marked out by the regulations and traditions of your office. Therefore, as to this, your need will be, that abiding feeling of your relation to God in Christ which, whatever you are called to do, will enable you to do it *heartily* as unto the Lord. There are other matters where the outward form that duty may take will be less defined. But there is an instinctive sense of what is the right step that belongs to the pure desire to take it. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." I would not push this too far, as if it implied the promise of an infallible judgment. I believe it will give us the full use of what judgment we are endowed with, and, more than this, will help us to the right principle of judging. But errors in judgment may sometimes be a part of our discipline; the permission of them teaching important lessons of dependence on His ordering of what concerns us with whom is no darkness at all. I understand the fulness of light promised to the single eye to be what belongs to our being "children of the light and of the day:" light in which we are able to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, living the life that lies in God's favour, and owing no man anything—loving one another.

9th March, 1866.

By the bye, are you making acquaintance with Shakespeare? I remember long ago at Paris, at the house of Lord Elgin, when one of the children, a little girl, seemed to speak French more easily than English, Mr. Erskine said to me, "I feel it a loss to any one, to whom the language of Shakespeare might have been their mother-tongue, that it should not be so." That the language of Shakespeare is one's mother-tongue, and so the most perfect key to Shakespeare, and such a key as no acquisition of English as an acquired language can be, is no gain if this key be not used to unlock the treasures of Shakespeare. Study Shakespeare both for insight into humanity and for culture of your poetic nature. Do keep up, also, some acquaintance with the great of old; and turn your Greek and Latin to some account. Do not let the acquisitions in any department by which you were enabled to pass the competitive examination be to you as mere *scaling ladders;* though doubtless standing on your present elevation you will feel that even as such they have paid you well. You may probably have but little time to spare, but even a little occasional occupation with classics, from love to them and for enjoyment of their beauties, will go far in developing those elements of your being which give the capacity of enjoying them, and of a certain fellowship with the minds which have left these utterances of their thoughts and feelings. The reading which is cramming, however necessary, has an undoubted tendency to dull the fine edge of the mind, and to lower its tone; making a higher thing subordinate to a lower thing, and what has a mental value to be prized as means to what has but a material value.

We are in many regions exposed to this inverting of the order: as when we cultivate acquaintances, not from the pure social interest of life, but that they may be useful to us,

and help our advancement: not a motive to be rejected from our thoughts, but one the *undue* power of which would poison life. So, in the highest region, religion as the knowledge of God and of His will, and as the ordering of our lives with relation to this knowledge, may be emptied of all divine life by the habit of valuing it as a means to the end of safety or happiness. That in being truly religious we are, and so alone are, truly safe, and secured in the inheritance of true happiness, is a fact not to be ignored, or by an effort kept out of view, any more than any other fact; nay, it is one to be realized with appropriate thankfulness. But all the elements of religion have an intrinsic value, a high excellence, because of what they are in themselves, apart altogether from the consideration of these consequences of safety and eternal happiness; and it is in cultivating these elements of the divine life simply and purely each *as itself* and for its own sake, that we grow in them, valuing righteousness for its own sake, holiness for its own sake, love—love to God and love to man—for the sake of what love is.

. . . Your likeness is in an oval gilt frame. I like to look at it, and catch myself sometimes speaking to it. Separation, as well as trouble (I mean sickness) develops mutual love. Your letter of the last night of the year shows how the past lives in you. These memories are healthful, my own dear boy, and I am most thankful that you so cherish them.

16th April, 1866.

. . . I have had many precious friendships, but I have felt that there was something peculiar in the bond between me and my brother, ready made—made by God Himself, who gave us to each other by this special brotherhood, which was anterior to and over and above what my friendship with him had in common with other friendships. And the older I get the more I value ties of blood, even as memories, and

should I not say also hopes? As a part of the endowment of life, and of the provision which God has made for rendering existence a good gift, the relationships of family are very precious; and the love in God which they reveal (as being His devising and His gifts) enhances their value to us in *proportion* as our love to God makes the most important aspect of all gifts to be what they add to our knowledge of Him,—what fitness they have to cherish the faith and hope and love which bind us to Him.

My darling boy, I do not wish either to oppress you with exhortations or to ask for any expression of response beyond what your heart freely moves you to send in return. I know how delicate a thing our "hidden life" in Christ is, and how much our singleness of eye, and simplicity in cherishing the life that is in God's favour, may be injured by speaking about it to others, even when those others are so connected with our thoughts and feelings, both as having counselled us and as praying for us, that we feel they have some right to know something of the progress in us in which they have so sacred an interest. The only recognition of the exceeding delicacy of the subject of our religious feelings that I have ever met that at all came up to my own feeling about it, is in a letter of Robertson of Brighton in his life recently published,—a life of deep interest. So you will not feel in any bondage as to speaking or not speaking to me.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 16th March, 1866.

. . . Since writing to you I have been reading a volume of Browning's poems, which James has, in connection with Nichol's class work; and have most unexpectedly come on a passage in which he deals, in his way, with the idea as a form of modern doubt to which I referred as having had my attention directed to it by Shairp. The poem is called "a

death in the desert"—the death, of St. John, to whom you are brought first as in a dying state, and then reviving for a short time, in which he gives to those about him (somewhat as Ignatius is made by Gambold to do) anticipations of the future of the thought of man concerning God; giving last the question "Is not that which we believe a projection of ourselves?"

Meeting this in poems so much read as Browning's I see that it has been more before men's minds than I imagined, —was so probably before he dealt with it, and must at all events have been since. Practically—I mean in the highest sense of the word *practical*, *i.e.*, as affecting what we are and how we bear ourselves in our relation to God—there is not much difference between this form of scepticism and that at which Clough arrived. Indeed, were its conclusions tenable they would go no farther than his—viz., that we know nothing of God. No doubt he clings to the faith that God is, and with some comfort,—a comfort implying some instinctive feeling that God not only *is* but is *good*. And I could easily conceive of him as even "building an altar to the unknown God;" praying, I mean, to God as unknown. But such prayer, however it might express the sense of dependence, could not be any going forth of love, or of trust felt to be invited;—trust, and still more love, implying faith in the name of God. I suppose, however, that the doubt with which Browning deals is connected rather with "positivism" than with such thoughts as Clough still clung to.

I have been feeling much about the tendencies of thought called "rationalistic," and the negative attitude of mind which those are occupying who are one to the eye as "Broad," rather because of their common claim for freedom of thought, than because of much that is common in the result of their thinking. This is an important point of difference between them and the Reformers; for though the name of "Protestant" is negative, there was an exceeding amount

of positive faith which made them positively one while its freshness remained, and while they met as defending it from the Church of Rome.

But I do not feel that there is at present any great foundation-truth that is to unfettered thinkers what "justification by faith" was to Luther and his fellow-workers. To me the realization of this is a call to quiet peaceful waiting in tenderness of spirit,—acknowledging all fragments of truth as rays of light, and, above all, welcoming all indications of life with whatever forms of thought it may be combined.

March, 1866.

. . . Mr. Erskine used to say that "one knowing God could afford to give Him back all His promises, and trust to what He is." This he spoke with perhaps a healthful jealousy of a state of mind which seemed to hold God as *committed* by His promises. But my sympathy was with the recognition of tender condescension to us which is in Hebrews vi. 17-20. The truth is that the name of God becomes at once a prophecy and a promise to one believing in God, and looking up, from the midst of man's present sad environment, to the face of God, to see what hope there is for man in the heart of God that there looks out on us: looks on us with that look which is "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." These words bring before us all that we mean by "historical Christianity;" and so they bring before us all that through Christianity we know of God; and so they raise us up to that love in God which has originated all by which it is manifested. There is no condition of mind that is more remote from my own experience than the further step which some are inclined to take; the step of saying, "What we can thus ascend by to God, who is Love, may have been in reality but a descent of the human mind from appreciation of God as love,—a fiction expressing what love might do, not a history of what love has done."

No measure of soul-satisfying discernment of aptitude in the Gospel to manifest love,—or to secure the fulfilment in us of what love in God must desire for us,—to which I have ever attained, has ever seemed to me to suggest the possibility (far less to justify the conclusion) that what I am thus able to apprehend I could of myself have imagined. Not even when historical Christianity is doing for me that which is highest in the way of faith in God, do I feel that it has raised me above itself to the extent that I rest quietly in the vision to which it has raised me, with an assurance which arises simply out of what that vision is. I never separate that vision from the facts by the faith of which I have been raised to it, even while conscious that all independent evidence of the reality of these facts (so far as they can rest upon evidence) is but a small element in my faith, in comparison of the power found in the faith of them as faith which worketh by love.

It may seem reasoning in a circle to say, "I am helped to believe that God is love because these facts of Christianity reveal His love," and, "I am helped to believe these facts because of the love they reveal." But it is a circle which I am constantly treading. Sometimes I set myself to meditate simply on the facts, concluding from them as to what I am justified in ascribing to God of personal interest in myself and others,—what hope towards God I may assuredly cherish. Sometimes I set myself to meditate on God as love, that I may have my faith in the reality of what I believe strengthened: which I find to be just in proportion as the acts which are thus ascribed to God are seen to be forms which it was according to the nature of love to take.

I am speaking just now of that internal evidence which arises out of and which grows with *religious experience*, and is over and above that internal evidence which, before experience, is an element in faith. This latter is that because of which the Gospel is first welcomed; according to the

words, "having found one pearl of great price, he sells all that he has that he may buy that pearl." The former is what the words refer to, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" viz., the witness "that God has given to us eternal life, and that this life is in his Son."

Whatever place external evidence, whether of miracle or of prophecy, had in the faith of the apostles, and however impossible it was for *them* to be tried by doubts about the supernatural in either form, who were living in the midst of it,—performing miracles, familiar with prophesyings, having supernatural guidance, &c.,—it is quite clear that the consciousness that they had passed out of darkness into light, from death to life, was their ultimate certainty that it was light and was life,—light from God and life in God,—which they were proving. And if this was their case, how much more ours, to whom the *supernatural* rests upon historical evidence, while the *spiritual* we share in. But, however the facts in the region of the supernatural with which they were familiar as with any other facts of experience, are known to us only from the record which they have left, I am far indeed from sharing in the feeling that has with many taken the place of the blind resting upon miracles, to which men had been called (as by Dr. Chalmers in his *External Evidences of Christianity*); the feeling, I mean, now often expressed, that the record of the supernatural is a hindrance rather than a help to faith.

24th March.

. . . Can we conceive of a church of living men, in various conditions spiritually as well as intellectually, and think of a mind resolved in all points, and seeing all things clearly, as the ideal of the teachers in the church? We must choose between the uniformity of universal blind submission to authority, as in the Church of Rome, and great diversity in light and in personal proving of truth;

such diversity as we see is the necessary result of true individual participation in light. I know that Romish uniformity is contended for by Protestant churches, substituting confessions of faith for the Pope. But the moment we realize what it is to know truth, as distinguished from a traditional assent to dogmas, we are individually taken off this ground,—feeding thenceforth on what we find bread of life, however much of what the standards of a church contain may not yet have become bread of life to us. My faith is that we *rightly* do so, dwelling in peace with others who see less, or see more, or even as to intellectual form see *differently* from what we do. And this last thought has been of practical value to me in proportion as I have come to see how much there may be of spiritual and essential oneness where there is much seeming divergence intellectually. No man, excepting Paul, has seemed to me to attain so much to the pure, simple, spiritual confidence of faith as Martin Luther; yet there is no question that his language, under Melanchthon's logical treatment, has been worked into a system which makes it easy to disguise a self-righteous peace in the form of justification by faith. Historically I believe that, whatever the dogma with which it has been intellectually connected, the true peace of faith has ever been one and the same.

To Miss Mary M'Callum.

Laurel Bank, 23rd March, 1866.

. . . I was sorry to miss your dear father's call when he last called. I am always refreshed by a visit from him. No one so sums up my life as a minister from its beginning up to this day. And it is a great comfort to have it thus written in the heart and spirit of a living man. If your father is my child in the Lord, you have all been growing up, and living on, in a special relation to me, as having his witness to

what it was my privilege to teach;—such a witness as must always bring much responsibility; more especially when the grace of God is seen sanctifying parental love. Dear Mary, may you fully benefit by the share you have in this gift.

To the Rev. D. J. Vaughan.

Laurel Bank, 23rd March, 1866.

My dear Friend,—I was very glad to receive your letter, and have been desirous to write in reply; but I do not write much, and other claims in this way have seemed more urgent—though not more attractive.

It must need a great measure of watchfulness and self-denial to withhold from over-working in such a sphere of the promise of usefulness as that in which you are labouring. I trust you may be able to realize that you are not your own to spend too fast—any more than to spare. I suppose that you have had more bracing weather since you wrote. We have been having our winter only latterly: to-day we are all white with a fresh fall of snow. I am glad that Mrs. Vaughan is well, and thankful for your improved account of your mother. We are well. I have been in better health this winter than for several years; in so much that I am now thinking of going to the South (I mean England) in the early summer; and may be offering you a visit on my way up or down. . . .

I have not seen the book on the Atonement [1] which you mention. I shall make myself acquainted with it if I have opportunity, as it has interested you. *Ecce Homo* I have read some time ago; I mean on its first coming out. It interested me very much. I was not sure how much of its *silence* was reticence, or the result of being but feeling his way. It is in some respects the best examination of the

[1] Oxenham's *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement.*

grounds on which we recognize Christ as "the light of the world" that I know to exist as the product of a *free inquiry*. Taking it, as I do everything, to the light of the two great Commandments—love to God and love to man—I felt the passing by the first to take up the second (as his book may be said to do; though, seemingly of set purpose, he avoids the old word "love") what awakened some distrust: it has so much appeared to me a tendency of our time to find in the second commandment both a sufficient social bond, and an expression of the *whole duty* of man. But I read on, putting this objection aside, and willing to weigh, on its own merits, his conception of what man owes to man, and his recognition of the light shed on this by our Lord's teaching,—His teaching by word and deed. As limited to this manward aspect of man, I followed his rising from level to level with much pleasure. Yet two things I felt as shortcomings: (1) I felt that he does not rise after all to the true and pure conception of love; and this because (2) he does not see the love of Christ in that which is the highest and perfect expression of it. (1) In limiting, as he does, the reference of the prayer on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he seems to me to speak as one not in the pure light of love. And this may be because (2) he does not learn love from the commendation of the love of God in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

His confining to the Roman soldiers the intercession of our Lord on the cross,—and so seeing in the words "They know not what they do" only the recognition of an ignorance in which one man may differ from another,—is, mercifully, what a simple reader of Scripture will feel justified in putting from him, by the prayer of Stephen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge:" a prayer not for Roman soldiers, but for the *very class* of persons whose advantages as to light are regarded as excluding them from the prayer offered, it is assumed, distinctively for these ignorant heathens. But the

true protection from any limiting distinctions as to the forgiveness which we receive, and which we are to cherish and to manifest, is seeing ourselves in that light of truth in which we, thankfully and in utmost self-abasement, *cease* from the hopeless task of weighing our own unworthiness by putting sins and ignorance into one scale, and the ideal of good into the other,—in order to raise our hope of mercy by taking from the demerit of our sin,—and bless God that, taking the lowest ground,—and as being the chief of sinners,—we still find all our utmost need met in the forgiveness which the Gospel reveals. There is no gain—there never can be—in accepting any fiction; and, therefore, there would be no gain in thinking ourselves worse than we are: but this is not needed in order to our coming under the power of the law, "She loved much because much was forgiven her."

But the great defect, to my mind, in the teaching of this book, is, the ignoring of the first and great commandment: this both as it is the *great* commandment and as it is the *first.* For to me the second is so much a corollary to the first,—and to be approached through the first,—that, while the first is ignored, the light of the second must be imperfect, and the strength to respond to it, as it may be responded to, be unknown. I know that some appear to themselves to find strength enough for love to man in the beauty and rightness of love. Others again—which may prove a possible history—say, "Men may begin with trying to love men, not raising their thoughts or their hearts to God, and may come to find, in the hopelessness of realizing their ideal, the revelation to them of their need of God as the fountain of love; and such a fountain because Himself love; and, in being love, the proper object of a supreme and necessary love." And if this writer is really feeling his way, or—what is not impossible—only not realizing the relation of love to man to love to God, while yet recognizing love as the right mind of man towards God,—then another volume may supply what

is wanting. And the truth will adjust itself, though *his* order be not its order.

One thing I have felt, in the acceptance this book is meeting with, that it is one of the proofs that *practical* light—light for life—is increasingly the felt need of our time: and this is to me the most hopeful thing in our present condition.

I have read with interest, and I may say with thankfulness, the article in *Macmillan* on prayer by your friend Mr. Llewelyn Davies. Yet it does not take the highest ground, and that to which, I think, from the concluding sentence, he is probably himself feeling that we rise with men of science. The distinction he marks between *laws* of nature and the *course* of nature is real, and may be used, as he does, as indicating a region in which the hearing and answering of prayer might coexist with all that, on the ground of the results of scientific investigation, is held by Professor Tyndall as a physical series of causes and effects. But, on the one hand, I cannot believe God to have so shut Himself out from nature,—and still less believe Him to be so shut out from nature by necessities in nature not of God,—as that He can only approach nature through man; and, on the other hand, I am quite prepared to find the necessity *contended for* in the region of matter, *assumed* also in the region of mind, on the ground of analogy—though not what admits of demonstration—and as what must be assumed in order to reach an intelligible theory of the Universe, as being, and being ever, the form in which *one will* manifests itself. By this path Professor Tyndall may escape from this entangling of fixity and necessary sequences by the consideration of the free action of mind. He may say, "It but seems free."

It is important to remember, in connection with this distinction between laws of nature and the course of nature, that, however it suggests how answers to prayer may be possible in such a case as this of the cattle plague,—in which there may be a cure, and which cure may be suggested to

some one's mind,—it offers *no help* to the faith of the facts connected with the life of Christ, and the power put forth by Him, and by his disciples in his name; which Professor Tyndall would, I suppose, refuse to believe, and reject as impossible.

I must bring this long letter to a close. How the solemnity of our time deepens!—Your affectionate friend,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, Easter Day, 1866.

I have been happy to-day in meditating on what are very favourite words with me, and words which Easter day may well recal: "God raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God." Faith and hope in the creature we are prone to, and ordinary human life is animated by such faith and hope; but death condemns all rest of the heart in these as alike delusive and godless. "He who has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel" substitutes faith and hope in God—"an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast, and entering into that which is within the veil."

What I am feeling is the excellence of the rest for the heart which comes in this way—excellence in reference to its divine nature, and in respect of its immovable basis. Our interest in the death of Christ and in His resurrection from the dead has many aspects besides that which I am now contemplating: viz., our deliverance from being dependent on the creature, and our being raised to direct conscious trust in God; which change, however, is the *root* change, bearing the fruit of the other changes—our keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, our dwelling in heavenly places in Christ.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 12th April, 1866.

Your mother enjoyed Mr. Jowett's lectures [on Socrates], which I read to her, very much. She thought their largeness would refresh you. It is indeed a happy change to be seeking to give our God's several gifts their proper places, instead of setting them one against another, depreciating one to exalt another.

As to the success with which Mr. Jowett has set himself to this attractive task, while I feel that what he has accomplished has much artistic beauty (of the kind that I remember marked my dear Scott's lectures on such men as Anselm, or Bernard, or Dante); and while I believe, historically, that philosophy has been helpful sometimes to religion as ethical philosophy, I am far from feeling that religion has been in need of such help from inadequacy in itself for keeping us in the narrow way, had its proper resources been drawn upon. Thus what I think I have seen philosophy doing for some minds, in saving them from the narrowing tendency of mere doctrine (in the endeavour to gather doctrine from texts), I believe would have been better done by allowing the Sermon on the Mount and the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians their due power and proper place. (Of course that has not been a just conclusion as to doctrine itself which needed correction.) I think I have told you of my friend who thought the intention of the Sermon on the Mount was to cast us upon faith for justification by placing an ideal before us which would induce self-despair. He, in consistency, would have said the same thing of the Apostle's commendation and illustration of charity. Sound ethics might have saved him from this. But a teachable hearing of our Lord's words declaring who are "blessed," would have far more effectually secured a true conception of salvation.

I have been reading different things of which I would fain have expressed something to you of what I have felt in reading them. I must not forget to direct your attention to an article in *Good Words* for April, which I have just read, by Professor Plumptre, which has pleased me more than anything I have recently seen. But what I refer to is, not this, or anything that has given me pleasure, but some things that have given me much pain. The first was an account in a recent number of the *Guardian* sent to me for this very article by the Bishop of Argyll, whom it had shocked not a little, detailing the Palm Sunday and Good Friday observances at St. Alban's, which seems to occupy the foremost place at present in Anglican ritualism. I was struck to see it noted by the writer of the communication, "that however ritualistic any church became, the opening of another church, not too far distant, that was still more ritualistic than it, drew the men away to the new church." It seemed to me like the progressive development of the spirit of separation as I saw it long ago,—taking men first to Independency, then to Baptism, and then from more open Baptist communion to that which is called "close communion."

But "forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing on to things still before," as it is the description of progress in the right path, is an experience to be looked for in wrong paths also; earnestness, however directed, leading to development. Earnestness in following to its legitimate conclusions *any* principle once adopted, has a power to command a certain respect, apart from the question of the original choice of the principle. But such respect needs to be carefully watched that subsequent devotion do not sanctify to us a wrong beginning.

The case that always comes back to me, in illustration of this dangerous, and, it may be, fascinating combination, is that of Ignatius Loyola and Jesuitism. This St. Alban's

ritualism is very affecting. It recals to me what I felt on the Continent in seeing the real feeling manifested in a worship which seemed fed and sustained by the vivid realization of Christ's sufferings as physical pain, and which recalled the words, "knowing Christ after the flesh." There does not seem any limit to the emotional religion that may thus be cultivated, which yet may be devoid of spiritual apprehensions of Christ, of what His sufferings for our sins really were, or what His love sought to obtain for us through them, even fellowship in His own mind, His own divine life. There seems, I say, no limit in this emotional religion, as there is none in that which is moral and spiritual; *i.e.*, no limit in progress towards that infinitely distant ideal which is set before us in Christ.

To Miss Duncan.

Laurel Bank, 14th May, 1866.

. . . I do not know whether you have been reading *Ecce Homo*, which John has been engaged with,—not with much satisfaction: nor did I think it would be. But he could not well be ignorant of a book on such a subject that is awakening so much attention; and is thought fitted to do good by some, as Mr. Maurice, who I thought would have (though on other grounds) felt as little satisfied with it as myself. But the good they expect is perhaps that for which I also have been hoping; *i.e.*, good to those who, we may say, have everything to learn. But its *blanks* are many and serious; and, though in advance of the writers who cannot accept the supernatural, yet the attempt to unlock the Gospel history without accepting the key of our Lord's words, "I am come in my Father's name," "I do nothing of myself; as I hear I judge," and attempting to explain the course of Christ by asking "what plan for reforming men did He propose to Himself?" has obliged the writer to strain,

because it has implied a misconception of Christ's conscious position. Still I was very sorry for the way in which Lord Shaftesbury allowed himself to speak of what I cannot but think an *honest* undertaking.

My enjoyment in the South will be not a little chequered by the pain which I cannot but feel in coming in contact with the mutual distrusts of good men; who cannot give each other credit for the good that I am able to believe of them severally.

To MRS. MACNABB.

THE VICARAGE, DONCASTER, 20th May, 1866.

James and I got here at half-past five last evening.

Dr. Vaughan is just recovering from influenza, and did not appear till we went to dinner. But Mrs. Vaughan received us with a most cordial welcome, as he did also when we saw him. He is not very fit for his work to-day, but being Whitsunday he cannot be satisfied not to preach, which he does in the evening; when also they have the Communion, and when I am thankful to have the opportunity of partaking in it. I am glad that James also, as well as myself, will hear Dr. Vaughan.

In looking forward to this visit to England, after I had ceased to hope ever to visit it again, the state of the church has caused my feeling to be a very mixed one. I have come up longing for some refreshing, and trusting to be made of some use, if God be pleased to use me. But, while conscious to a catholic spirit, and a preparedness to give thanks for anything in any quarter that may commend itself to me as of God, with whatever darkness and however much that is not of God it may be combined, still I expect rather to understand others than to be understood by them. . . .

To MRS. CAMPBELL.

THE VICARAGE, DONCASTER, 22nd May, 1866.

I write a few lines before leaving this most hospitable mansion, which I hope to post at Leicester, and so intimate our safe arrival there. . . .

We have been having the finest weather, as well as the kindest treatment. As Dr. Vaughan was to preach in the evening, I did not go out in the forenoon, but reserved myself. He gave us a most delightful sermon, and in a most loving living way. They had the Communion after the evening service for those who preferred going then; and I accompanied Mrs. Vaughan, and felt it good to be there. . . .

2 ALBERT PLACE, 1st June, 1866.

I am quite at a loss where to begin—what to say—what to leave unsaid. . . . I shall go at once with you to the palace at Fulham,—which, by the bye, I should never have reached, I think, yesterday, if I had not taken Donald with me; the Ascot Races having thrown everything out of gear at the station. It has been a very successful morning's work. We walked about with the good bishop on the lawn, and among the fine old trees, until he had to go into town (about twelve); and then he took us in the carriage with him. We had a great deal of conversation; and his questioning of me gave me the opportunity of saying many things to him which I was desirous to say.

. . . Everybody speaks to me of *Ecce Homo;* and I must thank my love for my second perusal of it, which caused it to be quite fresh in my mind. But I was the more prepared to answer the bishop's questions from having gone over the ground with Dr. Vaughan and with Mr. D. J. Vaughan.

We got out of the carriage at the nearest point to 46 Eaton Square, and went to the Elliot Macnaughtens, where we lunched and remained a good long while.

. . . We got here in time for a little rest before I went on to the parsonage. Mr. Money[1] went to his candidates for confirmation early in the evening, and I had music from his sister-in-law, who played some of Beethoven's sonatas which I had heard our Maggie play. . . .

3rd June.

I know I did not give any adequate account of our visit to Fulham. . . . You may believe that one thinking so much as I do, and having so little opening for my thoughts to flow out, in a way that may promise usefulness, could not but humbly and gratefully speak whatever the bishop gave me the opportunity of saying, as to which I could hope that it might mingle beneficially with his thoughts. And without any risk of seeming to take the place of a teacher, which with him would not be seemly, I was able to express much of what I have been learning in my Laurel Bank clerical solitude.

The day was beautiful, the air balmy; the trees, the growth of ages and the natives originally of many climes, are magnificent, and their shade was very grateful. To-morrow I lunch at the Deanery, Westminster, to meet Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan.

To MR. DUNCAN.

LAUREL BANK, 28th July, 1866.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am now at home again after a longer absence than any during the last twenty years, and have to give thanks for much that has been refreshing and strengthening in my intercourse with friends, old and new;

[1] The Rev. C. F. S. Money, St. John's, Deptford.

as well as for peace sustained in me by faith through all that trial of faith which is ever arising in varying forms in our contact with the varied measures of light and faith in others; the difference between whose apprehensions and one's own makes often a new demand for a reason of the hope that is in us. There is much fermentation of thought at this present time; and of a kind that makes it more difficult to keep in the narrow way,—more difficult, I mean, to yield only *due* sympathy, and withhold acknowledgment beyond one's own clear light. It is difficult, also, to plead, as one desires to do, for freedom of thought, without seeming to under-estimate the solemn responsibility under which such freedom is exercised, or the sin that may be present in disobedience to the voice of truth. Of the *measure* of that sin He alone can judge who "discerns our thoughts afar off,' and distinguishes between simple ignorance and rebelliousness of spirit. We are *falsely liberal* when we forget that this distinction is real, and this difference discerned by the Searcher of hearts, and dealt with by the righteous Lord of our spirits; we become *uncharitable* when we arrogate His place to ourselves, and, in differing from others, venture to assign a moral cause for what we regard as their error.

Such fermentation of thought as is at present, and such conflicts between old thoughts and new, must produce much misconception and consequent mutual injustice. But as in learning to walk we have many falls, we are to have patience as to falls in men's attempts to walk in this higher region, and must "watch unto prayer" that we may not ourselves add to the confusion and to the mass of misconception and injustice.

Dean Stanley seems more and more to be coming into somewhat of a place of headship among the Broad Church men; partly because of his courage, and partly, I think, because of his indefiniteness: for they are a party rather as asking freedom to think than as having formed thoughts.

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 11th Sept., 1866.

MY DARLING CHILD,—I am not mixing my thoughts with yours, or such an element in your life as I would fain be. But the *Parkmount thread* must predominate in the portion now weaving, and determine its pattern, the flower being wrought in it. For our several lives are several webs, ourselves the warp, our friends the woof, and not friends only, but all persons and things which modify our being, the pattern resulting being the joint result.

My own dear child, this is but a *most imperfect* simile; for the pattern is not determined by the warp or the woof, by what we are in ourselves, or by what persons and circumstances are, but by the attitude of our spirits towards God in all things. For "all things work together for good to them that love God." So the weaving of the web must be going on in love to God, if the pattern is to be the "divine ideal" realized in us. So, darling, "keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Keep it by giving it to God.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

LINLATHEN, 20th Sept., 1866.

. . . Since I came here I have been referring to my little book, *Christ the Bread of Life*, in conversation with Mr. Erskine, and am glad to find that his impression of its clearness and fulness agrees with my own. So I hope that in now re-reading it with the benefit of all your recent thought on the subject of transubstantiation you may find it satisfying. . . .

I have just been reading with great pain Professor Huxley's *Lay Sermons*. It is indeed "another gospel which is not a gospel." But while I feel that to accept

the worship of an "unknown and unknowable God" would be to fall back into cheerless darkness out of "God's marvellous light," you know that I am not impatient of our limits, or hindered from the full enjoyment of light by the sense of remaining darkness;—a darkness which will in part pass away when we come to "know as we are known," but which may also in part continue for ever, and belong to the abiding difference between God as God, and us to whom He has given a being. . . .

It is now the 24th, and I am finishing my letter after my return to Parkhill. I am thankful for another visit to Linlathen. I meet in no one the same full realization of the gift of God as Eternal Life—the Life of Christ to be our life—that I see in Mr. Erskine; and this is a bond of the most sacred kind. Living this divine life—in measure more or less—must be common to us all who love the Lord Jesus; but many are through knowledge of Christ partaking in His life whose own conceptions of their obligations to Christ refer, not to this their true gain from Him, but to certain other advantages from faith which are either imaginary, or at the best secondary. "My son was dead and is alive again," is the Father's joy over each of us that is "alive to God through Jesus Christ;" the consciousness that it is so, is our own peace and joy before God, that "witness that God has given to us eternal life, and that this life is in His Son," which, St. John says, he that believeth hath in himself (1 John v. 10).

To his Eldest Son.

Parkhill, 24th Sept., 1866.

J. and I are now back at Parkhill, having returned from Linlathen on Saturday. These days—from Monday to Saturday—passed happily, and I trust profitably to myself and to others. Among the elements of interest was Mr. Jowett.

I think I may include what referred to him in "the benefit to myself;" whether in "the benefit to others," I know not. I think we have our mutual interest and kindly feeling strengthened. Being a man to whom what he esteems usefulness to others is a chief object in social intercourse, as it is to myself, I suppose we were both (in a good sense) aggressive; and that he sought to enlarge my vision, as I to deepen and raise his. But I do not feel that I have received any new element of thought from him; nor that I have succeeded in getting a lodgment for any in his mind. We had one long conversation (from breakfast to lunch) and several shorter conversations arose out of it subsequently. He is still busy on his Plato. I said to him, "You were engaged with Plato when I met you some years ago." He said, "Yes; if you meet me here two years hence, I hope you will find my task done." I wish I could work at what, if I could face it, would be my task with the "haleness" that he preserves through work.

I am very thankful that you find that you can speak with comfort from notes. At the same time I hope my experience will be a warning to you not to discontinue writing in full. Nothing clears the mind like writing. I have often found a letter written in the end of a week giving both fulness and clearness to my preaching on its subject (without any note) on Sunday. To me to know what I have to impart, and to be placed face to face with men, is the most favourable position for effective expression.

To one of his DAUGHTERS.

PARKHILL, 26th Sept., 1866.

MY CHILD,—I am thankful that I have learned, not only to see that I ought to say, but to feel what it is truly to say, "good is the will of the Lord" in little things, as well as in great things.

Many who seek to be enabled, and are in measure enabled to say this in great things, have yet to learn what it is to say it in little things; and, in consequence, they are often heard complaining of what in little matters God appoints for them in a way that contradicts the faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that, therefore, there is a good in all things, to be extracted from each thing as it comes by receiving it in the light of love: love, both God's love in sending it, and love in ourselves as the condition of spirit in which we receive it. For love to God, that love which receives God Himself as the portion of the soul in every cup, its sweetest ingredient, whatever other sweet ingredients may be in it, is as essential to the right understanding of what God does in providence, as the faith that He is love in what He does. This, our part in the matter, belongs to—is, I may say, an important part of—that "single eye" which is full of light.

Darling, I am filling my *Parkhill* letter with what might have been written from the Bass Rock, or the Craig of Ailsa as well. But you will not complain of this.

I speak of what I feel may enable you to extract from these illiberal and hasty utterances which "rile" you, some of the same good which I get from the charitable and large-hearted thoughts of dear Mr. Duncan, for which I give thanks.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 9th October, 1866.

. . . The critique on Mozley's book[1] in the *Times* was much better than that in the *Saturday Review*, and gave me a more favourable impression of the argument than this gives; as to which, if this reviewer understands it, I would say it does not go to the real root of this great question.

[1] His *Eight Lectures on the Miracles:* the Bampton Lectures for 1865.

That action in a higher sphere would appear a miracle to one looking at it with the limits of a lower sphere, if it proves anything, only proves that that may seem a miracle which is not one in reality. But the true faith of miracles is not the recognition of distinct spheres, implying the operation in the higher of laws which cannot be known as laws in the lower. It is the faith that it pertains to God as God to be above all forms of power, and able, if He see it right, to act unfettered by them, willing any form of being apart from them as *immediately* as He wills them.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

HELENSBURGH, 16th October, 1866.

. . . I am here in my old parish; with the one of my old people of whom I may have spoken to you as the first who gave me the comfort of expressing benefit from my teaching—nearly, if not quite, forty years ago! I have found him enjoying your charge, which he read in the *Herald*, and which he liked so much that he immediately procured all the copies of that number of the paper then procurable, and sent them in different directions, some to America! I have to thank you for the *Herald* that came to me with your seal; and also for the paper read in London which I had been unable to wait in town to hear. . . .

To the Same:

Written as a Memorandum at Bishopston, at the request of the Bishop.

30th October, 1866.

I have never received the so-called "manifestations of the Spirit" in the church which is connected with Mr. Irving's name, as being in reality what they claim to be. But this, not because I did not believe that such gifts as were in the church at the beginning might be restored to us, but because

I had no positive ground for believing that these were such gifts; while the teaching with which they were connected, and to which they seemed to put a seal, was to me positive evidence against the assumption of their divine origin. The teaching to which I refer is that which is common to this church and the Church of Rome; and is one with what has, under the name of Puseyism, been more or less developed in the Church of England. I know that these three several forms of what is, in my mind, one thing, present themselves to us with distinctions which are said to be differences; but it is common to them all (1) to hold truth with such a reliance on teachers as appointed channels as is inconsistent with the divine purpose that we should be "all taught of God" and should "in His light see light;" and (2) to expect to feed on Christ as the Bread of Life otherwise than by the faith which beholds the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; so that the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are contemplated as ministering life,—*not* as strengthening of our faith in Christ as our life, because of the divine light which is in them, but as themselves the objects of a special faith proper to themselves, and the essence of which is not obedience to light but submission to darkness.

To the Same:

After a visit at Bishopston.

LAUREL BANK, Monday, 5th November, 1866.

The feeling of your own and Lady Alice's kindness remains with my daughter and me freshly; and moves me to tell you how well we have accomplished our getting home, and how pleasant the retrospect of our visit to you is;—framed in between a calm day going and a calm and beautiful day returning.

My nephew's cab was at the gate as we drove up, the disappointment as to our proper steamer issuing in our being

an hour earlier here. My nephew was direct from Linlathen, and gives a good report of Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Erskine.

You said something about a strong conviction coming to the mind as in some sense corresponding with that seeing of light in light to which we feel that we are called. But the light of truth, however individual in one view, is always what may be *commended to others* in a form of which they can judge; differing in this respect from what are only vivid impressions; of which, whatever they are to those experiencing them, no account can be given to others.

22nd November, 1866.

. . . I would find it very difficult to offer my thoughts on the personality of the Holy Spirit in such a form as I might hope would help another; although a doubt here would affect not my creed only but my practical feeling of need in seeking communion with God.

I am afraid I did not make my meaning plain in my reference to what you said about individual experiences which have been felt as light from God; *i.e.*, the distinction which seems to me to hold between such experiences and what I understand as the *self-evidencing nature* of light. The distinction which I intended to mark is this:—the self-evidencing nature of light is such a thing that one man may expect to make it manifest to another; as the apostle speaks of "by manifestation of the truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." But there may be experiences in the history of our personal intercourse with God, which we cannot so commend to others, although they are to our own consciousness meetings with God. The value of these is the faith in the living God which they both imply and cherish. But their relation to our individual spirit in its personal *intercourse* with God implies an element distinct from the simple shining of the light of what God is,

or what He wills us to be. No doubt our realization of what God is, and of what He wills us to be, is often combined with our personal communion with Him: but the one may be without the other, for very clear light may be without communion, and communion may be without any fresh light.

The study of the philosophy of Christianity tends to our resting in light without communion. On the other hand, your question as to the prayer, "Lord, show me the light of Thy countenance," connects itself, I think, with the *religion* of Christianity as distinguished from its *philosophy*. I do not understand such a prayer as asking for an increase of light of truth, but as a prayer for a divine personal acknowledgment of the individual as one choosing the life that is in God's favour. But re-reading your letter I see that I have said something about "felt sensations" which I cannot recal, and with which what I now write may not connect itself. Only I may add that, so far from holding that we can have no certainty that God is guiding us except such as we can commend and justify to others, I believe that the whole history of revelation teaches that the perception of truth as truth, and the consciousness that it is to the individual an *immediate revelation from God*, are quite distinct; the former being common to all who really see truth by its own light, the latter being the *additional* thing in the experience of men through whom revelation has been given. And what I believe to have been "additional" and distinctive as to what when received they were to commend to the consciences of others, I believe was their sufficient security in regard to any divine communication which did not contain in itself self-evidencing light. That such communications do enter into the divine plan seems to me certain; unless such expressions as "the word of the Lord came to me saying," "God appeared to him in a dream" &c., are to be regarded as mere Eastern forms of thought. But I know that many feel as if there could be no security against self-deception excepting such as

the self-evidencing nature of light affords. I have, however, I think brought out the distinction that I recognize sufficiently in my *Thoughts on Revelation.*

I thank you for your thoughts about my health and my usefulness. As to my health, I see no present opening for changing my present position. As to my usefulness, my only present hope is that I may be enabled to add a profitable introduction to my book on the Atonement; to which I mean to give myself as much as I may find possible for me without injury.

To Mr. Duncan.

Laurel Bank, 13th Nov., 1866.

. . . I made a pleasant visit to the Bishop of Argyll. He is publishing the charge the newspaper report of which I sent you. His position in his own church is very solitary. Had the bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church not been so very Romanistic in their tendencies, they might be a healthful influence in the higher circle of our people. But, as it is, I cannot rejoice in their having the place they have. At the same time I entirely condemn the recen outburst of feeling caused by the Archbishop of Canterbury's act of acknowledgment of them.[1] It seems to me most unclerical and low ground to take, to hold being of an Establishment a nearer bond than being Episcopalians. The *legitimate* carrying out of such a view would be that in Scotland Christian men should be Presbyterians, whatever view they take of the question between Episcopacy and Presbytery; as also equally that in England they should be Episcopalians, after the alleged example of the Queen; who has no choice, being but one person while queen of two peoples.

[1] This refers to the archbishop's presence at the consecration of Inverness Cathedral.

You would be interested in Mr. Maurice's appointment to a Moral Philosophy chair at Cambridge. I wrote to congratulate him, and have a very cordial reply. It is a position which he is thankful to occupy, and one which I trust he will occupy with advantage to many.

This day week my friend Mr. Edward Caird gave his inaugural lecture as professor of Moral Philosophy. It was very able, and certainly would realize men's high expectations; and his reception was most cordial. With much of what he said I had entire sympathy. . . . It is very difficult in a time like this to do justice to men of a school which one does not know well: and I know the Oxford school but in part. The one man to whom I would have gone with the deeper questions now moved, dear Scott, is no longer within my reach; and I now regret that I did not make a point of knowing more of the results at which he had arrived regarding German—now Oxford—thought. But latterly he was very reticent even to me. What a solemn thought it is, when one would ask deep questions, that He to whom all truth is known—who is Himself the Truth—is ever present with one, seeing all one's darkness, and all that the sense of darkness costs; and yet is silent: not from unwillingness to impart light, but from some other cause which we cannot judge of, but doubtless of the same nature with that which we see a restraint upon His teaching when on earth: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." No doubt the promised Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, is to "guide us to all truth;" yet there are hindrances also delaying His impartation of truth. What these all may be, we, as I have said, know not; but let us pray that one be not the lack of a single eye in ourselves.

To his SECOND SON.

10th November, 1866.

. . . You have inverted the order of my own learning in reading my Row Sermons last. But what you have first read, as being last learned, *ought* to be more clear and thoroughly digested. I know, indeed, that what I have so laboured to illustrate in what I have written for the press was all present substantially very early in my preaching; but mixed with much that was called forth by the circumstances in which the light was dawning on me: circumstances, I mean, inward as well as outward; my own habits of thought as well as conditions of other minds. What, however, has most impressed a different character on my Row sermons as compared with my books, is the *personal appeal* incident to dealing with my people, and the constant endeavour to bring them to a point. For I felt so intensely that the *vague mist* in which they saw their own relations to God, made all sense of His love powerless, because leaving it impersonal.

I am at present looking forward to attempting an introduction to a second edition of my book on the Atonement, which Macmillan tells me is called for. If I am enabled to do it well, that is, if I succeed in simply expressing what recent outcomings of thought suggest as calling for a notice in relation to my subject, I shall be very thankful.

I see Maggie is sending you a scrap from yesterday's *Herald*, which is one of several references to the Church of Scotland's dealing with me that this late discussion about Episcopacy in Scotland has occasioned.

The proposed union of the Free Church and the U.P. Church is also renewing discussion on the subject of the Atonement; the stricter portion of the Free Church fearing that the U.P. are "not quite sound."

26th November, 1866.

. . . Did I mention the death of my friend, Mr. Bonar, on the 9th? He was one of my Row friends, and a witness for the defence. His death was sudden at the last, but not so sudden as to prevent the most comforting utterances of his mind,—to be treasured by his poor daughter, who is now without father or mother; she has never had a brother or sister. I wrote to her immediately on receiving the intimation, and I have this morning a full letter in reply from her aunt, my friend Mrs. Duke, also one of my Row friends, and whose abiding sense of the value of what she learned at Row is naturally expressed in telling how what he had learned there had been to him "a beginning of confidence held firm unto the end."

It is seasonable comfort to me to receive this letter just as I am setting my face steadfastly to prepare an introduction to a second edition of my book on the Atonement. I begin by having the book read over to me by the girls: and this and what I know of the present time as to men's thoughts on this subject, as well as my remembrances of any criticisms that have appeared deserving attention, will be my preparation for what writing I may feel equal to. You will see me in the photograph at once older and stronger;—as to strength for writing, it remains to be tested. In conversation I feel that any clearness of thought I ever had remains. We, as we always do, enjoyed Mr. Duncan's brief visit. . . . I enjoy your memories of Parkhill life, and am glad for all sunny memories that you are carrying on with you from youth to manhood: while doubtless the happy experiences of that youth which all life is, the youth of our Eternal Life, to all who are now living the Eternal Life, are the memories of time, which have the deepest sense of blessedness, because of the taste of eternity which is in them.

Mr. Bonar's last words a few moments before his departure were,—"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, for God is love;" and, "If a man love Me, My Father will love him; and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 10th December, 1866.

. . . I do not doubt that "Rationalism" is more vital at present than "Superstition;" while they mutually tend to the production of each other; doubting, when followed out to its extreme possibility, becoming a kind of argument for blind credence as the only alternative from painful unrest (as Newman concludes that, if God has intended to give us certain knowledge of Himself, this must have implied the gift of an infallible Church); and superstition, when its extravagance becomes extreme, proving too great a strain on credulity, so that the attenuated bubble at last bursts; and all that has been held by a blind faith passing at once away, there is left, with the blank and vacuum, a natural hopelessness as to all faith,—as to any possibility of filling the void with anything more real than what has just proved itself to be *nothing*. These are possible "dénouements" of rationalism and superstition severally; but we know that they are *only* possible, not usual, or at all to be expected as necessary issues—in this life at least. A Huxley may live and may die holding that the only possible religion now is the worship of "an unknown and unknowable God;" a Pascal was able to pass away believing that the mystery of transubstantiation is the third and final coming forth of God to man; the presence of God in nature being the first, the Incarnation the second. Credulity and Doubt are germs, each having its own proper development—growing by what they feed on. We know that they are not to go on living and expanding for ever; for

"every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up;" but as forms of individual thought and feeling they are seen lasting this life out; while, as living on from generation to generation, they seem destined to live on till the harvest.

To believe on grounds which do not justify faith, to doubt when what should command faith is present to the mind,—these are alike wrong conditions to be in; and in their measure, whatever that measure may be, do violence to the truth of things, and are a resistance to a true and real divine pressure on the spirit. God, whose purpose is resisted, is alone the judge of the sin involved. Our Lord prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." That they knew not what they did made the prayer one in which there was hope, and for which therefore there was room: while that they *needed* forgiveness implied blameworthiness, guilt, in their ignorance. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Knowing how unfit we are to trace, either in the case of credulity or unreasonable doubt, the path of other minds, and how little we set ourselves to seek fitness to help others by acting on our Lord's directions in this matter—*i.e.*, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye"—knowing this, I am jealous over myself as to my thoughts of all individual cases: but in the abstract, and in reference to the divine constitution of humanity and our responsibilities towards God, I have no doubt that faith is reasonable, and credulity and doubt alike unreasonable. This, of course, is implied in the existence of truth, and the existence in man of a capacity of knowing truth. If, then, credulity and scepticism are alike unreasonable, and imply some unfaithfulness to conscience, and shutting out of light, there is always the hope that at any time the true demand of conscience may be responded to, and the authority of the light be recognized, and the man become reasonable in the matter in which he was unreasonable; and this in small

measures at a time, and gradually,—or, it may be, by some great coming to one's self, and sudden and full understanding of the glory of God in the truth which had been shut out.

In this world of darkness and confusions, in which the light is shining uncomprehended, or but partially comprehended when comprehended in measure, there are many qualifying circumstances always affecting the blame-worthiness of credulity and of doubt, which those who are most saved from both errors will most allow for. But the tenderness, the patience, and that absence of self-righteous congratulation, which mark the true scholar in the school of truth, who is patiently digging for wisdom as for hidden treasure, are as much a contrast to the pride of doubt as they are to the pride of dogmatism; and it is certain that as blind credence is sometimes held a merit, so may doubt also. There are more senses than one in which the assertion may be true that "there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds." But these are words easily perverted; and which it seems to me that I have seen perverted. Certain it is that the true faith which may underlie honest doubt, and be its source, is safest and most hopeful when its comfort is limited to its own inherent witness of rightness towards God; and that it has its greatest danger—its greatest temptation—on the side of self-valuing because of its "honest doubt."

As to Luther's exercise of freedom on the subject of the canon of Scripture, it is of course one thing to sift the evidence on which any portion of Scripture is received as canonical, and quite another thing to ask to what obedience of faith it is entitled, being so received. The former is a question of pure historical criticism; the latter a question of the nature of inspiration; or, it may be, of the existence of such a thing as a revelation. On this latter question Luther and the Reformers all (so far as I know) were of one mind; and

that mind was also the mind of the Church of Rome: only that to the authority of Scripture as a divine revelation the Church of Rome added an authority of the Church as interpreting that revelation.

Luther's nearest approach to "Rationalism" was in his calling in question the canonicity of the Epistle of St. James *on the ground* of its teaching on the subject of faith and works; but this rather as taking what seemed to him the teaching of St. James to the light of the teaching of St. Paul (as he understood it), and, in seeing them as he thought contradictory, rejecting the one to hold the other. . . . I have indeed no doubt that his ultimate ground of confidence in choosing what he understood to be the one teaching, rather than what he understood to be the other, was the light of justification by faith in which he felt himself to be. But I do not know how far he would stand upon the simple authority of light *as light*, or that he could make any approach to saying that he believed St. Paul because of what he taught, and not what he taught because of the authority which he had to teach it. I do not think that he would say this, however near the true condition of his mind such a statement would be. That at least the exceeding confidence which pervades his teaching from the Epistle to the Galatians, is as much to be traced to this feeling of seeing the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, as to his faith in the infallibility of Scripture, I have however no doubt.

To his Second Son.

Partick, 16th December, 1866.

. . . I have just read the charge of the Bishop of London, with which I am much pleased. The time is very difficult for a bishop. His steering of the ship of the church has not only a Scylla and Charybdis, but some quicksands, besides the rock and the whirlpool, to render it

difficult; for it is the "problem of three bodies,"—High Church, Low Church, Broad Church. I have much sympathy with him, both in his long-suffering toleration and in the condemnations which he combines with it. To have decided convictions, and yet not be intolerant, is always difficult: only, in proportion as our decided convictions are deep and what we feel that God has taught us, we can enter into His long-suffering, and pray for and hope for His teaching of others, without being tempted to triumph over them; for in this respect the grateful sense of God's teaching is altogether different from the confidence in one's own judgment, and self-congratulation on our own talent, which able controversialists so often feel.

I am thankful for these testimonies to your father's book, and indications of interest in it, which are meeting you from time to time. [After mentioning that he was having the book read aloud to him with a view to a second edition:] At first I began to question how far it would have been better to have proceeded at once to the positive setting forth of my own view, instead of so minute a preliminary analysis of what has been taught; but I am satisfied that the usefulness of the book to many has been greatly the consequence of the understanding of the previous *standpoint* which it manifests.

However one large class of persons to whom I would desire to be useful—I mean the Broad-Churchmen—will have felt these three chapters, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, superfluous; dealing, as they do, with views with which they have no temptation to sympathy. Another class to whom, if they would listen, I would like to speak of the Atonement, and whom the 3rd and 4th chapters at least will have no interest, is the High Church or Ritualistic men: as to whom I feel that their whole system of worship, as well as the faith of the actual presence of the body and blood of our Lord in the Eucharistic elements which underlies that

system (actual presence, whether called transubstantiation or consubstantiation), would be seen to be delusive and delusion in the true light of the Atonement.

9th January, 1867.

I shall begin with what has given me no small comfort, viz., your conscious response to what I write in the books which I have written, and to the record of my Row teaching in the notes of sermons; which, though but notes, leave, I think, no part of the argument out,—nothing obscure from omissions,—although, as to style, with undesirable traces of their extempore origin. But mere style is of comparatively little consequence. I more regret a certain controversial tone, which was perhaps inevitable in the circumstances in which I was teaching: yet I think, could I have seen by simple intelligent intuition what I have since the Row days learned by experience, I would have trusted more to the power of the truth simply set forth, leaving *it* to suggest answers to objections; which it would be sure to do in the minds of any really receiving it.

Another thing I always feel in reading any of these Row sermons is, that I may have erred in allowing the impression to be received that what is the ideal of Christianity must be attained; otherwise that there is no Christianity present. This certainly was never my meaning. But I so realized both the peace-giving power of the Gospel, if truly understood and accepted in faith, and also the self-delusion in which men were satisfied with their own faith, yet were not having peace with God; and who therefore, if awakened to the consciousness that they had not peace with God, sought that peace not from the supply of what was lacking in their faith—a lack of which they had no conception—but from increased religious activity:—all this in the state of mind of my hearers I so realized that I so urged assurance as an essential quality of faith as to give the impression often that

I recognized no reality of divine teaching short of this result. In Christ the apostle teaches that nothing avails but faith which worketh by love. This I saw most clearly. But my people were not seeing it. They were having, instead of the faith which the Apostle contemplated, certain vague general persuasions about Christ which never could work by love, because no love embracing the individual was their object. I therefore urged, "Your faith is not the faith which worketh by love, because it is not a faith which apprehends love."

I say, beloved son, that I am most thankful that you feel my teaching having a response in your own mind, and see that it must be true. What remains but what these words call for, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them"?

To Mr. Erskine:

After the death of his Sister, Mrs. Stirling.

Laurel Bank, 13th January, 1867.

My very dear Friend,—I think I have been knowing what this bereavement is to you; and I have been sympathizing with you, and seeking to help you. I remember when I used to feel that the first and great commandment, in asking for so entire a devotion of our whole capacity of love, was a promise that, being responded to, it would leave no void in us. Therefore that all sense of void was so far a rebuke,—the rebuke due because our God was not to us all that His love willed that He should be to us.

In proportion as I have come to see the oneness of the Law and the Gospel, I have come to feel a patience,—I trust not unholy,—with myself and others in the contemplation of the distance between what we attain to and the divine ideal for us. But, besides, I think I have come to see that there is no real contradiction (though a seeming

contradiction) between being able to say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee," and feeling what I think of you as now feeling of loneliness and void because of your beloved sister's removal.

May you be enabled to please God under this trial and in all things! Mrs. Campbell has you and your loss much on her heart.—Your very affectionate friend,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

To the REV. D. J. VAUGHAN.

LAUREL BANK, 16th January, 1867.

I am very glad to have a few words of kindly greeting from you; and to respond to them. I would have done so at once, but have been hindered;—hindered by the only indisposition that I have had this winter; and it has passed away. The excessive cold has kept me much a prisoner, but not hurt me beyond this until now. We are well as a family.

I suppose I may understand as a good report of both your *healths*, as well as of other things, your saying that every thing has been going on with you quietly and well. I am very thankful for every encouragement which you have in your work as a minister. You are often in my thoughts.

I have the Bishop of London's charge, but not Dr. Thirlwall's. I have just read his (Dr. T.'s) paper on literature and science; which deals with a present attitude of science wisely, I think, so far as he goes; but I long to see some more definite tracing of the necessary limits of science than I have yet met. I have some sympathy with the unwillingness felt to represent science and religion as antagonistic. Their walks are distinct, and their lines also necessarily parallel;—parallel, but not strictly converging; for science cannot attain to God. Being parallel, we may well be con-

tented that men of science should move freely in their own path. But such conclusions from science as Huxley has ventured to assert as reached,—as that "now no religion is possible but the worship of an unknown and unknowable God,"—are a stepping over into our path, and challenge an encounter.

I would read with interest any sound extension of the principle of Bishop Butler's argument: while I feel that there is some force in the objection, that to find parallels to the difficulties of Revelation in nature is so far unsatisfactory, that Revelation might be expected to remove the difficulties of nature. But—apart from this (to which the answer must be found in the character of the difficulties in question, and the reasonableness of expecting Revelation to leave them still difficulties)—what we have regarded as the most distinct voice of nature, while also the testimony of Revelation, is what we are now asked to treat as an echo of our own thoughts.

. . . One thing which we soon learn, in close dealing with other spirits, is our powerlessness; out of the sense of which comes patience in our seeking to be connected with the progress of that kingdom of God which is within men. One once said to me, "It is a solemn thing to touch a spirit which God is touching." Yet that He is touching it is our hope in touching it; while that we are *without*, while He is *within*, requires that we be contented in a necessary ignorance as to how far our touch works with His as we would wish; and that we patiently work on in hope though in uncertainty.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 28th January, 1867.

[After speaking of "the difficulty which some men of science seem to themselves to find in harmonizing science with faith in God," he continues:—]

As long as science claims to do no more than to extend our knowledge of *nature as it is*,—so both enlarging our vision and increasing our power,—it occupies a sphere its right to which is undeniable, and its use of which is most beneficial. But another and much higher function is now claimed for science; and it not only pronounces that such and such facts are, but that it so knows all that can be known about them as that it can declare what is compatible with them; and not only this, but that it can prophecy what must be from what is; as if it knew why what is, is, or knew a necessity for its continuing to be, and an impossibility of anything else taking its place. In this it seems to me to go beyond its measure in its own proper region; and to pass from its proper function of *observation* of what is to *ontological questions* as to the *ultimate* nature of what is.

But not only does science, speaking by some men of science, claim to know in its own region what it does not seem given to it to know, but—what I venture to deal with more boldly—it passes into regions altogether distinct from its own, and where it can see nothing. I believe that the man who says, "It is now ascertained that God is unknown and unknowable,"—a conclusion which renders all out-going of thought or heart towards God as impossible as would the conclusion that there is no God,—is saying what, if I knew all his premises of facts, I would be able to see to be an intellectual error, and the drawing of illogical conclusions: but my confidence in saying this is altogether apart from, and independent of, any perception of flaw in his reasoning. That confidence rests on the grounds on which rests my faith in the opposite of his conclusion. If I have sure grounds for saying that God is knowable and that I know Him, I must believe that his conclusion in contradiction of this is erroneous, however ignorant I may be of the whole subject of his science and his conclusions from it.

As I am an intellectual being I am capable of science; as

I am a moral and spiritual being I am capable of moral and spiritual knowledge. My intellect, my moral nature, and my spiritual nature, have all their several parts in my faith in God; their voices are one to me. But, of the three elements in this one voice, the two latter contribute most to my faith. If, then, the scientific man's use of intellect were to cause to me a difficulty (which it does not), he would still leave to me untouched the great substance of my faith. But, not to dwell on this, let me say, that my consciousness as an intelligent being qualifies me for the conception of an intelligent First Cause of all things, and at the same time necessitates the faith that accords with this conception; and, in like manner, that my moral consciousness and my spiritual consciousness qualify me for the conception of the moral and spiritual elements which enter into my idea of God, and also necessitate the corresponding elements in my faith.

You know that I am not ignorant of the *inversion* which has been suggested on this subject; and how some refuse to receive our own consciousness as to the manner of our own being as any revelation of God. To realize what I am, and to take what I am to the light of the ideal of God which I have, and to say to myself, that what thus looks down on me from an infinite height above me, and separates the precious from the vile in me, and claims the former as of and from itself, is "a shadow of myself projected by my own mind on the Infinite Void," is to me simply impossible: at least as impossible as to doubt the truth of the consciousness which so connects the present with the past ás to give me the sense of personal identity, or the trust-worthiness of the report of my senses as to the existence of other persons, and of an external world.

I give a higher place to moral and spiritual consciousness than to the consciousness of intelligence in the matter of faith in God, I think because I include in faith feeling towards God, moral appreciation and trust, and indeed filial

response of heart. Yet I know that there is this difference that I, an intelligent being, cannot think of my ideal of an Infinite Intelligence as a mere ideal in my own mind to which no existent reality corresponds; for I am encompassed with what present themselves to me as fruits of the working of such an intelligence. But it is otherwise with the elements of character which I ascribe to God. I may say that I see things in this world of which I feel myself a part, which indicate moral attributes as existing in God as well as intelligence and power; but apart from the ideal suggested within me, these intimations around me would not so speak to me of infinite goodness, infinite love, as the system of nature does of infinite wisdom and infinite power. But, though in this view the ideal of God as the Father of spirits is not illustrated objectively so clearly as that of God as the Creator and upholder of the universe is; yet does it by its own inherent light,—felt as the conception of it is realized,—claim faith with what is to me irresistible authority:—while in Christ it has become objective, and is presented to our minds, not as an ideal love not seen acted out, but as love acted out; and so acted out as to purify and perfect that ideal in us to which that acting out commends itself.

Now, my beloved Donald, I shall stop. Of course I have many thoughts that branch out from these; but I must leave them to suggest themselves; and may they all mingle profitably with your own thoughts.

To his THIRD SON.

LAUREL BANK, 7th March, 1867.

. . . I read Fischer on Bacon[1] all through; and I have now got all I could get out of Ferrier's first volume, and a paper on Aristotle by Green, and one on Plato by

[1] "Francis Bacon: Realistic Philosophy and its Age. By Kuno Fischer. Translated by John Oxenford."

Caird, and one on Coleridge by Shairp;—all in the *North British*. I think I understand the problems of "Knowing and Being" (as Ferrier speaks) as Kant had them presented to him. His solution of them I have yet to learn. Something of this met me in Shairp's paper on Coleridge. But Green's paper especially, and Caird's also, in some degree, —both post-Hegelian,—seem to imply results as to "Being" as reached by Hegel, which, if due developments of Kantism, imply links of thought of which I have yet no glimpse.

The great question, as Bacon and Descartes took it up, and as to which their views diverge, was the relative part of mind and matter in the history of our intelligent conscious existence. Bacon seems to have bade us "*look out;*" and exclusive attention to this word has issued in the recognition of little more "within" than a receptivity like that of a looking-glass. I cannot now recal the successive steps from Bacon to Hume, through Hobbes, Berkeley, and Locke; nor how an *idealism* such as Berkeley reached was a fruit on the same tree with the *materialism* of what Fischer calls the "French enlightenment." But if you have got his book, I hope your young memory will serve you better than my old memory is serving me. I know, however, that he carried me along with him. As to the other school, which has thought, I believe, more *worthily* of what the mind brings to the task of looking out on what surrounds it,—as well as looking in on itself,—I do not see steps marked with equal distinctness. But Fischer has not done for Descartes (at least not in the volume which I have read) what he has done for Bacon; and, to go back to the first beginning, *i.e.*, to Plato, I find it difficult to pass from his "Ideas" to that something which the mind furnishes in advancing from *sensation* to *perception*,—from *passive feeling* to *active judgment* in relation to what is felt. Whether it is more correct to say, that the mind takes its sensations to the light of pre-existing ideas, or that it has simply a faculty

of forming ideas by comparison of sensations: this seems the question. I do not suppose that such an existence for generic ideas as implies a consciousness of them, *antecedent* to the sensations which connect themselves with them, is held by any. Even Plato's making acquisition of knowledge only "an awakening of memory" does not carry consciousness back beyond such an awakening; and *that* is caused from without. But what I have always felt to be the stronghold of *Idealism* is the large and most important part of all we know—even all that is moral and spiritual—which does *not* admit of being resolved into a working of intellect in sensation. This is the region of which Coleridge speaks as the "Reason," as distinct from, and higher than, the "Understanding:" and the recognition of this region, with this distinction, I suppose is one aspect of what Kant has done to cause to flow in one channel the two streams of which Bacon and Descartes were severally the fountains; granting to "Sensationalists" all that was *logically* due in marking the action of the understanding on the materials furnished by sensation, and giving to "Idealists," as the mind's own proper endowment, apart from matter and sensation, what belongs to the pure reason. If, however, this is so, I am all the more difficulted to pass by any stepping-stones yet visible to me from Kant to Hegel. But as I suppose I have a living Hegel in Caird, I shall apply to him for light here; as I now know what I need light on.

2nd April, 1867.

[After referring to Fischer's book on Kant:] There is no refusing the concession that what things are to us is the result of what *we* are, as well as of what *they* are. But if what we take to the work of cognition be not deceptive, the result should be sound knowledge. One line of thought that I would like to pursue to what

seem its legitimate results, is the consideration of what we know of the action of external bodies on each other. Applied Mathematics appear to me to infuse a mathematical element of certainty into the facts of the external world to which we apply them.

When I consider the intervention of ether and its waves between me and what I see, I have no difficulty in thinking of what is producing waves in ether as what is acting in a way that colour does not tell me; nor can I say to myself that this action is like colour:—yet that it is producing the sensation of colour according to fixed laws, which would determine reflection from one mirror to another, or from a convex mirror would throw an image into empty space, &c., —all this in ways to which mathematical demonstration applies;—this is a series of processes not the result of anything that my mind contributes; which seems to force on me the conclusion that I do not contribute what *makes* a phenomenon, but only what enables me to apprehend it intelligently.

To the Bishop of Argyll.

Laurel Bank, 29th March, 1867.

My dear Bishop,—I have two kind notes to thank you for, and your kind wish to hear from me to respond to: which I have done, I assure you, in feeling all this time: but your suggestion of a topic on which to write has, I believe, really been the cause of my delaying to write so long.

But I am not able to write to my own satisfaction,—and would not therefore expect to be doing so to yours,—on that great question now occupying, I believe, many thoughtful minds. My own rest is rather in the contented realization that there are limits (such as you ask me to attempt to trace) than in the consciousness of being defining these limits to my own mind. The physical, the meta-

physical, and the spiritual, are to me three regions in *each of which* I have some feeling of knowing where I am,—while I keep, so to speak, in *its* centre, and when it itself bounds my horizon. But if I attempt to ascend to a point above them, from which an extended horizon will encircle them all, and from which I may see the *fines* which mark off each and define it, I seem not to have yet wings with which so to soar.

I sent the Bishop of St. David's paper, which you sent to me, to Sir William Thomson; and I called on him some time afterwards: but he had not had time to read it. I found him full of what seemed to himself a new light as to the "form of motion," the assumption of which, as in the ultimate molecules of matter, would (if I understood him) secure their indestructibility in reference to each other. But he was not conceiving of it as what must have been from Eternity, and therefore must be to Eternity. On the contrary, he was conceiving of it as what must have been originally *caused by a* WILL, and what therefore the same *Will* might, at any time, cause to cease to be. This talk with Sir William has been my only visit to the region of physics since I saw you. Metaphysics have been occupying me more than they have done for many a day; circumstances leading me to read Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews' volumes, edited by Professor Lushington; and a history of the Baconian philosophy, translated from the German, tracing it down through Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, to Kant's taking up of Hume's sceptical attitude, and setting himself to solve his unsolved problem. And now I am reading a work on Kant's own *Critique of the Pure Reason*, by the same man, Fischer of Heidelberg. I find Kant's language difficult; partly because of his use of words new to me, partly because of a new use of old words: but the thought itself is also new to me, and my apprehension of it yet hazy.

I am not sure if I am justified in occupying myself with what is so much away from *my proper thinking*. But, like physics, metaphysics are at present a form of "the trial of our faith;" and, although my peace and comfort in what I believe are in no measure contingent on my ability to dispose of difficulties in this region, or in any region distinct from the moral and spiritual, yet my mind naturally seeks a full-orbed vision,—the apprehension of the harmony of all lower truth with the highest. I ought to be—and am —thankful that having this desire so strong in me, I yet am able to welcome light in that highest region, being "obedient to the heavenly vision," whatever darkness elsewhere may remain.

Among other metaphysical writings I have been reading Mansel's *Metaphysics;* and I think the result is more indulgence for the lectures of his which hurt (grieved, I mean) me so much many years ago, and which drew from Mr. Maurice his *What is Revelation?* I see his language about the "absolute" and "unconditioned" is almost technical language, and his idea of "regulative truth" not necessarily the expression of such a positive holding that "we cannot know God," or—which is the same—cannot know that we know Him, as it seemed to me to be. Nevertheless I still regret his state of mind on the subject; for it does not savour of the possession of light: though it may be used in as near an approach to conscious light as contents many.

Our dear friend, Mr. Erskine, has his other sister taken from him, dear Mrs. Paterson. I do not think that you knew her at all as you knew Mrs. Stirling. But you have seen her. She was an old and dear friend of mine; and while I feel her death most in sympathy with him and her own home circle, I feel that her removal causes a great blank to myself. There was much of the triumph of Faith, and Hope, and Love in her death; and in the midst of

much weakness and much suffering she was enabled to give such expression to what was within, as has left most helpful memories to those who were around her. I am thankful that Mr. Erskine is pretty well. He was with his sister every day, and was with her at these last words of life in death.

I thought at one time that I might be in London this summer, and so might meet you there again. But this is not now likely, but we may meet when you come north. Our education, my dear Bishop, is going on—slowly or more rapidly, according as we are less or more diligent scholars. "All things work together for good to them that love God," and *in the measure of their love to God.*

To his NIECE:

After her Mother-in-law's Death.

LAUREL BANK, 26th March, 1867.

DEAREST MARY,—This is a great expression of love indeed, that you have written to me so fully.

My heart is very full. I will not speak of my own share in this bereavement. Seeing this beloved friend so seldom, and for such brief interviews, it seems as if to me the blank left must be as nothing in comparison of what you are all feeling of whose daily life she was so great and so dear a part. But I have felt before what I feel now, as if a great emptying of this earthly life had just taken place. I felt this long ago when dear Miss Paterson was taken; again, when Mrs. Smith was taken; again, when Miss Stirling was taken; and *very much* when Mr. Scott was taken. These, perhaps, have been the cases in which I have felt this *most*, when the blank has been in the circle of my early Christian friends, bound to me by this one bond. But there has been always more of a solemn than a sad

feeling of the change as respects myself; while thankfulness for the gain to those taken, and a feeling of obligation to Christ on their behalf, and of help to my own faith in their being added to the cloud of witnesses,—all these feelings have been comforts, a gain that counterbalanced the loss. All these gains I know I shall have more abundantly.

But what at present fills me is thankfulness for the great grace of God to His dear child, in that the close of her life is such a crowning mercy to all His goodness to her; and to all His goodness to you to whom she has been so long so precious a living epistle of the grace of God.

You pass before me one by one, and I thank God for what He has given to you in her. First of all, I think of dear James, her beloved son, going back to his boyhood at Row. I thank God for all he possesses in his remembrance of her, and of his precious father whom I valued and loved, all the help which he has in their love for faith in his heavenly Father's love.

Then I give thanks for you, my darling Mary, for all her love to you and all that I believe you have been to her.

I think then of my beloved Mr. Erskine, and then of the dear children; and then of Miss Gourlay, whose nursing loving care is, I know, having a rich reward, for I know that her love will esteem it to have been all a high privilege, a special favour.

But I will not go on. I give thanks for all the circle of near and dear ones, of whom there are so many, to whom these last days of suffering triumphing will be so intense, so profitable an interest.

My beloved wife looks back with deep thankfulness on her visit to Morningside, and the time passed at her bedside. It will ever be with her a treasured memory.

To Mrs. A. J. Scott.

Laurel Bank, 26th April, 1867.

I am anxious that you should not be coming under any mental burdens which you can avoid of the kind which the book of which you spoke is to you. You may be prepared to hear many *echoes* of your beloved's voice which will not be to you *true* echoes, and you cannot but feel pain in hearing them. But I believe your proper course is quiet patience. Leave it all in God's hands. His own most touching reticence is guidance here. We cannot feel that he himself would have interfered, or have attempted to control the workings of minds, who, whatever they might owe him, might exercise their freedom in a way that he might regret. But however this would have been, no one can now do what he might have done had he felt called to do it.

Dear friend, I know you will receive what I say in the same love in which I say it, and I trust it may commend itself to your own judgment.

To Mr. Peter Macallum.

Laurel Bank, 20th April, 1867.

I have found among my letters one in Mrs. Smith's hand, which I see has been to you. You have, it seems, indulged me with a reading of it; and I have not returned it at the time, and then forgotten that I had it. . . .

My memory is often tryingly faithless; but let me be thankful that it is as to things which pass away that it fails me; not as to the things which abide: and so, though this letter and its being lent to me have been forgotten, my memory of dear Mrs. Smith, and of all the faith and hope and love for which I loved her, remains freshly on my heart, —a part of my eternal treasure. Next to my debt to divine

love for the knowledge of *itself*,—as the love of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,—is the debt I owe for the love of the children of God, and for the blessedness of meeting their love with love.

To his Second Son.

Partick, 24th June, 1867.

You have by last mail heard something about my eyes, and I must now begin with telling you exactly how the matter stands.

The sight of my right eye has been failing rather rapidly; so I went to Dr. M'Kenzie, the oculist, on the 24th, accompanied by your mother. Mr. Rainy, in Dr. M'Kenzie's absence, examined both my eyes carefully, and found cataract in both; but much more advanced in the right eye than in the left: so that he could give me the comfort of the prospect that the left eye would continue serviceable until the right eye was ripe for an operation.

This discovery was altogether unexpected. But the case is much better than it would have been had so much loss of sight been really *decay of vision*, as for *that* there is no remedy. I am bade to use my eyes sparingly, and not to do anything by gaslight. So I have others to read to me and write for me, and writing, as now, with my own hands is exceptional. But this is caution or precaution, not necessity.

There is much that I could wish to say to you in reference to your very new circumstances. But it all comes to the reiteration of my old quotations, "Have salt in yourselves;"—"Being quick to hear, slow to speak;"—"Dwelling in the secret of God's presence;"—"Finding your life in His favour." As to others, considering what will be best in its influence on them, not what will most commend yourself to them.

THE ROUKEN, 2nd August, 1867.

I write a few lines of loving greeting for your birthday, for which we are expecting to be in time by this Marseilles post. My desires are the same for you at all times, but the return of a birthday specially and emphatically recals the thoughts to the largest view of the interests of the dear one whose birthday it is; namely, the reason why it is good for us that we exist.

Joy that a child is born into the world is usually a very vague feeling, rather instinctive than intelligent. And as to men's ordinary thoughts and ordinary experiences of life, that joy is, we may say, more than they are justified in feeling. But the instinct is sound; and, in the light of His mind and purpose for us who has implanted that instinct in us, intelligence will seal the suggestion of instinct, and we shall welcome life when it first appears, and welcome all that calls us back to the meditation of it, as the gift of God; seeing temporal life as, so to speak, the shell of which eternal life is the kernel.

So in the faith that God has given him eternal life, that life which we have in the Son of God, that life which is sonship, I greet my beloved son on his birthday, now drawing near.

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord lift upon you the light of His countenance and give you peace.

PARTICK, 9th November, 1867.

My second edition of the *Nature of the Atonement* with an introductory chapter and notes should be on the booksellers' tables now in a few days.

The book itself is almost a simple reprint, but I hope that the introduction and notes add to the value of the volume.

I have in the introduction desired to approach the Atone-

ment from the opposite side to that on which I have approached that solemn subject in the book itself.

In the book I assume the faith in an Atonement, and ask only the deeper consideration of its *nature.* In this introduction I have in view the state of mind, now sometimes to be met, in which the Incarnation and Atonement, hitherto united in men's thoughts, are disjoined, and the faith of the Incarnation is accepted while that of the Atonement is rejected.

The notice I have taken of the seeming causes of this disjunction has included some illustration of the distinction between the "reign of law" and the "kingdom of God;" for while the Incarnation may be accepted as the highest region of the reign of law, the faith of the Atonement implies the further apprehension of the kingdom of God.

To his THIRD SON.

LAUREL BANK, October 24th, 1867.

MY DEAREST JAMES,—Having my leisure and my amanuensis and the habit of dictating before rising, and what has been my work for some time being finished, I think I cannot do better than to try to contribute something to the lightening of your solitude by giving you some account of last night's banquet, given to Norman Macleod by a number of his more personal friends, in the prospect of his going to India. Ten days ago it was put into my power to be one of the party, but I declined; but, having seen Norman on Monday last, and felt that he had set his heart very much on having me with him, I reconsidered the matter and decided to venture. I am very glad now that I was there. I was placed on his right, and during dinner had a great deal of conversation with him. Mr. James Campbell was in the chair, and conversed chiefly with the Bishop of Argyll, who sat next the chair on the other side: so I had Norman very much to

myself. His heart was very full and overflowed abundantly; and I am sure he felt it a real comfort to have me beside him. Mr. Campbell did his part remarkably well. The first toast was of course "the Queen," in giving which Mr. C. referred in a very happy way to the life of the Prince Consort. He also delicately but unmistakeably referred to her Majesty's favour for their honoured guest. The second toast was "the Clergy of Scotland, coupled with the Bishop of Argyll." The choice of the expression "Clergy of Scotland," rather than Church of Scotland, permitted this; and it was further suitable as of the clergymen present some were Free Church, some United Presbyterians; the Bishop representing the Episcopal section. Of course those understood to be intended by the expression clergy sat down while the toast was being drunk. I stood up with the drinkers of the toast, for which Norman rebuked me. My friend the Bishop spoke extremely well in acknowledging the toast. It was an opportunity of uttering broad catholic sentiment of which he was glad to avail himself; making use of the character of the party come together as the personal friends of Dr. Macleod, as well as of the place which Dr. Macleod had in men's thoughts generally, and speaking of his mission to India as what he believed would be received there as an expression of the interest of Scotland in the people of India, rather than of the Established Church only. This feeling was afterwards accepted as the true interest of Dr. Macleod's going to India by subsequent clerical speakers.

Norman's own speech, in acknowledging the cordial welcome with which the toast of his health was received, was extremely good. It had a considerable variety in it; was partly playful while chiefly grave; but I cannot attempt to give you any idea of it. He was chiefly anxious to keep expectation of a fruit of the mission moderate, promising no more than an honest open-eyed looking at things to know the truth, and an honest report of that truth on their return. Of

course he had to speak of his colleague, Dr. Watson, of Dundee, whose health was subsequently given, and to whom a part of the interest of the evening attached. What would interest you most was what concerned me. After a time he said to me, "John, I am going to give your health." I begged he would not; I was afraid having to acknowledge it would hurt me. He said, "But I will hurt you; you're not dead yet." So the wilful man would have his way, and I had to sit and hear a full outpouring of his feelings about myself. He spoke of his pleasure in having such an assemblage of personal friends, any one of whom he could have given as a toast on grounds of personal acquaintance and interest (I am not sure of his words); but that he felt it a special pleasure to have sitting beside him his oldest friend, and the friend to whom he felt he owed most. He spoke of the effort I had made to come; said he believed that for thirty years at least I had not been at such meetings; and that thinking rather than speaking was my work, &c. This he said to make it easy for me to say as little as I pleased. He then gave the toast, "The Rev. John Campbell, late minister of Row," omitting the M'Leod as he is apt to do. The Bishop had, in referring to my being present, called me Mr. M'Leod Campbell, a mistake the other way, as it made M'Leod a surname. Of course I spoke something, but I cannot attempt to recall it. The one point that I made something of was my satisfaction on seeing my dear friend, after his thirty years in the ministry, received as representing what I most desired should be cherished; viz., catholicity of thought and feeling, rising above minor distinctions, and seeing men in the light of the love of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

The toast of Mrs. Macleod and Mrs. Watson had, it appeared, been set apart for me, though I was not aware of it, and Mr. Campbell told me so before I rose to speak; so I stated that this toast had been entrusted to me, and said that

a toast connected with domestic feeling agreed with the nearness of my personal relation; and I brought in somehow, —I cannot recollect how—as what might interest them an incident in Dr. Macleod's childhood which was in some measure prophetic of the future man. When a very little boy at Campbeltown he was out on a road playing, when a horse which had run away with a cart seemed about to run over him, to the terror of the nurse who could do nothing to save him. He escaped, having had presence of mind to take advantage of a recess in the wall along the road; and when they got to him he met them saying, "Boy not afraid."

His brothers George and Donald were there, and there were several others whom I knew; especially Mr. Alexander Crum, Professor Buchanan, Mr. M'Farlane who was at Rosneath, &c. Mr. Macnee, the painter, was of the party, and Norman drew from him two of his good stories; one of them that inimitable one about the hat. It was a very successful meeting, and I got home a little after eleven.

To the Same.

LAUREL BANK, November 5th, 1867.

Your questions have set my mind aworking on political economy. I see that it must be difficult to separate between the operation of the causes strictly within the province of political economy, and that of other causes affecting our social state, which also demand the attention of legislators.

The root-principle of political economy is to allow the instinct of self-interest free scope, interfering with it only so far as not to allow the selfishness of one unfairly to cross the selfishness of another. Hence the place which the law of supply and demand has given to it. I have always felt it a distinctive excellence in Dr. Chalmers' system of political economy that it contemplates results to be reached by rais-

ing the moral tone of men's minds, partly by what is no more than the enlightening of selfishness in the way of giving a taste for higher gratification, but more distinctively by awakening the sense of higher obligations. His principle of helping people to help themselves took practically the form of helping them to realize the good which God placed within their reach, whatever their circumstances externally might be, or however these might increase the difficulty of attaining to that good. For his faith was in the power of moral causes as mightier than physical circumstances. Social science appears to me to be now moving in the opposite direction, and to be recognizing the power of physical circumstances as the mightier. I feel it difficult to say to myself with any confidence what weight should be attached to physical circumstances. I feel the obligation to ameliorate these; yet I am jealous of the tendency to make moral results contingent on such amelioration, being jealous for that law of the kingdom of God, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and seeing the gain to the spirit of man and the glory to God of the victory of faith, in the most adverse conditions, to be so great. But while I would protest against the idea that you must make men first comfortable before you can hope to make them good, and while I also believe that to make men good is the shortest path often to making them comfortable, I would not interfere with the efforts of a judicious benevolence to mitigate discomfort.

But I am, you will think, forgetting my subject—viz., political economy. What I am contemplating is the difficulty of leaving it to take its own course. This private benevolence must ever hesitate to do; and this also the state or government in its parental aspect must also hesitate to do. Hence the necessity of saying to "*laissez faire*," 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' I think what we may call the parental instinct of the state is what we must recognize as finding expression in those regulations as to hours of labour

in factories, &c., which the Duke speaks of as called for by new circumstances modifying principles of political economy.[1] Strictly speaking Dr. Chalmers and the state approach one evil from opposite sides. Dr. Chalmers says, "Save the children from being overwrought by raising the moral feeling of the parent." The state says to the parent, "The child is mine as well as yours, and I will not suffer you to hurt it." But on both sides something else than a force belonging to political economy is called into operation. As to Trades' Unions, to which the Duke looks as, if well regulated, likely to do the work of the state in this matter, they appear to me an interference with the laws of political economy too purely selfish to have any claim to be classed either with the action of the state in factory laws, or with the action of moral influence contemplated by Dr. Chalmers.

1 See *The Reign of Law*, by the Duke of Argyll, chapter vii., Law in Politics.

CHAPTER XIII.

1868-1869.

Degree of D.D. conferred on Mr. Campbell—Marriage of his Daughter—Visit to England—Letters to Mr. Prichard, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Erskine, and others—Jeremy Taylor on Repentance—"Restitution of all things"—Clergy and Laity—Dr. Wylie's Jubilee—Visit to St. Andrews—John Keble—The Irish Church.

In the spring of 1868 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Mr. Campbell by the University of Glasgow. He valued the degree as coming from his old University, and as a recognition of his work as a theological writer. Many expressions of approval and congratulation came from various quarters. The Bishop of Argyll, for example, wrote a letter to Dr. Caird, which appeared in the newspapers. "Few," he said, "who have had any interest in the religious life of Scotland for the last forty years but will regard the event with deep emotion, significant as it is of the change in religious feeling which has taken place. If it has been Mr. Campbell's happiness to receive in this life that recognition which confessors too often but receive after their death, it is becoming on the part of those who rejoice in the recognition to testify their joy, and to return thanks to those by whom the recognition has been made."

In February of this year Mr. Campbell's youngest daughter had been married to Mr. William Crum, second son of the

late Mr. Walter Crum of Thornliebank,—an event which gave him unmixed pleasure; and in June he went to stay with his son-in-law near Manchester. He afterwards visited Mr. David Robertson at Lye Vicarage, near Stourbridge, and Mr. Vaughan at Leicester. At Mr. Vaughan's house he met, besides other clergymen who were interested in his books, Mr. C. E. Prichard,[1] Rector of South Luffenham, with whom he had already corresponded. In a letter written after Mr. Prichard's death he thus recalled the long conversation which they had had together: "I have, ever since I passed that day with him at David Vaughan's, thought of him as one of the most interesting clergymen I had ever seen; especially because of his exceeding humility. He had many questions to put, and listened with such openness, that it quite took all my consciousness of only saying what I knew to give me courage to speak. It certainly helped me to keep within that consciousness, within which I always desire to keep."

Towards the end of this year (1868) he was engaged in preparing a second edition of *Christ the Bread of Life*, to which he added a new chapter on "the development of the Mass from the Lord's Supper."

In May, 1869, he determined to leave his house at Partick, and to spend what might remain of his life at Rosneath. This plan was not, however, carried out until the following year. In October of this year his third son went to Bombay in the Civil Service.

[1] Mr. Prichard was the writer of the article in the *North British Review*, on "Modern Views of the Atonement," which has been already referred to (see page 128). "Constantine Prichard," writes Principal Shairp, "was Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, afterwards Rector of Luffenham, Rutlandshire. He was at once one of the most thoughtful, truthful, and religious men I have ever known, though the world has heard little of him."

To the Rev. C. E. Prichard.

Laurel Bank, Partick, January 10th, 1868.

My dear Sir,—I will not delay acknowledging your letter of the 6th, although I must be contented to reply to your questions more briefly than I could wish. But I must first say how much comfort your experience in relation to my book affords me. . . .

It would have taken more space than I have allowed myself in the note[1] to which you refer, to do justice to my own sense of a true apprehension of justification by faith. I was contented to be so brief because I thought that, in dealing with the dogma of imputed righteousness, I had sufficiently expressed my conception of what God recognizes as the righteous condition of the human spirit; viz., the response of faith to what God makes known of Himself. Such response, as Luther says, gives God His true glory; and in realizing this we must realize its *rightness* as what is due from man to God. Yet the acceptableness to God of this condition of spirit is only fully understood when we discern the necessary oneness of this response with that to which it responds. We are becoming one with what we are believing, *in believing*. Our acceptance of it as true, and peaceful reposing on its truth, imply a welcome which is a yielding to it, and coming under its power as the light of life.

I recognise the truth of the observation of Auberlen which you refer to.[2] The judicial aspect of salvation may be said to be lower than that in which it is seen as a healing and a quickening: while this latter again may be said to be lower

[1] *i.e.* the Note to Chapter II. *Nature of the Atonement.*

[2] "Only to-day in reading Auberlen (a devout and profound thinker) I find him saying, that 'Salvation was looked upon in the older Protestantism, not so much as a healing of the sick or quickening of the dead, as a justification or acquittal of the accused by the judge.'" The reference is to this passage in Mr. Prichard's letter.

than its aspect as fellowship in the Divine Sonship. But they are all three true aspects, while the first and second are adequately conceived of only in the light of the third. Righteousness, health, and life can only be intelligently predicated of Sonship. In so far as this is light in advance of the teaching of the Reformers, it has appeared to me as only laying a deeper foundation for justification by faith; while, had they attained to this light and dwelt in it, they could never have embarrassed that doctrine with those contrivances for protecting it from abuse which we meet with in Protestant theology, more especially as we know it in Scotland. I refer to the demand for the consciousness of fruits of faith as evidence that ours is a saving faith. The practical operation of this demand, in hindering simplicity of faith, and marring the power of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ to change us into the same image, corresponds with that of the demand for a perfecting of faith by charity in Romanism. If salvation is understood to be the life of Sonship, the justifying, healing, quickening power will be seen to abide in the faith of the Fatherliness of the Father. . . .

You ask, if there be "no *doubt*" in the mind as to the redeeming love revealed in Christ, while yet the faith of that love is not having that response of loving obedience which it ought to have, "What is the best means of curing this? Is it by aiming to have a stronger belief that God loves *me individually?* or a stronger apprehension of His universal love?" Let me say that the antithesis which you seem thus to mark does not exist to my faith. I mean, that I see God's love to me as an individual as one with the love to all revealed in Christ. I believe that the "weakness of the *practical will*," of which you speak, can alone be cured by a stronger faith in the *Divine will* concerning us, to which our will is to be conformed. But I feel that undoubting belief in the reality of that will of God concerning us which is revealed in Christ, is too easily assumed by us; and that in

consequence we complain of inadequate power in our faith when we ought rather to be found praying, "Lord, increase our faith."

You do rightly conclude that I cannot accept that teaching of Bishop Taylor,[1] on the subject of repentance, to which you refer. Is not the relation of repentance to forgiveness, as he seems to represent it, the inversion of the true relation? Is not the faith of forgiving love the true power to repent? Is not the "goodness of God which leads to repentance" one with the "forgiveness which is with God that he may be feared"? Repentance as the actual turning of the heart to God, our being "reconciled to God," belongs to the response of faith to the revelation of redeeming love. . . .

I shall be most happy to have the opportunity of personal acquaintance with you;—here if you are able to include a visit to me in any future visit to Scotland; at your own home if you are able to receive me when I am next in England.

The one-sidedness of the Reformation teaching to which you refer, I feel to be more safely dealt with in recognizing the fact, which I thankfully believe it to be, that in so much earnest personal dealing with God as existed in the church before the Reformation, and has not since the Reformation been limited to Protestants, there has been and is much simple faith in God; much serving of God in the Spirit, accepted of God, which has been a justification by faith, however little distinguished in the self-consciousness of

[1] Mr. Prichard had said in his letter: "He (Jeremy Taylor) teaches that forgiveness is not given at once, but as it were, in instalments, and in proportion as repentance—that is, obedience—becomes more perfect: that a relaxation of repentance for past sin causes the sin to rise up again for punishment; and that there is no *assurance* of forgiveness (though in proportion to repentance every hope of it) till the day of judgment." Compare Jeremy Taylor's Works, Eden's Edition, Vol. II., p. 119, and Vol. VIII., p. 20. For these references I am indebted to the Rev. John F. Halford, Kilby.

worshippers from much that has been mingled with it, which has been of the nature of dead works.

The purpose with which I commenced this letter, of making my reply brief, you will feel has not been adhered to. Yet I feel it so brief and so inadequate that it will leave me longing for the opportunity of conversation with you.

I am, my dear Mr. Prichard, yours very truly,

JOHN M'LEOD CAMPBELL.

P.S.—I feel that the desire to be clear and pointed has made me hard and liney, and almost what you will feel dogmatic; hiding, I fear, the extent of my sympathy with what you say of problems of religious life recurring, and calling for fresh solution over and over again. Yet I know that the apprehension of the essential righteousness of faith, attained now about forty years ago, has saved me from much that I have seen others suffer; causing me to regard progress in the Divine life as progress in the knowledge of God, and in the simplicity of the faith which trusts God, rather than as progress in spiritual attainment, whether repentance or any other grace. Doubtless the one progress really implies the other; knowledge of God growing with obedience and our personal proving of the good and acceptable and perfect will of God; strength for obedience growing with knowledge of God.

To the REV. D. J. VAUGHAN.

LAUREL BANK, 8th February, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I sympathize most deeply with you in this trial, while I am most thankful for all your rich consolation in the memory of what your brother has been to you,—and in other relations of life,—and in his work and labour of love during his brief course as a minister of Christ. I know that you will cherish the faith that all for which you so loved and valued him abides in him; while the higher

development which he may now have reached—or may hereafter reach—will not rebuke or extinguish the special love with which your heart has responded to what he had attained here. For indeed it seems to me that our individuality is so related to our personality that nothing for which we have rightly loved each other will cease to be an element in the love that abides for ever.

I am thankful that I knew your brother, and for the deep interest which he awakened in me. I have often gone back to his free conversation with me that day that I visited him at Harrow, not long after his ordination; and I give thanks that you speak of his *pleasure* in his work, as well as of his zeal; and I believe that his "sweet patience" under so much suffering was the fruit, not of his lowly estimate of himself only, but also of confidence in the Love which was appointing his suffering. May his faith and patience strengthen ours!

We thank Mrs. Vaughan and you for your interest in what has been so deep an interest to us here. My daughter's marriage was last Wednesday, the 5th; and the occupation of that day, and the reaction after much tension of feeling for some weeks, have alone delayed my expression of our deep sympathy:—which yet, in the midst of all that has been so bright here, I have been inwardly feeling ever since I received your letter. I had one brother—one only—but one in whom there was a very peculiar strength of brotherliness, and enough of community of feeling to impart the special character of friendship to our relation to each other; that character of *choice*, I mean, which distinguishes friendship, as well as marriage, from blood-relationships, which come to us as chosen for us.

I thank you for writing to me—that I might be with you in heart and thought, while you are, day by day, realizing your loss,—and the blank left,—and seeking to learn from this bereavement what it should teach, and to receive that

strengthening of faith through the exercise of faith which is the everlasting consolation.

Believe me, yours with affectionate sympathy,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his SECOND SON.

PARTICK, 16th February, 1868.

Your last letter to J. M. Campbell has been forwarded to J. M. Crum, along with her new brother's,—both to be acknowledged, I suppose, from Rome.

You will have details of our great event from more facile, and it may be more graphic, pens; so I abstain from offering anything of that kind. The impression that has remained with me of the marriage is solemn and also beautiful, and that of the wedding cheerful and bright. Our darling kept up marvellously.

I did not at once realize the great change here to us all; but it is very great; and though it is truly a getting a son and a brother rather than the loss of a daughter and sister, yet for the present what is taken from us is more realized than what is added to us, though during the interval between the engagement and the marriage it seemed otherwise.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

EDINBURGH, 26th February, 1868.

It is not always easy to know when to speak and when to forbear, seeing that speaking only helps another when the outward admonition is sealed by the inward voice of God in the heart. Oh, my darling child, seek ever to be quick to hear that voice; seek this as one whose life is consciously a life in God's favour, not in your own favour—as one resting in His acknowledgment of you, not in your acknowledg-

ment of yourself; and let us never forget that we cannot know the sweet sense of God's approving if we shrink from the sharp feeling of God's condemning. You remember my favourite psalm, the 139th, and my favourite prayer in it, —"Search me and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

LAUREL BANK, 14th March, 1868.

I saw more in proportion of Naples than of Rome. One feeling that I always recal as what I would not exchange for that awakened by any other association, was what was awakened by the *certainty* that St. Paul must have landed on the old pier at Puteoli, on which I was treading; for it dates further back than his landing. It made me almost envy the faith in the traditions of the church which give a similar and still more intense interest (to those having that faith) to St. Peter's supposed cell in the Capitol prison, &c. Yet such interests, however allowable the feeling of them when historically justified (as of course they are abundantly in the Holy Land), are but shadows of the high moral and spiritual interest which attaches to all the *mental localities*, so to speak, which we visit when walking by faith in the footsteps of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. These are ever within our reach. Would that we knew them better! visited them more frequently! This thought you have heard me express in its *highest* form, viz., in relation to partaking in the mind of Christ—walking in the footsteps of the Son of God.

22nd March.

You are both very good in being mindful of our interest in yourselves and your movements, though we must wait to learn by our own observation how much you are being improved by your travels. A wider horizon both as to

space and as to time should enlarge the mind, helping us out of the narrow limits of our individuality, because awaking a wide interest in humanity, seeing ourselves members of so wide spread and so old a human family—a family because *One* is our Father, and all we are brethren. It is in the light of this, and our relation to God as *one*, that other nations and the past generations have the highest and most healthful interest to us, as it is in truth in the light of our relation to God that we have the truest and purest in ourselves and in the loved ones most identified with ourselves.

To MRS. MACNABB.

LAUREL BANK, 4th March, 1868.

. . . Mr. Erskine was better than I expected to find him; and, as usual, I felt more fellowship with him in what seems to be his life, and what I desire may more and more be my own life, than I ever feel with any other man. This notwithstanding of differences in our understanding of many passages of Scripture and even in our thoughts:—his tendency to reduce many aspects of truth to one making him hesitate to see now the importance, not to say the correctness, of what he once urged; making him, indeed, appear to give up what he once held. I do not believe that his views have at all changed as they appear to himself to have done; and I have urged him to have his old books read to him, in the expectation that he may receive from his former self, so to speak, strictures upon what he now dwells exclusively on, that he cannot easily receive from another. This, however, I say with no reference to that great distinguishing element in his thoughts, viz., his expectation as to "the restitution of all things" which had a place in him before I knew him: although occupation with the present Gospel of remission of sins through the death of Christ for all men, did, in the Row

days, and for a considerable time, seem to engross him and be *all* the Gospel he needed. Now he feels that to be but the first element in the Gospel, and the hope, into which he sees it expanding, he feels *essential* to its being *to him Gospel indeed;* while he further sees what is to him implied in the love of God to man manifest in the death of Christ, not only as so implied, but as actually taught by St. Paul, and what we must see in the epistle to the Romans if we understand it. Whether he will ever satisfy himself with the adequacy of his own bringing out of the apostle's teaching in the epistle to the Romans so as to publish it, I know not, but he still labours at this work.[1]

The *end* is what many have arrived at, and are arriving at, whose path differs from his greatly. How far his thoughts may advantageously qualify their thoughts, if they appear in a book, I do not know: but they have at all events this advantage, that he builds on the holiness and righteousness of God, and not on mere benevolence only. Of course as a question with those who recognize the authority of Scripture, it ceases to be so in proportion as he contends that Scripture is on his side. It is, indeed, marvellous how men, all bowing to Scripture, read Scripture so differently. I cannot, with the Romanist, conclude from this a necessity for an infallible Church. I only feel cast on the infallible teacher, the Holy Spirit. But at the same time I feel, along with thankfulness that the Holy Spirit does teach, the painful sense of how limited our individual experience of His teaching is; as well as how precious is any measure of such experience, as compared with the ordinary confidence with which men quote the Scriptures, accepting the words of inspiration in traditional meanings which they have never proved in the light of the Spirit.

[1] The result of these labours was published after Mr. Erskine's death in the volume entitled "The Spiritual Order."

To Mr. Erskine.

Laurel Bank, 7th March, 1868.

Beloved Friend,—I thank our God for your love, and for the consciousness of love to you. I feel that we are taught of God to love one another. I believe that any difference that remains between our thoughts as to what lies between the original love in God to which we go back and the ultimate realization of the will of that love to which we look forward, as it has already lessened, may yet pass away —must, doubtless, in that future in which we shall know even as also we are known. In the meantime what difference of vision remains may be a profitable discipline to us both, and help us to distinguish between our intellectual communion and our spiritual communion. I think perhaps the demand for the former is stronger in you than in me, and that this may be owing to my pastoral relations to so many, the awakening of whose spirits to the importance of their personal relation to God has prepared them more for the latter. But when we become "full orbed," if this hope be not a growth of our *personality* to be modified by the full apprehension of our *membership*, we shall see eye to eye intellectually as well as spiritually.

Dear Mrs. Erskine![1] Her removal is to me one of those emptyings of the visible, the sense of which always affects me when friends are taken away who have been of that Church within the Church to which, notwithstanding of my conscious catholicity, I have found myself practically shut in. As a question of real communion there are circles within circles; and dear Mrs. Erskine, while holding fast her confidence in my love to Christ, and my love to the souls of men, was unable to meet me where Mrs. Paterson would have met me, and Miss Paterson

[1] Mr. Erskine's sister-in-law.

also : but her confidence in me bore fruits of kindness to me, the remembrance of which I treasure, and will ever treasure, not merely with gratitude but also as fruits of love to God and to righteousness. Very high esteem blended with the deep sense of her kindness, which it could not but do, seeing how naturally she cared for others. To you, dear friend, she was a part of the past in a very different way : and her removal will renew and deepen your feeling of being alone, though in itself a less loss than those to which it is added. . . .

One element in our comfort in believing in the continual teaching for which eternity gives room, is, patience under present differences of light. As to such differences I fear you feel me wanting in due patience. I trust I am less so than I may have been. I am indeed anxious that they should not appear greater than they really are ; that in offering more light we should not seem to contradict any real light already attained.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Campbell desires her love to you and sympathizes much in your feeling of being left alone—as I do ; but we both believe that in measure you know what it is to be not alone, because the Father is with you.

Ever yours in much love,

JOHN M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, March, 1868.

I have finished Schleiermacher,[1] and feel that it has made me acquainted with a new phase of the German mind, as social rather than as absorbed in abstract thought; although a social existence of which self-consciousness and much mental analysis has been the character. But he dealt with

[1] *i.e.*, his Life.

all the thought of his time also, although his letters refer to rather than record his dealing with it. I understand from Caird that he held an independent adverse position in relation to Hegel with more power than any one else.

As to religion, he never lost altogether what his early Moravian training had quickened in him, and its power seemed greatest towards the close; but his faith rather acknowledged God as the source of all that others were to him—of his own and their capacities of love—than as hearing and responding to the love which says, My son, give Me thine heart. He thought he was able to co-ordinate his religion and his philosophy, as Jacobi found himself able to do; but I could not but fear that his philosophical difficulty as to the personality of God affected his heart's God-ward movements.

March, 1868.

I got home on Saturday evening, having made a very pleasant visit to Edinburgh. I may say "to Edinburgh," because I saw something of many friends, but in truth my visit was to my beloved Mr. Erskine; and of him I saw more than in any visit (save the former one) for many years. But he was much better now than when I was last with him: and, although both his thinking and his exposition of particular texts often failed to satisfy me, I felt, as I always feel, that with no one have I such deep communion of religious feeling,—such fellowship in the fellowship of the life of Christ: and to see Christianity itself in the light of God is, doubtless, infinitely more than the best intellectual moulding of a system or the most successful exegesis.

12th April, 1868.

. . . The Bishop of Argyll has sent me a series of numbers of the *Guardian;* and there is surely something very affecting in the debates in the two Houses of Convoca-

tion. They recalled to me what Mr. Buchanan, our late Glasgow M.P., said to me some time ago,—that it was his impression, from all he was seeing and hearing, that a growing indifference to the church, on the part of the laity, was keeping pace with a growing magnifying of their office on the part of the clergy. There is some right commendation of the clergy and of the church in all increased interest in their flocks; but if the sense of our spiritual wants dies out in men, and that both the fact of the existence of such wants, and the trustworthiness of what is offered as the supply of these wants, come to be believed (if believed at all) only on authority, then what religion survives will be little better than superstition.

The "restorers of paths to dwell in" will be those who are so awakened to a living sense of their own relation to a spiritual world that they feel their need as spirits, and therefore will so speak of that need as to quicken a sense of it in others, and will speak of the supply of that need which the Gospel makes known, in a way that will commend Christianity to those in whom the feeling of the need which it meets has been quickened.

That our life consists in the abundance of the things which we possess seems to me increasingly the practical faith of our generation; and hence the indifference with which men are listened to who insist that this is not so; that life lies in God's favour: which claim for the favour of God —*i.e.*, that it is our life,—is the more easily put aside because of the low and merely selfish grounds on which the importance of that favour is rested. Whatever maketh manifest is light. Let us hold fast our confidence in light; our confidence that light *is*, and that it *makes manifest*,—coming ourselves under the power of light, and letting it shine through us. I cannot doubt the healing virtue of what is healing my own spirit. I can promise another that from it which it is fulfilling to myself.

To his Second Son.

Helensburgh, April 2nd, 1868.

This room and its outlook recal our coming here from Kilcreggan with Mr. Duncan. This is of course but one of a thousand reminiscences that this region is to my mental eye inscribed with all over. How very thankful I should be that in general these are full of felt goodness, even those of them that are records of the trying latter portion of my Row life, when popularity and praises for zealous labours gave place to suspicions and ultimately charges of heresy, and a hiding from one of many countenances; but at the same time the beaming of an intense sympathy and love from others.

It was a marvellous time; and although the less than six years passed here seem as if they had been my life, in so far as a man's life is recorded in the fulfilment of a mission to this world, yet neither would I limit my mission to what my preaching here fulfilled, or think of my writing, or even of my living, as no part of my witnessing for God to men. But it was a wonderful time, these five years and a half out of the sixty-eight that I have been on this earth,—will have been if I see the fourth of May.

I see your life is becoming more and more filled with work. All right work, rightly done, is part of a man's mission accomplished. May you, beloved son, grow in discernment of the true interest of all that you are called to do.

To his Youngest Daughter.

Laurel Bank, 11th April, 1868.

I enjoy so much your enjoyment of Venice, and look back on your unconscious preparation for it with the feeling that the history of these late months so often awakens—the

commonplace reflection that we know not what is before us; but which should always raise our thoughts to the, alas! not so common reflection that He knew who had been preparing us—preparing us, though we are not always prepared as we might have been. Yet "there is nothing irremediable with God," as my beloved friend Mr. Erskine loves to say. And casting ourselves *now* on His guidance, while confessing our sin in that we are so much more unprepared to meet the demand of the present hour than, with the right and full improvement of the past, we would have been, we shall find Him now ready to supply all our need. This I found in my early Row life, when the demand of my new position as the pastor of a people often sent my thoughts back on many days that might have been more advantageously employed in reference to my need then than they had been. This you will also find—I mean God's readiness to help and guide when at any time your new circumstances will be making demands on you which at least Ruskin cannot have prepared you to meet! But you will ask for wisdom for the present hour day by day with a freedom from self-blame that I could not enjoy, looking back on time bestowed on the study of Philosophy and Science which belonged by right to Theology. For you had no special study intended to prepare you for married life. So I rather refer to my own experience as the minister of Row because of what was in it of finding God a present help in every time of need, than because of retrospect which I have and you have not. Also, it has since come to pass that much of what seemed misspent time to me, looking back under the pressure of my Row cares, has since yielded good fruit in the meditation and weighing of all mental excellence; for such meditation has been latterly, I may say, an unmistakeable part of my calling.

17th May, 1868.

One of John's rhododendrons is in full bloom and exceedingly beautiful. It recals (though as a simple flower may a bouquet) the vision of floral beauty which I enjoyed with him in '62, when there was a splendid show of rhododendrons and azaleas under canvas (in the Horticultural Gardens). The slope at one end of the large square tent was all one continuous surface of full-blown white flower—*one* yet a *company* of plants—just enough apart to make their individuality perceptible; but *one* in their effect, as the union of many voices. I drank in their beauty—as pure water of life; only it rose to that excellence only as it became to my mind's eye a symbol and a type, bringing before my faith the heavenly vision of the words—

> "How bright these glorious spirits shine!
> Whence all their white array?"

This beautiful and glorious result in nature of a God-given capacity of beauty, and a God-given intelligence which had by culture developed that capacity to its highest perfection, spoke to me of the divine capabilities of spiritual beauty in us as spirits, and of the divine culture by which Christ develops it—and the bright result! I had the flowers for a text and John for an audience; but I was, I may say, hearing more than I was speaking, and I have never ceased to hear from time to time still the voice of these glorious plants —witnessing for God, strengthening *faith;* while He has been seeking the realization of His high ideal in me by dealings with me only to be welcomed in the light of the purpose of His love;—*the faith* the victory of which the answer to St. John's question records, Rev. vii. 14. Wordsworth's daffodils, in "flashing on that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," were an abiding good to the poet. My rhododendrons have been such to me.

To MRS. MACNABB.

LAUREL BANK, 1st May, 1868.

A *Glasgow Herald* which I post with this tells of my being made a D.D. by my *Alma Mater*, and in the leading article very beautifully expresses what I am thankful—while deeply humbled—to meet as the feeling with which this act of the Senatus is received. And to-day at the College, having accompanied Sir William Thomson to the Professors' room, I met a welcome of cordial congratulation which it was trying to bear; and this, not from those only who previously knew me, but also from some who got introduced to me that they might express their feelings.

I have had our father, our brother, and Mr. Story most on my mind since I received the official communication from the University, and while I have been hearing so much that made it as satisfactory as it could be. You will understand that my thankfulness is on higher than personal grounds. God has taught me not to lay undue weight on any testimony of man. But in so far as this is an acknowledgement that may be received as some response to my teaching, I feel that I can be rightly thankful.

When he wrote the following letter, Mr. Campbell had just received a note from Mr. Story, which had reference to a dinner which was to take place in Edinburgh in celebration of Dr. Wylie's jubilee. It was proposed that at the dinner there should be a special toast to the health of Mr. Erskine and Dr. Campbell; and Mr. Story wrote to ask whether Dr. Campbell would reply to the toast: hence this letter to Mr. Erskine.

LAUREL BANK, 2nd May, 1868.

BELOVED FRIEND,—I enclose a note from Robert Story, to which I cannot give an answer until I hear from you; for,

if you consent to do so, it will be much better every way that you should reply, not I. You are (not to speak of anything else) the older friend as well as the older man, and had a name in theology when I was yet a student of Divinity. But, what is most important, I know you will do it best.

You said forty years ago, when some one's being made a D.D. was mentioned, "They will not make a Doctor of Divinity of Mr. Campbell." If prophesying were an enlightened forecasting of the future, as some define it, you were likely to have proved a true prophet. But I trust that good beyond our hope then—at least expectation—is the explanation of the failure of your prophesying. Dr. Scott, to whom his sister had sent a *Herald* of Thursday, writes: "The University of Glasgow have done what in them lies to reverse the sentence of the General Assembly of some forty years ago: a leisurely repentance of a hasty deed; but one which acquires all the greater value from the delay, inasmuch as it may be regarded as in so far giving an imprimatur to the maturest expression of your thoughts." He adds: "I consider the degree thus conferred upon you as a really characteristic expression, quite different in import from the same title bestowed in ordinary circumstances." This accords with what I have been venturing to feel,—and, feeling, have been able to give thanks.

To his Second Son.

I feel, my beloved John, quite overcome by this turn of the tide of feeling in Scotland towards me and my teaching. Indeed, by the evidence which Dr. Caird's letter to Bishop Ewing contains, it *has been* for *some time* turned. Mamma and I are having a nice quiet time together. She does not give me so much of herself in reading to me or in walking with me when she can hand me over to any of you, and

betake herself to household matters. Of course these are simpler when we two are the whole family.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAURÈL BANK, 3rd May, 1868.

I cannot resist sending you this beautiful and characteristic letter from Dr. Scott. I am allowing myself the comfort of seeing my D.D. degree as he sees it. Not that I at all imagine that what was rejected in 1831 is intelligently and in its totality accepted now; but that at least some of it is, and in God's good time more will be. Dr. Wylie was not quite satisfied with the paragraph in the *Herald*, as my Row teaching is to his mind my best teaching. And so it was in some respects; but I know that what Dr. Scott calls my "matured" teaching is an advance, and has the special advantage of doing more justice to what others have taught.

To his SECOND SON.

PARTICK, 24th April, 1868.

On Monday I am to go to Carluke for a couple of nights, where I am thankful I shall see my friend Dr. Wylie marvellously got over his accident. He is to have his jubilee, or 50th anniversary of his induction to Carluke, celebrated on the 25th of May by a dinner from and of his friends, in Edinburgh. I agreed to be of the entertaining party, and I find they have put me down as a "steward." I am in good company, Mr. Erskine, &c.; but it is a prominence which I have not desired; though no one there will have a warmer feeling to Dr. Wylie. But I seem in many ways to be in my old age brought before the public in a way that in my life hitherto I have not known. I ought to be thankful that at least on the ground of health I have no excuse, and having

in some sense broken the ice in Norman's case, I cannot say, "I never take part in such things."

29th May, 1868.

I am just home from Edinburgh, where I have been since Monday Mr. Erskine's guest.

I went in to attend Dr. Wylie's jubilee dinner. We send you a paper of the next morning. You will be much pleased with Robert Story's most happy speech; and he spoke it most effectively.

Dr. Wylie's speech was long, and the report the paper's own as he had not written it out. It was effective and suited to his position, which called for a good deal of personal allusion. The first part was suggested by the Chairman's[1] minute reference to the intimacy of his own family (his father, mother, and, I think, grandmother) with Dr. Wylie; and then Mr. Erskine's presence gave him an opportunity of speaking of Mr. Erskine's brother, in whose time he had been for six months at Linlathen reading with Mrs. James Erskine's brother. I was thankful for this touching of a chord which always vibrates intense feeling in Mr. Erskine, whose memory of his brother is a very sacred thing.

We send you also the *Scotsman* of to-day with Norman's speech. His reception in the General Assembly has been quite an ovation. Professor Shairp came direct from the Assembly Hall to Mr. Erskine's to tell him of it, and I shared in hearing his report. I did not venture to risk the fatigue and excitement that I knew it would be to be present. Indeed I gave my visit all to Mr. Erskine, and spared myself in the prospect of going up to Manchester next week. Mr. Maurice is to be there to distribute the prizes at Owen's College, and is to be the guest of Mr. Houldsworth; and they have all wished to have me to meet Mr. Maurice, which of course is quite to my own mind.

[1] The Chairman was Mr. Baillie Cochrane, M.P.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 13th May, 1868.

I am glad to have had these two days with you at the Rouken. I find it so much more easy to speak than to write that I am thankful to have had the opportunity of saying to you something of what I have been thinking on the great subjects of present theological and ecclesiastical discussion; although on the latter I have less consciousness of any clear light. What I was desirous to express was my conviction that no theory—whether of apostolic succession or anything else—can affect our liberty or our responsibility in listening to teaching, or justify our acceptance of teaching on any lower ground than that in God's light we see light.

To esteem this the expression of a hard necessity—feeling it a relief to be excused from it—is to my mind what belongs to that selling of our birth-right as God's offspring to which we are alas! so often tempted.

To his ELDEST SON.

WILTON POLYGON, MANCHESTER, 9th June, 1868.

. . . Mr. Maurice came yesterday as he was expected to do; but he left for Cambridge early to-day. We were however a good while with him at Oakhill; from about four to half-past ten, including from half-past seven to half-past nine at the Prize Distribution. He began his address with a beautiful tribute to Mr. Scott, whom he called their "first Principal:" assuming that he owed the invitation to come here at this time to his connection with him; and saying how much he owed him, and what a part he had had in his mental education, &c.

The reference to dear Scott was cordially responded to by the audience; and also by the gentleman who proposed the

vote of thanks to Mr. Maurice; but *he* added that he must not in proposing such a vote omit noticing Mr. Maurice's other claims on a place in their regards; referring to his devotion to the enlightening of the people: which of course was specially a reason why he should be asked to distribute the prizes awarded to students of the class that attended the Evening Lectures at Owen's College.

To MRS. MACNABB.

THE LYE PARSONAGE, 15th June, 1868.

. . . I came here on Thursday. On Friday I accompanied Mr. Robertson and his curates to Kidderminster, to hear the Bishop's Triennial Visitation Charge. Donald introduced me to the Vicar, Mr. Boyle; and he asked me to dine with him to-day to meet Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan. So to-day I accompany Mr. Robertson and Donald to this dinner; and to-morrow I go to Leicester.

. . . I heard yesterday D. in the morning and Mr. Robertson in the evening, and liked them both. I have been to their Sunday Schools, and to-day to their day schools; and the buildings, staff of teachers, and attendance, all gave me pleasure. So when I look on all that here represents the Church of England, the feeling is deepened with which I repel the thought of its being all abolished. We are, I understand, on the verge of the Black Country; but all I see here of country, and all I drove through on Friday, is very beautiful; undulating, bearing rich crops (if we can call them rich before they become golden), and a considerable sprinkling of trees and wooded heights.

20th June.

This visit to England, and that review in the *Times*,[1] have still more and more deepened my sense of the need of being

[1] A Review of the *Nature of the Atonement* and *Ecce Homo*.

quick to hear, that I may be enabled to speak, though slowly, right words.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 5th July, 1868.

. . . Have you at Lye this volume of essays on the Church of the future or rather the near future of the Church? On higher than any mere selfish or caste grounds it is the duty of the present generation of Churchmen to consider how they may best cause the nation to know what they possess in the Church, and how it is worth more to them (the nation) than any probable product of Voluntaryism could be. How far these essays deal with this question wisely the notice of them in the *Spectator* is not enough to enable me to judge. My friend D. Vaughan's discourse deals with a part of the subject in a way new to me, and worthy of consideration. I do hope that Churchmen will be straightforward and get the credit of being so. How slow we all are to realize that truth alone is important—our one interest!

PARKHILL, 20th July, 1868.

. . . I have been too busy to tell what I have been doing. At Linlathen Mr. Erskine had most of my time, and the rest was claimed by others. I went to St. Andrews on the Wednesday, and was there till Friday. Mr. Shairp's rooms being occupied all, I was put up at Hone's Hall for the first night; but some one leaving, was the second night at Shairp's. . . . I enjoyed my intercourse with Mr. Shairp very much. He is one of the few that I have found entering as much into the retrospective relation of the Atonement as into its prospective aspect. You will be glad to learn that Macmillan has written for authority to engage the printer in the preparation of a third edition, 140 only of the second

edition now remaining on hand. He reminds me also of my promise as to the *Bread of Life*. . . .

My much loved Mr. Erskine was in one respect better in that he sleeps better; but his inability to walk (beyond a turn in the garden) indicates failure more than anything else.

To his Youngest Daughter.

Laurel Bank, 16th August.

My darling Jeannie,—To-morrow is your birthday. "Whence are we?" "Whither are we going?" "Why are we here?" In proportion as we rise to the right use of intelligence these questions have an ever deepening interest. And the light which He who has given us a being has been pleased to shed on them, becomes more and more acknowledged as the light of life. Your need of that light, its practical importance to you, has been greatly added to since I last wished you many happy returns of your birthday. A new relation bringing deeper joys, graver responsibilities—a need of divine teaching and guidance altogether special—has become yours; and is, I trust, so lived in by you, as to be yielding to you the rich good which God has put in it. The thought of that new relation I feel giving a new form to my birthday wishes for you; your life now seen as entwined with that of another, causing my desire that you may be good and please God to be now cherished for his sake as well as for your own. May love to God purify and sustain your love to each other—teaching you mutual self-sacrifice, as love to Him alone can perfectly. For though self-sacrifice is present in all true love—is indeed of its essence—yet it is only in the atmosphere of the divine love, and while God, by the response of love to His love to us, is becoming the centre of our being, displacing the usurping self—it is only in this divine life that our natural affections flourish and bloom as in their proper climate.

The land and sea sleeping in bright tranquillity are preaching to you to-day—whatever other voices are in your ears: but I hope that something is being ministered to you to aid your own thoughts and help your meditation, while nature speaks so eloquently of God.

To the Rev. C. E. Prichard.

Partick, Glasgow, August 18th, 1868.

I regret not having been able sooner to acknowledge your letter. I thank you for writing to me so freely.

I do not see that the teaching of my little book,[1] and the claim you make for the Eucharist as a symbol, are other than quite consistent; and when you ask, "Is there need of so strong a line of separation between the word and the symbol? Are they not both *the Word?* that is, the Truth, which is in the one case presented to the mind through printed letters, or the sound of a human voice, in the other through the visible symbol;"—I can only answer in the affirmative. Indeed, instead of intending to mark "a strong line of separation," my feeling has been that I was claiming an identity. More, I think I sympathize with you as to the divine excellence of the symbol as condensed truth; and, this conception being consistently adhered to, I see no risk of the substituting for truth that which conveys it, or of an asking for the Eucharist a faith which is not the one faith of Christ. But this is what I believe all wrong hearing of the words "This is my body" does.

I am not sure how I am to understand your words in saying, "The Eucharist is a solemn renewal on the part of God, to the faithful, of His Covenant in Christ,—an act of His as well as of ours." Is not such renewal *implicitly* present in

1 *Christ the Bread of Life.*

all the pulsations of the life of faith? Is there not in all serving of the *living* God "an act of His, as well as of ours"? (Hebrews ix. 14.)

As to the place of the will in our feeding on Christ as the "Bread of Life," the distinction in this view between the successive movements of our being in the ordinary course of the life of faith, and that movement of our being which is present in "communicating worthily," seems to me to be the distinction between accepting the will of God as the drawing of His Spirit, moment by moment, in relation to the circumstances in which we are obeying, in their ever varying aspects, and accepting the whole will of God concerning us in Christ Jesus, as that is present to our spirits, beholding the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. And you will understand how there is no word in your letter with which I have more entire sympathy than when you say: "One blessing of the Eucharist seems to me that it is the means of giving us that *repose* of faith in God's love, and in Christ's presence, which supplies power to the (sometimes strained and jaded) will."

I think you will understand the precise nature of my jealousy as to all uses of symbols which make them an *addition to* rather than a *declaration of the truth* which they symbolize, when I say this error arises as to Baptism when Baptism *divides* our confidence with the name into which we are baptized,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and arises as to the Communion when it divides our confidence with Christ.

I have no light to offer on the subject of your postscript. I see no warrant for believing in a *special* relation of the Eucharist to the Resurrection. Such an inference from John vi. could only be justified by the Romanist assumption, that our Lord's teaching there has direct reference to the Eucharist; which idea I understand you to reject as I do. But apart from the subject of the Eucharist, the question may be

raised as to the results to the body now from our relation to Christ. I have indeed been accustomed to read the words, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21), as postponing the expectation of the gain to the body from our relation to Christ, to the Resurrection.

I can scarcely offer any remark in reference to your young friend's difficulty in regard to the concluding page of the "Introduction."[1] For I am not able to understand a recognition of an answer to prayer which does not rise above a reign of law, in contemplating God's relation to us. If all that your friend feels is, that in answering prayer God uses the reign of law, I have no light to enable me to accept or reject this proposition. My faith in prayer is a faith that God does that which He does in answer to prayer *because He is asked to do it.* It is not at all a faith as to *how* He does it. But I confess that I do not feel that I am rising to the conception of God *as God* unless I rise above law to the acting of God in *giving existence to law.* This I feel even not going beyond Theism, and apart from the subject of miracles and prayer.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Laurel Bank, 17th September, 1868.

My dear Mr. Maurice,—I know that you know from Miss Wedgwood that our dear Mr. Erskine has been unwell. I went to him last Saturday, and remained with him till Tuesday. I found him better than he had been; and he continued better while I was with him: and I had the comfort of leaving him looking somewhat stronger. He

1 *i.e.* The Introduction to the Second Edition of the book on the Atonement. The friend referred to held that "neither answers to prayer nor miracles are instances of *direct* action on God's part," but "that God always acts (so far as we know) through means and laws."

knows the love that is dealing with him. He is thankful *now* for this knowledge; and I doubt not will hereafter give thanks for a fruit of gain to his spirit. I know that your love to him will make in reference to him the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens," what, when it rises to your memory, your heart will have anticipated.

I am reading your lectures on Conscience with much interest and I may add thankfulness: only I am only in the fifth lecture, and so do not yet know how much I have to be thankful for. I read slowly now. Let me thank you much for your mindfulness of me when you speak through the press. Have the kindness to remember me to Mrs. Maurice and to Edmund.—Your affectionate friend,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his YOUNGEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, PARTICK, 16th December, 1868.

You are taken earlier and more entirely from under the parental eye than we had anticipated. But I trust not before you have learned with some measure of true faith to realize your higher parentage, and feel ever under the eye of the Father of your spirit, the expression of whose countenance towards you is ever according to the aspect of your spirit towards Him—I mean the expression of His countenance as giving or withholding favour and love as that implies favour; yet not love as that is of the very essence of fatherliness, and in the Divine Fatherliness infinite. The Son who dwells in the bosom of the Father reveals the Father to us, both as saying, "My son, be wise and make mine heart glad," and thus inviting you to find life in His favour; and also, because of your need of mercy and tender long-suffering, showing you the deep fountain of the Love which invites you to the life that is in love (for on love

alone the divine favour rests): showing you, I say, that deep eternal fountain in the love which "commends itself, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." It is one and the same love which grieves over man's sins and rejoices over man's turning from sin to holiness.

My own dear boy! how my heart yearns over you with a yearning which I know is in me only as an earthen vessel, but which is filling me from the Eternal Fountain of love!

To MRS. MACNABB.

LAUREL BANK, 26th December, 1868.

I intended to write to you on Christmas day, and to express to you some of the thoughts which were welling up in me, meditating on the great event in the history of humanity that "unto us was born a Saviour:"—that birth which is the hope in all births,—the promise which bears the weight of all right wishes for ourselves and others. But, as I have found it before, much thinking and feeling, blended with liftings up of the heart for those that were occupying my thoughts and moving my heart, left a kind of exhaustion that disinclined and indeed unfitted for writing; and my purpose passed away unrealized.

I had sent a brief expression of the wishes proper to the season to my James—for himself and the, I doubt not, joyous Christmas party of which dearest Flora's kindness made him one. But how much was there coming and going of thoughts,—of memories, hopes, thanksgivings,—in which I would have your sympathy were they but uttered to you! One of the Port-Royal devoted servants of the Lord said to another, who urged him to take some rest from his incessant labours, "Rest, brother! Have we not all eternity to rest in?" A zeal, it may be, that was wanting in knowledge. Sometimes, when having little opportunity of communion, I am disposed to say to myself, "The time for much as well

as high communion is to come." But by that coming time how different will so much of what now interests us look to us! How will the new true light of the divine purpose, and knowledge of the path in which our God was leading us, change the aspect of the things which may have befallen us! Shall we not be found asking others to join in our thanksgivings as to much in regard to which we had felt that we had a claim for sympathy? "Lord, increase our faith!" May He increase our faith as to all divine realities; more especially as to the wise love in which we are led by a path which we know not to a city of habitation.

To his YOUNGEST SON.

PARTICK, 16th January, 1869.

MY DEAREST ROBERT,—I greet you on the Sunday morning, with the special interest of which I am most associated in your mind. Not indeed that it has been my way to preach much to my children: but that I know that you all feel your eternal life to be that to which my deepest interest in you belongs; with which, therefore, I am most expected to occupy my letters, leaving other topics for other home correspondents. My impression is that the interest of church will, as you are now placed, be the service, not the sermon; and I shall be thankful if the use of these beautiful prayers be the means of developing in you a sense of the blessedness of true prayer. This we come to know when the saying of prayers passes from being a duty discharged to being a privilege enjoyed. A good liturgy, furnishing right desires rightly moulded into requests to God, leaves to be supplied by ourselves only the spirit of prayer; which is the spirit of Christ in us, and our adding of which is in truth our yielding to a drawing which it is our part to welcome and yield to.

I do not speak of a mechanical or physical drawing. The

cords employed are light and love, and the manifest meetness for us of the feeling to which these move us. The confessions are meet for us to make. The requests are meet for us to address to the Hearer of prayer. We are therefore to suffer our hearts to take their mould. Doing so, we are breathing the higher life—and feel that it is the higher—and our desire is to breathe it more freely, and this we gradually come to do more and more. If this is but a broken experience—if our thoughts often wander, as they will do, let not this discourage. The divine life has its infancy—the lisping of babes. Let us rather be thankful for any prayer felt to be such, and hope that the proportion of real prayer will always be more and more.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 17th February, 1869.

I was intending to say to you that Oxenham has sent me a copy of the second edition of his *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement;* and that there is a good deal in reference to my book in the preface.

He is very fair and courteous. But we start from points so apart from each other that it would not be easy to show him our relative position, though I think I myself see it clearly.

The note which I have withheld, after it was nearly ready for this new edition of the *Bread of Life*, is on the "Eucharistic Sacrifice;" the exact conception of which held by the Church of Rome I had not quite understood until now. I understood the Reformers to have objected to it as a *denial* of the *adequacy* and *perfection* of the Sacrifice on the Cross, as being itself a *further* sacrifice. I see that it is represented as the *same* sacrifice *continued;* ("in a *mystery*," which precludes all idea of discovering the alleged identity;) but it is

held to be—and it is faith with them to accept it as—identical. I do not know whether this assertion of identity has been the mode of thought always; or whether it has been adopted to meet the allegation that the Sacrifice of the Cross was depreciated. I do not think, even if the idea of *mystery* were enough to cover all it is used to cover, that the difficulty of the Reformers would be removed: but I think, if to the sufficiency of the Atonement in relation to the taking away of sin the Reformers had added the true conception of Christian worship, as seen in the light of our relation to Christ as made an High Priest "after the power of an endless life," and so had seen the oneness of worship in Christ and in Christians, they would have met the claim of the mass to be the necessary complement of worship more perfectly. . . . I more and more see that it is the very "simplicity that is in Christ" that Christianity is the mind and life of Christ reproduced in us, through knowing Him and abiding in Him as our life: that mind and life both in its Godward and in its manward aspect;—the former of course including worship. This was the salvation known at the beginning. See the Epistles *passim.*

I have had the pamphlet by Ffoulkes, lately noticed in the *Spectator*, sent to me. It is very interesting as, I hope, a specimen of what many may be feeling: Yet it is to be valued for what it may come to be, not for anything it yet is. As to the craving for union which animates him, nothing could be more deceptive than such union were it attained. They are one already so far as they are in Christ. That oneness rightly valued will grow. But the oneness for which he is labouring, if spread over Christendom, would only hide the lack of the true oneness, and give the name without the reality.

26th February.

. . . I do not know whether I have mentioned my being reading the *Memoirs of Lacordaire.* The very large type was an attraction; but the man interested me, and the combination of devotion to the church with much political freedom of spirit. I must have been in Paris when he was most a centre of interest; and although my scanty French would have hindered my appreciation of his eloquence, I regret that I did not hear him preach. What has interested me most is the fervid expression of the sense of Christ's love; which manifested an experience of the drawing of the cords of a living love, that must have had the chief power in moulding his spirit. And this he would probably have himself admitted, while he built so much on much else.

10th March, 1869.

. . . You see the *Spectator's* correspondents are keeping the subject of the "Real Presence" before men; and these notices of this life of Keble have the same result. Both that by Dean Stanley, and this in last Saturday's *Spectator*, are worth reading. The latter lets one more into the mind of Keble, I think. Stanley's mental life in Church History gives him a kind of Catholicity, which I confess I sometimes fear may belong to the prefix "pseudo:" but I check the thought. But there is no doubt Catholicity may be fed by dwelling on that as to which good men have differed until their differences lose their importance, as well as by dwelling on that which is common to them, and because of which it is that they have been good men in spite of important differences. The Catholicity which has the latter history alone is really sound; keeping ever before the mind the "faith which worketh by love,"—the faith which,

purely conceiving the love of God to one's own self in the truth of what that love is, tells upon one according to that faith's own proper power, whatever logical contradictions are involved in holding that personal faith in combination with intellectual misconceptions of the relation of God to man as man, and revealed in Christ.

Leighton's sense of sin and of the forgiveness which God was extending to him a sinner, and of the excellence of the life of sonship which he was called to live in Christ, had nothing but truth in it; and worked healthfully on his spirit, with a power proportioned to its intensity;—determining the character of his intercourse with God, I believe, just as these elements of faith would have done had larger conceptions of the grace of God to man taken the place of his Calvinism.

I do not mean that such an intellectual change would have been no gain to the whole man morally and spiritually as well as intellectually; but even in these respects he would have rather added enlargement of vision to depth of feeling, than have really learned a deeper love to God and to man; and I am sure as to both these aspects of the eternal life of love, his intense personal piety did more for him than the most enlightened thoughts could have done combined with less intercourse with the living God.

You will understand that the deeper foundation for Catholicity for which I am jealous is the perception of the oneness of the divine life, in whatever combination as to system it is found,—the perception of that oneness to which we attain through knowledge of what it is, and of the conscious personal relation to God by which it is sustained; which perception is to be carefully distinguished from the superficial induction, "This was a good man, and that was a good man; and their views differed widely; and therefore that as to which they differed cannot be important." You may connect what I have now attempted to express with a reference to

your favourite Leighton, that will meet you near the end of the third division of this new edition of the *Bread of Life*.[1]

One of my suppressed paragraphs has been recalled to me by what the *Spectator* reviewer says of the recognition of decay which was in Keble's loving adhesion to the Anglican Church,—though, as compared with his ideal, a ruin. The words "that to principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God" come before me in connection, on the one hand, with the words, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners;" and on the other hand with the words,

> "Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
> Her very dust to them is dear."

The "I sit a queen and am no widow" of the visible church seemed to be excused by the former words. The feeling to which I was myself conscious in seeing Christianity in its ideal in Christ, and thinking of Christianity as we know it historically, harmonized more with the latter passage; while, as to the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians, I felt, and felt thankfully, that though "principalities and powers in heavenly places" might not see the divine ideal realized in that outward expansion and power and assumed infallible orthodoxy so gloried in, they might see it in the multiplied and varied reproduction of the mind of Christ in God's "hidden ones;" the number of whom in these eighteen centuries may be believed to have been millions.

As to Keble, I know not what the "sad decay" amounted to, to the realization of which he was patiently submitting; or whether his comfort was at all what mine is. Most probably it was the same in part; but it has probably had

[1] Viz., at page 179.

another element, and that other element may have been the chief one. At least "Baptism" may have been a comfort to him other than it is to me. I am thinking of his words when, in speaking of the value of all souls, as we estimate that value in the light of the death of Christ for all, he goes on to say:—

> "But chiefly Christian souls; for they,
> Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
> Are yet, to eyes that see them true,
> All glistening with baptismal dew."

I could use these words as to the broken life of Christ in those in whom in measure that life is seen. But I think *he* uttered the comfort of a faith as to the baptized even when it was not "the answer of a good conscience towards God, through the resurrection of Christ from the dead."

. . . Think of having been to see my grandchild, your niece, on Friday, and no mention of her and the pleasure of that visit all this time! She is a sweet grave wee thing. . . . Mama and I enjoyed the day much, and I have not found that it was too much for me. We came away with the purpose of returning for a visit of five or six days on Monday first, the 15th.

To Mr. Erskine.

Broom, 20th March, 1869.

My beloved Friend,—I have had the pleasure of sending you a copy of the new edition of the little volume *Christ the Bread of Life*, which was my first attempt to commend Christianity as a participation in the mind of Christ. You used to complain of the *type*, and also of the abruptness of the commencement. The former objection you would find quite done away with; and I hope you will

feel, also, that the subject is now approached easily and naturally. I have added a third head, which I hope will please you, so far as it goes: which, indeed, is as far as the title of the book promises. But the aspect of the mass as "the sacrifice on the cross continued" is to Romanists even more important than that which I have considered; and the hope of being helpful to them caused me to write a good deal which I proposed to give in a supplemental note. I was not, however, able to satisfy myself with the effectiveness of my statement; and I found that I must desist from writing.[1]

I am thankful to hear, from time to time, improved reports of your health. I also feel much stronger; though it is rather a physical feeling than a mental.

Mrs. Campbell and I are making here a visit of a week to our Jeannie and her husband, and their child; though, as yet, as to the dear babe (eight weeks old to-day), the social enjoyment is altogether on one side. I have been telling William Crum and Jean what you used to say of two meeting in a third.

I understand that you have again your pen in your hand: and you are in my heart as one seeking to teach as well as one seeking to learn. As to myself I seek in attempting to teach to keep within what I have learned; and yet often, when I read what I have written, I am rebuked in a way that seems to imply that I had not done so. This experience is however only one form of our shortcoming in *living up to what we know*: as to which—so manifestly right and due—I am learning more to recognize quiet repose in the light of what is known, as a true form of confessing Christ, than I used to do. . . . Your affectionate friend,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

[1] *i.e.*, on account of the state of his health.

To MRS. MACNABB.

LAUREL BANK, 26th March, 1869.

I thank you much for the opportunity of knowing the course of this so interesting late debate. It is to me a very solemn subject.

I had most sympathy with Sir Roundell Palmer; but had I had to vote would have found decision most difficult. What *pains* me most is the treatment of the Irish Church as having "forfeited its claim to endowment because its task has not been accomplished." What church has accomplished its task? What man his? And they surely latterly were at least more profitable to their own flock; and if not aggressive, could that have been reasonably expected from them?

If it is now found that the church of a minority cannot be a national church, be it so; and let men act, if they see this clearly, on their new light. But let the true ground be taken, and the true reason avowed.

My mind is much occupied just now with a subject which I have repeatedly put from me, and then it has come back upon me; namely, the wisdom and desirableness, now that my last link with Glasgow is severed in Robert's start in life, of seeking a home in the perfect country and by the sea shore. We look to the old Gareloch.

To his SECOND SON.

PARTICK, 1st April, 1869.

My last letter was not what I like to write to you; for it met you only on the outside of life, and I always would seek communion with you in that which is more inward, and which is our true life.

I remember when at Versailles and looking at the pictorial history of France, which seemed painted there as its pride

and glory, feeling it sad that the pictures were of a series of battles, as if the nation existed to fight. Of course the battles recorded were French victories. No Crecy, no Agincourt, no Trafalgar, no Waterloo. But the one-sidedness of the history was not its painfulness. It was the false idea which it bore witness to.

"Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" The false glory is powerless where there is the spiritual vision of the true; and he who sees in Christ the true divine ideal for man, which the Son of God became the Son of Man to reveal to men, and to realize which in us is the fruit of the travail of His soul in which alone He is satisfied,—that man has the secret of victory over all temptations, outward and inward, which our position in this world exposes us to. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us." The love of the Father of our spirits can rest in no portion for us short of participation in the life of the Son of God.

To his Youngest Son.

Partick, 12th April, 1869.

To-day I went with your mother to see the sister of M. G., who died lately. You will remember M. G., who was from near Parkhill. I first saw her thirty-eight years ago, being then taken to see her by Miss Duncan as a great sufferer confined to bed and not likely to recover; but who seemed then prepared for death, and who was peaceful in the expectation of it. Her sufferings have been more or less severe *ever since;* and we learned to-day that they were very severe to near the close, though she died as one falling asleep. In these thirty-eight years I have been seeing her from time to time, and been always made thankful by her patient faith: while the *need be* for so prolonged a trial of faith was what gave me the deepest sense of the mystery of the divine discipline of our souls;—

one person being subjected to so much, while another suffers so little. Yet a large proportion of what tries faith is visible only to the mind itself that is tried; and faith may be severely tested while there is nothing in outward circumstances to invite the sympathy of friends. But I can have no doubt that M. G.'s testimony "that it had been good for her to have been so afflicted" will be that of all sufferers who suffer in the light of Christ. May you, my precious boy, pass through whatever you are called to bear in this light of life! You may have heard me liken faith in respect to its relation to all trial, great or small, to the aptitude of the proboscis of the elephant to tear a tree out of the ground or to lift a needle. I believe that we suffer great loss from not using faith in small trials as in great.

12th May, 1869.

I am glad that it occurred to me to give you this perfect and complete edition of Shakespeare.[1] It will be long I trust before the type becomes too small for you. In the fifty years that are between our birthdays, and even farther back, Shakespeare has been one of the influences moulding my mind. May you get as little harm and not less good from him! We need to have "salt in ourselves" not less in seeing the world of humanity in the mirror of his mind, than in the direct vision of it, as in the course of life it presents itself to us for praise or blame. But so prepared we shall extract good and not evil from either. May you, my precious boy, have salt in yourself, *i.e.*, light within to judge what comes from without—a father's birthday wish.

To Mrs. Macnabb.

Laurel Bank, 4th May, 1869.

I have been feeling much how sorrow, which draws us nearer to God, draws us nearer to each other also. Doubt-

[1] The Globe edition.

less we shall all be very near to each other when in that greater nearness to God which we anticipate, and which even now advances as the Eternal Life of love more animates our whole being. This is one aspect of the blessed prospect that "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

This is my sixty-ninth birthday; so for so many hours I have been in my seventieth year! "Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

A birth-day, while it takes one back into the past and forward into the future, invites to the realization of the present, of present mercies;—and to whom can I write of these so fitly as to you, beloved sister!

My Mary is well—stronger than she has been recently; our children are all subjects of present thankfulness, and of hope for their further development as branches in the vine under the culture of the great Husbandman. This sweet little twig with leaves so tender, also, as she is in our prayers, is, rightly, in our hopes,—our wee grandchild, the first to us of a third generation. "Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." How blessed to feel the words of "Moses, the man of God," as they come to us across the ages, awakening a true living echo in our own hearts.

Mary and Margaret and I went down in the end of the week, to look at the place pointed out for us on the Gareloch. We had Norman as our fellow-traveller in the train returning. He seemed to feel a welcome for the thought of my ending my days on the Gareloch. He is to be Moderator of the General Assembly this year, and wishes me to see him in the chair; also to be at the Moderator's dinner after. I would wish to meet his wish, but shrink from the latter part at least of the proposal. My sight has failed much more rapidly just of late.

To MR. ERSKINE.

LAUREL BANK, 15th May, 1869.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I *am* looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you, but not so soon as you have been led to expect. Norman Macleod is Moderator of this year's General Assembly; and I am yielding to several feelings—all right, I trust, though not all belonging to the same region—in venturing to go to see him in the chair, and be his guest at the "Moderator's dinner" the day after the close of the Assembly—Tuesday, 1st June.[1]

. . . . . .

The joy of the Lord is indeed our strength; but while I am jealous of myself, fearing to be contented to live below our high calling, I am thankful to feel some liberty to identify with "joy in the Lord" much habitual peace that scarce can claim the name of "joy."

You will be interested in hearing that I am looking forward to passing what evening of life may be appointed for me on the Gareloch! . . . My failing sight has made any social value that Glasgow has had less than it was; and Mrs. Campbell felt that I could go out there during the winter on many days on which I would have been a prisoner here.—Yours ever in much love,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To his THIRD SON.

LAUREL BANK, 16th May, 1869.

MY DARLING JAMES,—It seems quite a *duty* to write to you on this occasion of the settling of the question of my return to the Gareloch. I always in my heart acknowledged myself your debtor for the filial love that was animating your pleadings for this move.

[1] This intention was not carried out.

. . . Now that it has taken the form of a fixed arrangement, I see your idea almost entirely on that side on which it shows as a special mercy from Him who "appoints the bounds of our habitation that we may seek after Him and find Him;" and who, as He made seeking after Himself and finding Him the deep interest of my former life on the shore of the Gareloch, will, I trust, grant abundantly the same interest to my second life there also. I am in truth (as I have been saying to Dr. Scott and Mrs. Story) looking forward to "a quiet evening of my day" where I passed "its troubled noon." This may or may not be. But it will be enough if that life in Christ which, in its dawn at Row, was a light above the brightness of the sun, and which, by the grace of my God, has been on the whole "shining more and more unto perfect day," shall so continue to the close of that lower day—that perishing life—which only has an evening and passes into a night. How peacefully one realizes that "the things which are seen are temporal," while realizing that "the things which are not seen are eternal."

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 17th May, 1869.

. . . The physical form of our blessed Lord's ascension is to me but as a kind of language, synonymous with "He ascended up into heaven;" and I would as little have expected any true knowledge of "heaven," or of what it is to be there, from seeing that sight as from reading these words. What a blank to the blind all that sight reveals to us! to the deaf the whole world of sound—speech or music! The extent to which this is so is hid from us by intercourse with the blind and the deaf, and their use of our words in these regions from which they are excluded, being denied real knowledge. How far wider the distance, as to true and adequate conception, which is interposed between the

natural and the spiritual! He that would have sight added to hearing would not be introduced into so new and strange a region as we would feel brought into, if there was a corresponding addition of knowledge of the spiritual to our knowledge of the physical. Such an addition might give us to know the confines and relations of these regions, and the manner of their coexistence. But until that addition to our knowledge is made, we must be contented to use words without their full, and indeed without their real, meaning, or be perplexed by seeming puzzles and seeming contradictions even, which are such only to our ignorance.

I am reading A. Comte's *Catechism of Positivism.* I see that what I knew of his system at second-hand was defective in extent only, not in accuracy; for which I am thankful. The system does not look better on a nearer acquaintance; though closer contact with his earnest spirit awakens a tenderness for the man. That "the light is shining in darkness, though the darkness comprehends it not," is the reflection which so many points of parallelism with Christianity, in an offered substitute for Christianity, ever suggest. Men seem seeking for what is already given in Christ, but is not seen to be given. Why what God has given is not welcomed as given, and yet is dimly conceived of as good, is a mystery. One answer is, that Christianity when rejected is not seen in Christ, but in some misrepresentation which cannot identify itself with the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

I cannot now attempt to illustrate or justify this impression by quotation or references. But when one would teach us "to *live for others*," and seems to himself to find his path blocked up by the faith of Him who lived for and died for, and ever lives for us all, he clearly either misconceives Christianity, or the expression "living for others" is on his lips but an empty sound. I think and trust the first solution is the nearest to the truth.

Your mother has been reading Ewald[1] to me. There is in him a real faith in God and in Christ—for which I am thankful. But his philosophy (or science) of Christianity does not commend itself to me as the truth of things; for, while he accepts "Incarnation" in words, what he seems to mean is a *development of humanity*. But I must stop.

To his Son-in-Law.

Laurel Bank, 19th May, 1869.

The words "taking joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that you have in heaven a better even an enduring substance," though used originally with another and a lower reference (and greatly lower doubtless), still rise to that highest consolation under trial which meets our highest as well as our lower need; and the value of which reveals itself more and more as the intensifying of trial causes us to draw more upon it. ——'s patient and even cheerful meeting of the will of God when assuming so solemn a form, has, doubtless, been the fruit of the experience of the power of faith in His love to sustain her under and bless to her what she has already passed through; and the confidence to which she has attained can only grow under His hand whose purpose in all trial of faith is the increase of faith.

Where we see faith we are ready to think the end of the Lord is accomplished—may not the spirit reconciled to God be now allowed to rest quietly in His love? But no—"Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." For our Lord says to us, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." He who says to the Father, "I have glorified Thee on the earth," desires for us (would we have it otherwise?) that the Father's glory in

[1] The "Life of Christ," extracted from the *History of Israel*.

Him may be perpetuated in us. The sufferings of Christ were the preparation for the glory that should follow. His sufferings do much for us if they convey to us the assurance of His love; but they are to us all that they are intended to be only when they shed divine light on our own sufferings, and teach us how to think of them, how to profit by them. So understood we can even be thankful for them. I know, dear William, that this may seem a hard saying; patient submission seems so difficult a victory of faith that *thankfulness* may well appear an extravagant thought, and even unnatural: but perfect acquiescent patience implies faith in the wise love which is subjecting us to suffering, and that which is a form of wise love asks the response of thankfulness as well as of patience. All this I allow myself to write to you because that faith which reconciles the sufferer to suffering is the proper mind in which to sympathize with sufferings; and realizing the love hid from sight but visible to faith, which is in the cup which the Father's hand is filling for any dear one, alone can reconcile us, or save us from hard thoughts of Him. Let us never forget that to help our suffering dear ones truly, we must help their faith in the love which is afflicting them; and to help their faith we must have and express the faith which we desire to strengthen.

I could not lose a post in expressing my sympathy and my interest. Uttering my own faith is all I can do,—can do for you as a sharer in this trial. May you all have your faith in the love of God strengthened for your own sakes and for hers, whom your faith will comfort and strengthen as nothing else can; for we are members one of another. I am feeling deeply the greatness of this trial to you all.

Our united sympathizing love to you all. Oh! how dark would life be, but for the light that God is love.

To his SECOND SON.

PARTICK, 3rd June.

This mail will I expect take a number of the *Nonconformist* of 12th May with a review of my last little book (the *Bread of Life*, 2nd edition), for which you will be thankful.

I am in my old age having the great privilege of mingling my thoughts with the thoughts of many minds in that most serious thinking. And in proportion as I have had the consciousness of writing in light, I have the hope of commending myself to the consciences of other men in the sight of God.

I am sending also by this mail the full report given in the *Scotsman* of Norman's address to the General Assembly at its close. Your interest in him will give it an interest to you apart from what claim Scotland and all that concerns it has on you. I think he has steered his bark well amid rocks and shallows.

There is something ever being realized of what the church ought to be, though so much less than we would expect from the words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," which teach us to expect in Christianity an expansion of the life of Christ, and this all that is true Christianity is. But in churches as in individuals, Christianity is present mingled with much that is not Christianity; and as we expect not perfect men, neither do we expect perfect churches. Only let us seek to have the true ideal before us, aiming at it as individuals, seeking to help others to attain to it in corporate capacities. What an inward secret life known only to God in whose strength it is lived, by whose favour it is fed, will be progressing in us if cherishing this aim and interest in our hearts as the true interest of existence!

This hidden life which each of us ought to be living is at once distinct from, and also the light and strength of, our

outward life ; so that we are what we are called to be among men, just in the measure in which we are right with God. This *hidden* life with its lights and shadows, some are in the way of chronicling as it advances. This I have never done, but I have not the less sought to know how it passes, coming with it to that light in which its true character is made manifest, and which, when it most condemns, is to be welcomed as the light of life.

To the Rev. D. J. Vaughan.

Laurel Bank, Partick, 12th June, 1869.

I think with pleasure of Mrs. Vaughan and you in the Lake country ; and feel how much I would enjoy seeing it with you. This I still could, although the failure of my sight has been advancing since I saw you. I thank you for Mr. Prichard's letter,[1] which I now return. May we both respond to his request in spirit and in truth ! How various the forms which the one love takes in seeking the accomplishment of its purpose in us ! Weakness and suffering, and the sense of the slenderness of his thread of life, try this dear man's faith ; rendering more and more precious the anchor of the soul that has its hold within the veil. We are called to be saints. How solemn and humbling (while yet encouraging) any acknowledging of the least seeming approach to meeting the call !

We are looking forward to a change of residence—to the Gareloch ; not the Row Side, but the Rosneath ; but not till November. You may be our visitors there next summer ; and if this pleasure is in store for us, it will be to me a great

[1] The letter contained this passage : "Accept my best thanks for your kindness, and for bringing me into contact with so saintly a character as Dr. Campbell. If you write to him, will you kindly tell how ill I have been. Asking his and your prayers,—I am yours most truly, C. E. Prichard."

interest to show you my early clerical home,—written over with sacred and sweet memories still legible to me; and which it may be not unprofitable that I should *read* to you. But, apart from this, the scene will have to you both the charm of great and peculiar beauty.

PARKHILL, 3rd July, 1869.

MY DARLING JAMES,—You would waken this morning with a sense of relief which must have been most pleasant.[1] Something like waking at anchor in a quiet harbour after some weeks tossing at sea. Nor will there be any anxious conjecturing as to how you may be placed. You have done your part, having done your best; and that is enough. John's work seems pretty hard, but it is a different hardness from hard grinding; and it seems to agree better with him than many other forms of what the poet calls "the sad sentence of an ancient date, that like an emmet man must ever moil." My old friend of my early Row days,—the third with Martyn and Brainerd of a trio who shared with my Bible the whole of my reading in these days,—says it is well to be diligent in business, if communion with that which is above be as the oil to the wheel of all our actions. The desire of success—whatever may be the kind of success, special ambition—is the usual oil to the wheel of business activity. Henry Dorney was a London merchant, to whom the practical question of each day had its most important aspect in its relation to the voice which was ever in his ear, "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 16th July, 1869.

. . . This gathering of old—shall I say pupils or disciples?—to Dr. Vaughan, to share in this interesting wind-

[1] After the final examination for the India Civil Service.

ing up of his Doncaster life, will be a grave while a happy event to you all. . . His new position, as having the opportunity of influencing others for their highest good, is essentially one with the two he has already occupied, though different in form. They will have all three, as occupied by him, the unity of the common salvation. You remember the words I have often quoted, which were the sole commentary on a chapter in the first epistle of St. John which he had just read, by an old man of Mr. Scott's little flock at Plumstead (1838), when met in his absence, and when I, though present, was not strong enough to preach: "'God is love'; I felt the love of God this morning when my children asked me for bread, and I had bread to give them." In the highest sense Dr. Vaughan has much of this occasion to "feel the love of God," in that he is asked for bread, and has bread to give.

You know that I had a welcome letter from Mr. D. Vaughan in reference to the second edition of the *Bread of Life*. . . How does all true and living echo from the depths of a true consciousness to the words of Jesus, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed," grow in value when we have it *in ourselves* while reading grave and earnest expressions of doubt—echoes of Pilate's question, "What is truth?" or, worse still, the cry εὕρηκα when we see that all is still dark! I have not yet told you that when at Parkhill I took advantage of Mr. Duncan's eyes and ability to translate French to make myself acquainted with Positivism as briefly taught in Comte's *Catechism*. . . The full result of making this acquaintance with the last offered substitute for Christianity I will not attempt to give you until we meet. My saddest thought is that a thinking man has found it possible to bring against Christianity the charge of egotism. What excuse for so fundamental a misconception is to be found in the mistake of seeing Christianity not in Christ but in the Church, I know not: for the Church is

not and has not been historically Christ multiplied; which it has been ever the true calling of the Church to be. Yet, however little Christians have been able to offer themselves to the faith of men as living epistles of the grace of God, or say, He that has seen us has seen Christ, as He said, "He that hath seen Me has seen the Father;" still, Christ has not been these eighteen hundred years without witnesses who have been living commentaries on His teaching of the Divine life as Love.

Love to God is self-love because of the sense of dependence which underlies it; and love to man is selfish because it is cherished at the command of God! To love God is to love Love; for God is Love. That the knowledge that God is Love, as well as that knowledge of love which enables us to know what we say when we say that God is Love, comes to us in the form of actings of the Divine Love in relation to ourselves; and that love in us is quickened by the faith of these actings;—this in no way affects the nature of love as a condition of our being.

Love is love, and the highest and purest interest of one in others. This is true apart from the history of the existence of love in any spirit. To us the Fountain of our life is the Fountain of love; and the highest aspect of our being is, that we are capable of sharing in that love to which we trace our being; and so of loving God for what He is,—*knowing* what He is, and the excellence of what He is in being love, as it is possible for love only to know and love. To confound *this* mind towards God with the selfish interest of dependence, or even with what is of self-reference in gratitude, implies that it is not known.

But I must be done. . . James and I go to Carluke next week. M. stays at home with beloved Mama. James is enjoying our beautiful roses. This place never looked better.

25th July, 1869.

. . . James and I made a pleasant visit to the Manse, enjoying their wonted kindness, and accompanying Dr. Wylie to call on neighbours, whose places are among the most beautiful features of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire: viz., Coltness, Mauldslie Castle, and Milton Lockhart. James has seen these beautiful places and with the interest of intercourse with those that dwell in them; for this makes a great difference.

[With reference to conversation on the subject of theological difficulties:] . . . There is a certain *diminution of mental freedom* in weighing such questions produced by *uttering* doubts. One less easily sees the unreality of anything once spoken of to another as real; to utter a doubt, and still more to argue in its favour, making free consideration of it more difficult. I was *not* the worse of my long letter. I could wish to write another on the topics of a long talk with Professor Young,[1] who was here on Monday. But I may wait your coming to say what I think as to the several provinces of Science and Metaphysics, and of Theology and Morality.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 1st August, 1869.

I am hearing of you, and I am thinking of you; yet I feel a craving for communion with you which is not satisfied. So I am sitting down to write to you after some deliberation as to which of you I should ask to share some of the thoughts about my children which, never long absent from my inner life, are more abundant in my Sunday meditation. This is natural, for Sunday is more a day of meditation than of action to yourselves; and on it my desire and prayer, that your prayers for yourselves may meet my prayers for you at the throne of

[1] Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow.

grace, is, I trust, being more peculiarly realized. I desire for you—I pray for you—that you may pray. True thoughts of our God awaken praise. This movement of our spirits we are conscious to when meditating on what He is. Shall we praise the beauty of a flower—or of music—or of "earth, sea, and sky all centred in the eye;" shall we thus permit ourselves to be affected by these according to their nature and our capacity of feeling the excellence that is in them, and shall the divine perfection—the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ—not affect us according to what it is, and that capacity of appreciating it with which we are endowed as those the chief end of whose being is to "glorify God and enjoy Him for ever"? My child, seek to realize what God is, and to yield yourself to the sense of what He is; so shall your heart go forth to Him in praise. But praise will be prayer if the excellence we are admiring and adoring be seen in its relation to ourselves. For that excellence is shining on our conscious being as *light*, the light of life; revealing to us what we are—what we have the capacity of being—and what the Infinite Love into which we are gazing wills to do in us that that capacity may be filled to the utmost. In such light we must needs pray. Prayer alone is the due obedience of faith—I may say, the natural expression of faith—when faith is thus apprehending the love which the Father is bestowing upon us. We cannot but pray that the love of God may fulfil its own will in us. This is the inevitable welcome with which we meet the love in the reality of which and in the divine power of which we are believing.

And prayer thus ascending to God as the fountain of divine life, that life flows into us more or less abundantly according as we pray. While it flows it, so to speak, ever widens the channel in which it flows.

I seek rather to suggest than to expand the thought to which I invite your interest. Let me add, meditation passing into praise, and praise into prayer, to prayer will

succeed the "keeping of the heart with all diligence, because out of it are the issues of life."

Water of life from the fountain of life flowing into us in the divine response to prayer, is in the heart as in the fountain of an individual life; which, being thus divinely filled, flows fresh from us in pure streams of right thoughts and feelings—taking form in right words and actions. So a pure life will issue, the fountain of the heart "kept diligently;" that is, watchful care being exercised to suffer no *inflow* but what is from God.

15th August, 1869.

What better form of expression can I now choose than the words with which I closed my last hurried letter—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon thee, and give thee peace." What a wonderful sum of true conceptions of our relation to our God, and of the blessedness which belongs to occupying that relation aright, do these words, "the light of God's countenance," contain! God is love, and His love comes forth to us and enfolds us continually. But, while unchanging as love, its *aspect* changes according to changes in us—now a grieving and rebuking love—now an acknowledging and rejoicing love; and sensitiveness on our part to these changes we cherish more and more as we learn to find our life more and more in His favour. "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." Such a prayer contains in it the prayer, "Make us what Thou desirest that we should be;" for unless He does this for us, we cannot be such as the light of His countenance can rest upon. But He *teaches* us *what* He wills us to be, and awakens in us the *desire to be it*, with the intention of causing us to pray for and to welcome His own Holy Spirit to make us to be it. And our faith in so praying, and so looking to God to perfect His strength in our

weakness, will be strong in the measure in which we truly and honestly believe that God does truly and honestly desire that we should be what He calls us to be.

"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: Hear ye Him." We do not doubt that with Christ God is well pleased. But why does a voice from Heaven tell us so? why is there always a voice which is the voice of God *ever saying this* to us in our own hearts? Not surely merely to condemn us because we are not ourselves what we see in Christ. This is one result,—a right result; but the ultimate end,—the result in which God will have pleasure,—is what we are taught by the words, "Hear ye Him." Hear Him that He may teach you what I have pleasure in,—may teach you with the words which are spirit and life—may teach you to call me Father in spirit and in truth, imparting His own mind to you. All my various good wishes for you have this one essence—that you may ever hear the Son in whom the Father is well pleased, and be effectually taught by Him.

How slow we are to understand that the peaceful, happy consciousness of being in the school of Christ learning the life of Sonship from Him, enabled by Him to live that life—is *religion.*

To his Eldest Daughter.

August, 1869.

Your pictures of the wee darling are most delightful. How Bob must rejoice in his successful use of the cords of love to draw her out of the waters of unintelligent consciousness, as yet the main stream of existence to her, into a little portion of transparent water of love, through which the rays of his love reach her.

Mr. Erskine used to fix a child's eye by a look of kindness when we walked among the happy little groups in the Tuilleries, and when he elicited a responsive smile he would say, "that child's spirit and mine have communion."

I long much to speak to the spirit if not to the intellect of my little grandchild. I doubt not I shall succeed in this, though not having the attraction for babies which my beloved father had, to whom strange children in their nurses' arms would seek to get.

I remember (as you have heard me recal) that, in my deep sorrow after my beloved father's death, the two witnesses for God's love that most cheered me as helps to faith were the sunshine and your infant smile: of course imperfect witnesses, and bearing their testimony with success because testifying to what I knew already; yet true witnesses and helpful.

I enclose a letter for which I am thankful. It takes me back to 1832, and a visit to Inverness which I have always looked back on with thankfulness in connection with the Mr. Wilson whose guest I was, and whose welcome of my teaching of the love of God was to himself a crisis,—to himself and to his family.

The great extent to which *theoretic Calvinism* had in those days possession of the minds of all who were much occupied with religion made my preaching "news" as well as good; and there was a positive advantage in there being something to *get over*, as compared with the present time in which the assertion that "Christ died for all" is so far from awaking surprise that the opposite would more surprise. When I say "advantage," I mean that assent then implied thought and a weighing of the truth alleged.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

19th September.

Your mother and I have just been enjoying the society of our sweet grandchild; and in now taking my pen to repeat the oft-told tale that your babe is as well as can be, I will attempt, as some good use of my paper (and of the day being

a Sunday), to address to you and to dear William a little sermon on the text of your little girl's felt value as an element in our society here. And I am not going to claim the character of *a sermon* for any dwelling on her sweetness which is permissible in her grandfather writing to her father and mother. What has been impressing my own mind so much, and what I feel it for edification to preach, is the thought of how much one person may minister to others of a true and healthy social enjoyment *without the uttering of a word*, or the *doing of a deed*, with the purpose of amusing or being civil, or in any way the purpose of making company—simply by the unconscious influence of a kindly, social, responsive feeling—no more, for thought it is not yet. The moral is, "Let me seek to contribute *this much* to the happiness of those with whom I am—even what my grandchild contributes—whatever, less or more, I may add according as the measure of seventy years' development may have fitted me to add."

To his ELDEST SON.

14th October, 1869.

. . . I had read to me last night the paper[1] of Mr. Arnold's in the *Cornhill* which James mentioned; and I am thankful to see so much exercise of mind in the endeavour to weigh aright the several phases of religious thought and life of which he writes; and I recognize many of the lines he draws as rightly drawn. His *next* article may clear the point; but I do not expect to find his positive teaching—or, rather, his setting forth of St. Paul's positive teaching—on "justification" so satisfactory as his negative assertion as to what the Apostle does not teach, though it has been so usually traced to him.

As to "imputation of righteousness," you know that I seem to myself to see Luther as really one with Paul, neither

[1] "St. Paul and Protestantism."

being one with the Protestant divines—Melanchthon, &c.,—though they have been regarded only as systematizing Luther's less logical thought. I do not, however, wonder that Luther has been, as I think, misunderstood; for I do not feel he clearly understood himself. But in the light of the true and essential righteousness of faith, I can see *that* righteousness as the essence of Luther's confidence towards God, however much his words are what might here mislead: while I do not see any indication of an apprehension of the true righteousness of faith in Arnold's protest for the Apostle; whose true defence, as to that in respect of which Arnold defends him, is, not that righteousness was primary and justification by faith secondary in the Apostle's mind, while the Reformation theology, erroneously ascribed to the Apostle, inverts this order;—not this, but that the Apostle saw the true eternal righteousness in faith itself, and as its very essence. This is, you will see, quite a different conception. However, if I do Arnold injustice, his next article will set me right. If I do not, then it will probably make his error more palpable.

15th October.

[After seeing in the papers an intimation of the death of Mr. Prichard:] He had never answered my last letter; and I had often thought that he must be worse. He was ill when he last wrote, and had often been thought dying. I felt a peculiar bond with him. His was the first review of *The Nature of the Atonement* that indicated any real insight: and when he came to be some hours with me at Leicester, his humble tone of mind, and the way in which he listened to what I was enabled to say on points on which he had difficulties, quite abased me in my own thoughts.

Having taken another sheet, I must say a word as to what I was thinking of this morning in reference to the oft-quoted "There is more faith in honest doubt," &c.; viz.,

that, while "honest doubt" may imply a real faith in God, as when faith in God's love raises doubts as to the truth of what are regarded as the orthodox conceptions of the divine counsels, there is a misleading confusion in the minds of "doubters," as well as of those who value themselves on their "orthodoxy," as to the *faith* without which it is impossible to please God. The intellectual element in faith has absorbed attention; the moral and spiritual have been unrealized; and this has been a natural result of the *kind* of value put on orthodoxy of thought. So "the evil heart of unbelief," whose proper working is "departing from the living God," has been ascribed to those who doubt; while the good heart of faith, whose working is cleaving to the living God, has not been the consciousness of those bringing the charge in the confidence of their own believing. Alas! what a shadow of a shade that "believing" is, which, in the presence of "doubt," congratulates itself on being the opposite of doubt! This we shall understand if we see that, in the light of real belief, we do constantly feel condemned by the consciousness of the weakness of our faith.

To his Third Son.

Laurel Bank, 15th October, 1869.

The analogy of prayer to the use of other means to ends may not be so obvious to you as it is to me. It is briefly this:—If the thought, "God will bring to pass what He wills should come to pass," be not a reason for not using our own exertions to influence the future, how should the thought "God will do what He proposes to do" be a reason for not seeking by prayer to affect the future? God, intending an end of good to me or mine, yet seems to leave that end contingent on my use of what He indicates to me as right means: prayer is one of the means thus in the divine wisdom interposed.

It has been often said, as between man and man, "It is better to give men work and pay them for it than to feed them in idleness,—better for the recipients themselves." As to much of what God gives, we see the same thing. Our development by knowledge acquired, even laboriously, is what we cannot see would be if the same knowledge came to us by intuition—were the simple opening of a mental eye. The knowledge might be the same, but the development of the man would not.

The scientific study of laws may develop us intellectually; personal intercourse with the Father of our spirits can alone develop us as sons of God; and how wisely has prayer its place in this intercourse, he knows best who proves it most.

To the Rev. D. J. Vaughan.

Laurel Bank, 29th October, 1869.

Your kindness in sending to me that most pleasant tribute in the *Guardian* to Mr. Prichard is too long unacknowledged. Let me thank you much. I had been thinking of writing to ask what you could tell me of him, when I received your letter. The deeply interesting impression of my few hours with him at your house remains very freshly with me. I thought of writing to Mrs. Prichard, but did not—not being personally known to her; and now I see that there must be a circle of friends of his known to her, from whom expressions of value for him and sympathy with her, such as will soothe her sorrow, will come.

I trust your hopes from the disestablished Irish Church may be realized. I also hope your Church may retain its cohesion, and not fall into three pieces. I realize painfully the superstition in one section, the narrow and inadequate representation of the gospel by another section, and the vague negative aspect of the teaching of the third. Yet the antagonism which so tends to fix attention on that in which

each condemns the others—hindering the direct consideration of the common salvation—is likely to be increased by separation into what we may fear would be hostile camps. However, it may be otherwise. We do not know. Sometimes I hope that those conflicting claims on faith, as they wax louder and louder, may cause many to set themselves to listen calmly to the still small voice.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, 25th November, 1869.

. . . I, too, was not expecting so much seriousness from M. Arnold. I also found him, in part at least, separating between the Apostle Paul and Calvinism as I have myself long done. But it seems to me that, while rightly insisting upon the place which righteousness had in the Apostle's mind, he has not yet understood what to the Apostle's mind was righteousness, or discerned its identity with *faith*. Because God is righteous faith in God (in the light of what God is; and out of that light there is no enlightened faith in God) is righteousness, and has in it all the elements of the righteousness of God.

The diversity of teaching which M. Arnold seems prepared to recognize in the New Testament teachers (holding it so great in reference to the recognized Pauline Epistles and the Epistle to the Hebrews as to be conclusive against the idea that the Epistle was St. Paul's)—this diversity has no existence if we read the epistles in the light of the one truth which is in them all. As to questions of language or style, I do not feel qualified to have an opinion as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But I know certainly that I am in one Eternal Light, as to God and goodness and true righteousness, alike in being taught by the Epistle to the Hebrews and in being taught by the Epistle to the Romans. This, of course, does not prove that they

are by the pen of one man ; for I have the same consciousness under the teaching of either St. Peter or St. John : but it does away with M. Arnold's criticism; and does so on ground that affects the whole question of the claim of revelation to be revelation. If the original teachers of Christianity differed as he seems prepared to say they did as to what they taught, we cannot regard them as inspired in any sense that gives a divine sanction to their teaching. For in that case we might know that we perfectly understood what they say, and yet have the question "Is it true?" still pressed on us ; and with this addition, that it cannot be all true. Paul's wisdom, John's wisdom, Peter's wisdom, would still remain to us, mixed with their several errors,—in what proportions we knew not. But if individually or collectively they had still a savour of wisdom sufficient to engage us in the task of attempting to separate the gold from the dross, and that we were conscious in ourselves to a power qualifying us for the task, that would be an altogether different state of things from that which is our actual position, and that which determines here both our obligations to God for His goodness, and our responsibilities as the recipients of His goodness.

. . . . . .

The peaceful consciousness of being in one and the same light of Eternal Life whichever of the apostles I am listening to, is to me an evidence that one Spirit—the Spirit of God—speaks to me by them all. And the fact that I have only gradually come to this consciousness in no way affects the certainty which accompanies it. Had this oneness not been a reality I could never have attained to the knowledge of it. Nay, when I consider what has delayed my progress towards this mental position, the explanation of the delays is altogether confirmatory. These have been in part traditional misinterpretations. Of course such now cause me no difficulty, while they explain how others, standing where I stood,

may be detained by them; and, if they have accepted the idea that those men may contradict one another, the detention may be a stopping altogether in absolute despair of attaining to an harmonizing light. But the delays may have been in part caused by differences in the *mode* and *form* as distinguished from the *essence* of the teachings; and such differences being seen as only what they are, the essential unity becomes all the more conclusive evidence of one source. And as the retrospect of a slow progress,—now seen in the light attained,—whichever of these hindrances have caused it, must have a confirmatory power; so does it also lighten the sense of remaining difficulties, strengthening the hope that these too may dissolve in more perfect light. Not that *all* difficulties are, so to speak, thus soluble. The light given, and which is to "shine more and more unto perfect day," is the light of life; the fulness of which may well comport with abiding intellectual darkness as to what is no element of divine life. I have said to you how the relation of God to the creature seems to me, as respects the consciousness of the Creator, what we may—or rather must—for ever live outside of: while I believe that many of the mental difficulties which oppress men spring from impatience of this outsideness.

28th November, 1869.

[With reference to difficulty found in writing sermons:] My first freedom and enlargement came with the transition —gradual and almost unconscious—from *writing on a subject* to *striving with a people*, in the realization of an *ideal* for them contrasting with the *real* discerned in them, and with the hope of getting for that "ideal" the place of that "real." Even while the ideal was yet ill defined, and the real imperfectly understood, and the appointed means for accomplishing the desired change were only becoming visible to me, there was much in the new character of the effort that made

my pulpit preparations to be more easy, as well as my pulpit speaking and action more animated; and all without thought of these results.

I said in my last letter that I too felt M. Arnold more serious in these papers than I expected. But I do not know his mind so well as to have been entitled to have had any definite expectations. One thing pained me as levity, viz., the way in which he speaks of the confidence of those who say what they say as certainly learned from God, as if this were to claim a familiarity with God's mind, as with the mind of "one in the next street." He does not use this lowering comparison in reference to the sacred writers, I know. He uses it with reference to the confidence with which systems, extracted from or built on the Scriptures, have been set forth. But the assumption of a revelation, when realized (producing "solemn sweet reverence in the things of God," as my old Row favourite, Henry Dorney, speaks) is far enough removed from the feeling of having "one in the next street" to quote or refer to. Nearer than "the next street," even nigh to our spirits within, and yet above us high as heaven is above the earth, is God felt to be when the words of apostles address themselves to "every man's conscience in the sight of God," and we hear as those who wait on the teaching of God, and who are open to that action of God in our spirits by which true outward teaching becomes to us "spirit and life."

I know indeed how much there is of quoting Scripture as men quote a law book, drawing on the naked intellect only; the teaching of God as the living God being relegated to the region of miracle and exceptional dealing. But while not rejecting the thought of exceptional dealings amounting to the miraculous, my faith acknowledges as *normal*, and underlying all hope in preaching as all responsibility in hearing, a true inward divine teaching in the spirit, enabling him who is yielded to it, and in the measure in which he is

yielded to it, to understand and welcome Revelation. Who, knowing this as the history of his own deepest convictions, can be other than pained by Arnold's lightness and, I may say, ridicule?

But is not this (to which he recurs as a good point) traceable to a *more serious evil* than such levity as the too frequent confident and irreverent dogmatism of theologians may in fact excuse?—traceable, I mean, to a resolving of the will of God into a moral law to which, for its well-being, our moral nature must conform, as our physical to the law of gravitation; by which process the personality of God is lost. No one—and I cannot but fear that M. Arnold is such a one—to whom a moral law working as a law is a synonym for God, can really think of the teachings of apostles as other than the throwing of their own moral perceptions and recognitions of this law into a form determined by the educational prejudice of the faith of a living God.

As a reply to Renan these papers are good, as showing in what misconception of his subject Renan writes in writing of St. Paul. But Arnold's own faith, if it is combined with an approach—though but a distant approach—to a truer understanding of St. Paul, has a blank in its very centre—even where God should be. His demand for science is to my mind vitiated by an inadequate and most defective conception of the capacity for science, in the large sense of the word, as *knowledge of what is*, with which God has endowed us. For *God is*, and he recognizes no capacity of knowing this: God speaks, and he recognizes no capacity of hearing His voice.

4th December, 1869.

[After speaking of the subject of the Second Advent, and especially of the words, "We which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep" (1 Thes iv. 15), he continues:] The real diffi-

culties of this subject appear to me these two: (1) The holding forth an expectation meant to press on every mind, as being to every man *the* point of interest in the future, and a point between which and him there was no certain interval; while this expectation is found to be after 1800 years, and so many generations, still unfulfilled. But this difficulty is to me sufficiently removed when I rise out of the individual hope up into the hope of the church. The heart knows in itself "the foreshortening of prophecy" when the prayer "Thy kingdom come" is offered in faith. *The interest of the future must be one with the prayer of the present.* No doubt the coming of the Lord is but a step towards that ultimate hope which is seen in a glass darkly in the words, "God shall be all in all." But it is revealed as so great a step, and having so great results, as may well explain why *it*, and *not* the individual's own death, should have been set before the church. . . .

(2) But though this first difficulty is both the most obvious, and also that which is most felt under the influence of the ordinary habit of mind on the subject of salvation, the great difficulty to my mind is that which will be felt by any one to whom the *Philosophy of History* presents the claims of a real science. Not that I know all that this new science (claiming to be the highest as well as the latest) has to say for itself: while I must be slow to accept from it conclusions which seem to tend to substitute *faith* in its "prospective development" for faith in the coming of the Lord, and in that reign of righteousness which that coming will usher in. I must move warily in all thinking here; knowing how this philosophy seems to deal with the *first* coming of Christ, and with Historical Christianity.

Any who see the *dawn* of Christianity as within the compass of mere humanity, and as that to the production of which it was equal, by its spontaneous opening of its eyes to the laws of the Universe,—and without that coming of God

into humanity, and that acting of God in humanity, which is the subject of historical Christianity,—any, I say, who thus look *back*, substituting what is to them a *philosophy* for our *faith*, may also look *forward* to a kingdom of God and a reign of Christ, which shall have a corresponding merely human character; the "perfect day" of light and righteousness of their system being in harmony with its "dawn." But seeing how their system to my mind finds no place for what has to me the first and highest place in the past, and that they, as I have said, look forward with the same eyes with which they look back, I must be very careful in weighing these thoughts. Yet—and this is my difficulty—I cannot put their thoughts away from me without examination, seeing how many-sided truth is—how manifold God's wisdom is—how a strong hold of truth in one region has caused, by reason of our narrowness, inability to see it or hold it in another. The saying that God has given us religion through the Jews, philosophy through the Greeks, jurisprudence through the Romans, seems true. Yet how often have men been blind to God's giving anything through the Greeks or Romans; and when God did give religion through the Jews, how different was the form in which He did so from the anticipations of those through whom He gave it! Such thoughts make me slow to say to myself what form the coming of the Lord will take—what the reign of righteousness.

CHAPTER XIV.

1870.

Death of Mr. Erskine—Return to the Gareloch—Letters of this year—Froude's *Short Studies*—M. Arnold on Puritanism—Memories of Mr. Erskine—His Writings—Newman's *Grammar of Assent*—Mr. Voysey's Case—Final Restitution.

THE spring of this year brought an event which touched Dr. Campbell very nearly,—the death of his beloved friend Mr. Erskine. The two friends had met for the last time at the beginning of February. Dr. Campbell was then on his way to visit his married daughter; and he felt that he must not leave Scotland without going to see his friend. They spent some days happily together; and when they had said farewell for the last time, Mr. Erskine called Mrs. Campbell back, that he might tell her what pleasure Dr. Campbell's visit had given him, and how much good he felt it had done him.

Not long after Mr. Erskine's death, Dr. Campbell carried out the plan already referred to, and removed his home to Rosneath.

On the occasion of his leaving the neighbourhood of Glasgow, many friends wished to give expression to the regard which they felt for Dr. Campbell; and, in order to give effect to this wish, a committee was formed, which included

the names of many eminent clergymen and laymen. At first it was proposed that a public dinner should be given; but Dr. Campbell felt himself unable to accept this proposal, while very sensible of the kindness which had suggested it. Accordingly this intention was abandoned, and, in the following year, a testimonial was presented to Dr. Campbell, of which more will be said in the next chapter.

The home in which Dr. Campbell spent the last two years of his life commanded a view of his old parish of Row, extending from Garelochhead to Helensburgh. Before he went to live there, he wished to give the house a name which should include *sith* (pronounced *shee*), the Gaelic word for peace; and, in conversation with Mr. Campbell of Peaton, he found that the old local name of the field, on which the house had been built some sixty years before, was Ach-na-sith, the Field of Peace. Accordingly he adopted this name for the home of his old age, modifying the spelling of the word, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the rules of Gaelic orthography.

To his Eldest Son.

Laurel Bank, January 2nd, 1870.

This is the first Sunday, the second day, of this new year, 1870; which brings with it to me the feeling of being seventy, although not that strictly till May 4th. One day is itself as another, and every day a great gift. Our poetic nature responds to the words of the poet, "The sunrise is a glorious birth." Our faith yields its higher response to the words of the Psalmist, "Thy mercies are new unto me every morning." Nevertheless I find some help in numbering my days so as to apply my heart to wisdom, in New-year's-days and in birthdays; though not shining with the special light of Christmas or of Easter. One practical result of my present

freshened sense of the lapse of time is a purpose that relates to you: viz., not to delay the expression to you of thoughts which I may offer with any hope of helping until something says "write now," or until I can write so fully as I would like; for my temptation is to hope little from mere hints. I shall now put down some things, which you will read as disconnected, though drops from one fountain.

1. I feel deeply for ——,[1] feel for what he has passed through, and without the comfort of putting the value which it may have to himself on any relief which taking a decided step will have brought. "A bribe blinds the eyes of a judge." The conscientious anxiety not to be bribed may, however, affect the balancing of the mind as much as any positive bribe. Newman's "Loss and Gain" recalled to me my experiences long ago in dealing with minds that have been attracted to the opposite pole of adult baptism. The struggle to submit to loss—the fear of being blinded by the desire to be spared it—has really occupied the spirit as a hindrance to looking with a single eye at the question weighed. So when the man has nerved himself for the sacrifice, and it is made, there comes an instantaneous relief, which readily feels as a seal put on the step taken. So Newman's "gain" when he passed over to the Church of Rome—the joy and freedom of spirit which he represents as flowing in upon him—recalled to me the testimony of Baptists, which they have urged on me as an argument from their own experience, in favour of seeking that rebaptism which had so set them free. In time a really free reconsideration of the step taken may lead to its being seen to have been a mistake—a serious mistake; and the error in judgment now confessed may be traced to some form of haste or self-reliance, that has induced an erroneous conception of duty which in its origin has been blameworthy, however remembered conscientiousness may mitigate the self-blame. How deeply humbled was the great Apostle of

[1] A clergyman who had lately renounced his orders.

the Gentiles at every remembrance of his having "persecuted the Church;" although he had been conscientious, and found an element of comfort in the thought that he had. If the Church of England goes to pieces, as it threatens to do, and that —— shall live to see this, and to see that the step he has now taken has had its part in hastening the crisis, he may yet be looking back in a light in which that step will be remembered with much pain, though it may not be unmingled pain.

2. . . . I know by experience the pressure of the personal question which an authorized creed forces on one occupying the place of a teacher in the church, but not seeing eye to eye with the church. My position differed from ——'s in that my faith was going beyond that of the church, while his, I suppose, comes short of it. But the pressure on me to speak according to what was to me higher and fuller light was, of course, a more authoritative practical impulse than can have weighed on his mind urging a negative protest. [After referring to an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette:*] You will know that, though the practical counsel "to abide in the church" is what would be my own, and is given in the interest of the nation and of extension of light, I would give it as realizing the progressive nature of individual enlightenment, and the importance of scope being given for the free exercise of thought; and *not at all* as being personally in uncertainty either as to the reality of a revelation, or as to the clearness of its teaching considered in itself: however many causes have tended to make it obscure to us—chiefly hindrances to the singleness of eye with which we read. The *Pall Mall Gazette* would, I think, say: "Remain in the church. The freedom of thought always claimed by its highest minds, and conceded now more than ever, saves from the appearance of being violating an engagement in remaining in the church, while availing oneself of that recognized freedom. And it is the interest of truth that

you should thus act." This may be said as conscientiously in their view as I would say it with very different convictions; rather I should say, with deep convictions, as opposed to doubts.

3. I shall not get through all my contemplated hints, which I have allowed so to accumulate. . . . I will content myself for the present with the brief expression of one other thought, which I have desired much to place before you: viz., what appears to me the true view of the demand which historical criticism makes on a man in my position. That position is a faith in revelation which has many elements, but the chief element in which at this moment is the character of that which the Scriptures teach. The Scriptures speak to me as the offspring of God and as the brother of men. I know that I am both. I can accept from the Apostle the axiom to which he appeals: "We are all His offspring." Listening as the child of God and the brother of men, I weigh all that is addressed to me in both these capacities. It is spoken to me as that which the consciousness of what I am in these two aspects of my being should prepare me to understand; and I feel that my consciousness as a man is such a preparation. I do understand; and with a measure of understanding which justifies faith in that which is addressed to me. In proportion as that which is spoken becomes more and more clear to me my conscious self becomes more and more clear to me also; and in proportion to the strength of this light of what is spoken, and what I am to whom it is spoken, the faith quickening in me strengthens. Further, yielding myself to the power of this faith—suffering it to work in me according to its own proper nature—the result to which I am conscious proves to be such as still further and in a peculiar way justifies the faith to the power of which I am yielded. *Antecedent* to faith there was enough present to my spirit to justify faith; making it a reasonable response on my part. *Now* there is

added in the conscious eternal life quickened in me—which agrees with the words, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself"—a witness in addition to that witness of God that He "has given to us eternal life in His son" which faith had accepted. It needs no long continued hearing—it needs no prolonged experience of the life which in the hearing of faith is quickened—to give a most intelligent well-grounded assurance. Nevertheless, being what we are, the trial of our faith is precious; and the hearing continued and the experience prolonged through days and months and years, in circumstances, outward and inward, which oppose themselves to the progress and development of the divine life in us—making faith a conflict and the life of faith a victory—there comes to be an accumulation of grounds for holding fast that confidence with which we had started; and which, reasonable at the first, has become indefinitely more and more reasonable.

Now, as one from whom this is all the testimony of a witness—not the propounding of a theory—a witness speaking from the consciousness of more than forty years, my position in relation to the claims of historical criticism is, that whatever its results may have of interest in many secondary aspects of the subject, be they what they may, they can in no way affect my faith. They cannot touch the ground on which it rested at the first. They cannot touch the countless fresh grounds superadded since.

LAUREL BANK, 16th January, 1870.

. . . Principal Shairp gave me a very poor report of my beloved Mr. Erskine; which led me to write to Miss Gourlay, to consult her about my going to see him. A second letter from Shairp, after a second visit—as well as Miss Gourlay's reply—has so far relieved me that I do not

think of going at once; but I do not feel that I could leave Scotland with a free mind without having first seen him, as he is so much enfeebled, and spring is so critical a season for old age. Both letters are a comfort and relief so far: but they leave this conviction.

. . . Your mother has about finished Froude's first volume.[1] He is a beautifully easy clear writer. I could wish to exchange styles with him; or rather, to have his style without depriving himself of it. But I do not feel that with the same thoughts to express he could preserve the same ease and clearness.

. . . His theory of Luther's strength, and of his power over others, I believe to be quite inadequate, and to be short of the truth; though I do not doubt he is right so far. Here he comes short only as others have done. Even Scott always seemed to me to have a defective though true conception in this matter. No doubt, "Here I am; I can do no other; so help me God!" is the manly and God-fearing and conscience-honouring attitude of a true man. But to find the secret of Luther's might in this, apart from the nature of the truth for which Luther witnessed, seems to me a fundamental error, and fruitful of error. It has led to that placing of Luther in the same category with all the bold thinkers who, since his time, have uttered their convictions at whatever cost; procuring for him an estimation with the "men of progress" ever since his time, which has not implied any fellowship in that which to Luther was his life: and thus there has been a great diminution of Luther's value as a witness for Christ—a witness for truth in the sense of our Lord's words, "I am the truth"—"For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." Christ's "good confession before Pilate" must be understood —can only be understood—in the light of what He was, and

[1] The 1st volume of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.

all he did and taught; and the goodness of Luther's confession is to be known in the same way.

. . . . . .

The most interesting by far (at least it was so to me) of all these papers is that on Job. And it has awakened many thoughts for which we thank Mr. Froude. Here the shortcoming to me is the purely *negative* character of the lesson recognized as that taught; namely, that temporal sufferings are not to be interpreted as special tokens of divine displeasure; being identical with the teaching which he recognizes in our Lord's words, "Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay." You may remember perhaps my complaining of a sermon of Dean Stanley's on these words, which he cut off from the words added, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." So the positive teaching that Job received, and which was his gain from all that he had been subjected to, appears to me to be indicated to us by the words, "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

To his Son-in-Law.

Laurel Bank, 29th January, 1870.

Mrs. Campbell and I have made a beginning of preparation for the move, and I am looking forward to some quiet life at this "field of peace" *if the Lord will*. If kind planning in all of you who have planned be the sowing of seed, of which such quiet is the fruit according to its kind, it may be that He will grant such an evening of life to us there. We can express our desires to Him—submissively and as those who would not, it we could, take the matter out of His hands.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

LAUREL BANK, 30th January, 1870.

. . . I go to Edinburgh (D.V.) to-morrow, Mrs. Campbell accompanying me ; and after some days there we proceed to Manchester. I did not feel that I could go so far away without first seeing this precious friend. He certainly is failing much. He is ever on my heart before our God, more than any one else has ever been ; and I seek that this may be in the spirit of the words, "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God ; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

. . . I see you are not yet able to speak of yourself as at your normal level as to fitness for work. I trust you are amenable to advice, and receive a physician as an ordinance. The excitement of intense work hides from us the injury it is causing, as to which we must believe others.

To his THIRD SON.

HEADLANDS, February 22nd, 1870.

We see the darling wee Mary much advanced since we came. She articulates no words as yet, but she is not therefore without a considerable command of expression, and we are quick to interpret.

The interest which every response to our attempts at communion with her spirit awakens is a teaching type of the interest that all response in the higher life, drawn from us by our Heavenly Father's divine ways of dealing with us, must awaken in the bosom of the Eternal Love. How varied are these drawings of the cords of love ! Varied in form, one in essence,—that essence, "My son, give me thine

heart." Let us never forget this divine order. Unless our faith receives the fathership of which "my son" is the utterance *first*, unless we let it sink into us with all its power to quicken love, we shall be vainly attempting to obey the call to give God our hearts, expecting in the strength of a sense of duty and of the conviction of its rightness to cherish that filial love which the faith of the Divine Fatherliness, and the consciousness that belongs to knowing ourselves embraced by it, can alone quicken, and will without effort quicken.

You must have often heard me I know on this subject; heard the talk in old age of one who in his youth laboured as having a special calling to preach the love of God as the great object of faith, that "faith which worketh by love and purifieth the heart and overcometh the world."

But we are very slow to understand this, to understand the history of the coming into existence of the love in man. "We love Him because He first loved us." Let not recognition of the inherent rightness of love to God appear enough to quicken such love in us. We must begin with the faith that "God is love." We must have these words filled with meaning to our minds and hearts by the manifestation of Divine Love in Christ, if we are really to come to the blessedness of loving God, of dwelling in love, and so dwelling in God. Love is only then pure in us when it flows into us direct from the fountain of the Divine Love, faith being our openness to this inflowing of this water of life.

To his Second Son.

Partick, 9th March, 1870.

Your mother and I came home on the 25th. Next morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. M'Grigor, written on behalf of a committee of friends who requested me to dine with them at Maclean's Hotel on the 30th inst.

The occasion specified was my being about to leave Glasgow. I have been so much a nobody in Glasgow all these thirty-seven years, that I thought I would pass away socially as a knotless thread. But the movement was only one of friends who sought an excuse for expressing what many in Glasgow and elsewhere are feeling to me, not socially, but on account of my books. I at first felt as if I must accept, and so express my response to the kindness of the proposal, and I wrote to Mr. M'Grigor accordingly. But after my letter was posted many misgivings which had been working in me were brought to a head by a letter from ——, and I went in to Mr. M'Grigor to recal my acceptance; and was thankful to find myself with him in time to prevent any communication to the committee. I am not sorry that my first impulse to accept has been expressed, as it shows how I welcomed and valued their interest in me. My decision satisfies me more and more as it presents new aspects. It has cost me not a little in feeling, but I am very thankful for the occurrence altogether. Of course I could not interpret the invitation as more than a moral testimony to the spirit in which I have written. It could not be viewed as the expression of an intellectual apprehension and acceptance of my teaching. Hence a difficulty in acknowledging the compliment. This, however, I thought I saw my way to managing *if* I could be assured that I could at the time keep to the track mentally traced out. I would rather not speak at all than so speak as in the least degree to disturb the mental image of me in the minds of those who only knew me as a writer. To them let me still continue a voice and no more.

I am alone at home with you. Your mother went down to Achnashie to return in the evening. She is having a very fine spring day, and I have no doubt will come back longing for the move.

To his ELDEST SON.

LAUREL BANK, 8th March, 1870.

. . . I have read Arnold's paper on "Puritanism in its relation to the Church of England." My early school was that of Tillotson, as embodied in my beloved father's teaching in the pulpit and out of it. My first conscious transition was from giving the first place to good works to giving that place to faith. My second and first thoughts are combined in my third and present, viz., the identity of goodness in the highest sense and faith in the highest sense; or, in other words, the identity, as a condition of spirit, of being of the mind of Christ, and beholding the glory of God in Christ.

Pope says—

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Arnold seems to me as one who might adopt Pope's words. Doubtless a life in the right—*i.e.*, the life of Christ in us—implies a right faith—*i.e.*, the faith of Christ as our life. But that was not Pope's meaning; nor is it Arnold's, I fear; though, if he were to superadd to theology and religion the philosophy of which he thinks us scarce yet capable, he would surely be forced to connect what men believe and what men are as he does not now do. I have long felt, in reference to the two tendencies which divide the church, that what thos eneed to learn who contend for goodness is the true divine ideal of goodness.

10th March.

. . . Your mother was yesterday at Achnashie, and came home full of its beauty; but it will be a fortnight yet before we can begin to move things. . . .

How this amount of sale of this third edition[1] has filled

[1] Of *Nature of the Atonement.*

me with thankfulness. My gracious Lord and Master has gathered for me a goodly congregation! With how many minds have I now been, and am I now being brought in contact!

To Mr. Duncan.

Laurel Bank, 13th March, 1870.

I have from Mary a letter written on Friday, when beloved Mr. Erskine was again quiet and free from suffering.

I am very thankful for her words in seeking to help me to realize how he is: "Peaceful, gentle, calm, clear;" and when he thought the end was come, "naming loved ones."

Dear, dear brother! I am unable to say to myself with confidence whether it was in 1827 or 1828 that dear Scott took me to him, as to one who knew that "love of God" in which we were seeing eye to eye. How all-satisfying the faith that "God is love" felt to me then. "All the sequel" seemed, as Gambold says, "well weighed." And it was no fond illusion. Upwards of forty years' trial of that faith has only deepened it, if it has not heightened it; and if the clouds and darkness that are around the Throne have from time to time drawn to themselves an attention which I gave not to them then, yet the Throne itself, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne, have ever shone in clear light: and the faith has been steadfast that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

How certain it is that "the trial of our faith is precious," yielding, as it does, increase of self-knowledge, with increased knowledge of our God. How different during these years, in which our lives have been so linked together, have been the outward histories of this beloved friend and myself; with, doubtless, corresponding inward differences. Yet one Love has watched over us both, has been choosing for us

our several trials of faith, and has been revealing Itself and endearing Itself to our souls in them and through them.

"God raised Christ from the dead, and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God." How little understood is "justification by faith." So right the attitude of the human spirit implied, so righteous the divine acceptance.

To the Bishop of Argyll.

23rd March, 1870.

My dear Bishop,—Beloved Mr. Erskine died on Sunday evening at between half-past nine and ten o'clock. I received my niece's letter yesterday, but only accomplished writing (with it) to my sister.

The solemn, sad, blessed event you will know from the newspapers. The light that cheered the close to the dear ones round him while they saw his face and heard his words of faith and of love,—all that has made me add "blessed" to the other words that came to me as a bereaved believing friend—all this you may not know unless I make some attempt to share with you the comfort which my niece's letters from day to day have been to myself.

There was nothing but peace—trust—love, with perfect clearness of mind—perfect realization of being parting with this life, and being passing into that which is to come:—in *one* sense to come, but in the *deepest* sense it *was* his *already*. The *words* of faith and hope and love which he spoke he would have spoken many years ago,—even before I first knew him, forty-three years ago. But they have been deepening in meaning to him through all trials of his faith since he first trusted in Christ. . . .

I send you these few words for your comfort in what I know is to you a true sorrow.—Ever yours most truly,

J. M'L. Campbell.

PARTICK, 25th March, 1870.

MY JOHN AND MY JAMES,—My beloved Mr. Erskine died last Sunday evening. A time of comparative ease and freedom from suffering, combined with great weakness and occasional symptoms that seemed to himself and to those around him to intimate the close, spread the consciousness of a deathbed over so many days and nights that to him and to them, and to us to whom there was a letter almost every day, it has been a *prolonged parting;* giving occasion for oft-repeated utterances of his faith and hope and love, which are to us all memories of our latest communion with him here, which solemnly and most sweetly connect what we remember as his past life among us with our hope for that on which he has now entered: our hope, as his hope, being an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, having its hold within the veil.

Personally, I have been for a considerable time brought more under this beloved friend's burden than I had ever before felt myself to be in the case of any other. And when that burden became so much *sympathy with a dying brother* who was peacefully meeting death in the strength of the Eternal Life, it brought with it to myself a realization of death, and of the elements of the strength for dying which is in the faith which quickens and sustains in us the consciousness of the Eternal Life as what death cannot touch: a realization which has been the nearest thing to the mental part of dying that I have yet known.

I trust that this experience, which I have felt great gain, may abide with me in its fruits. That nearness to death which is in actual very dangerous illness is very different; as such real nearness is more a reality to those around one often than to oneself—most severe illness paralysing, rather than quickening thought. There was, however, no paralys-

ing of this kind in his case, but clear intelligent peaceful realization.

You both knew him in a true sense, though inadequate; and this knowledge will give special interest to this most imperfect attempt to say something of the much that I am thinking and feeling. Forty-three years of a friendship begun in the light of the love of God to man, and having, through its whole course, its interests in the aspects which existence presents in the light of that love, ought to make parting in that same light of love easy, parting with one who is exchanging the earnest of the inheritance for the inheritance itself.

To his Youngest Daughter.

Laurel Bank, 26th March, 1870.

. . . I write myself because I feel it a comfort to speak to all my children something of the fulness that is in my heart at this time, when there has been taken from me this beloved friend, who for forty-three years has occupied in my higher life a special place which only one other—Mr. Scott—has shared with him. I have had, and there remain to me still, near and dear personal friends of whose personal interest and religious sympathy I am perfectly assured. I have also "fellow-labourers," who more or less fully share in my faith of that love of God to men which, since I have known it, it has been the great work of my life to commend; and I trust I have valued and do value all such gifts of love. But the several values of other dear friends were in some sense combined in them. And as to the highest bond—highest because nearest to our bond to our Lord—I met them both forty-three years ago, about the same time, as the first who gave a full response to all that was in my heart of the joy in God through Jesus Christ; having before—each, and each separately—come to the

same light of the divine love in which I was rejoicing. A friendship begun in this light of life, and continued through so many years in the same light, may well have prepared our hearts for that trial of parting to which all communion of heart here is liable; and I who have survived them both must feel thankfulness my deepest consciousness in thinking of their having passed from time to eternity—from the hope and the foretaste of the inheritance to the inheritance itself.

To his THIRD SON.

PARTICK, 14th April, 1870.

This will be my last letter from Laurel Bank. What future awaits us at Achnashie does indeed feel like a postscript to the epistle of our life. Yet its contents may be both good and important.

At present we are rather taken back into the past however, and are each filled with memories, which, while precious and treasured, it seems wiser not to dwell on, but just thankfully to look back at, with the reflection that they have done their part in handing us on to a present which, but for them, could not be what it is.

How strangely we are inclined to look back on past stages in our journey of life, regretting that it was impossible to *rest* in them; as your Aunt used to feel the deliciousness of babes so much as half to wish that that form of being might continue. But the youth, being well-conditioned, is better than the child, and the man than the youth, if each successive present has received from the "pasts" what they were intended to furnish to it.

Seventy years will not doubtless have accumulated all that rich store of preparedness for the highest form of old age at Achnashie, which it was in them to have furnished. Yet do I thankfully contemplate what they have yielded; remem-

bering also that the past, recalled in the fuller light of the present, will yield much to the spirit, as to which, when it was passing, the wisdom was lacking that would have discovered and extracted it. There doubtless is a "wise forgetting," the opposite of a foolish living in the past; but there is also a wise remembering, which is no unimportant element in a wise living in the present.

We are doing what we can to help you to share our thoughts and feelings about my beloved friend Mr. Erskine, by sending you such notices of him as his death has brought out in the papers. But your mother and I pass from the perusal of them, each and all, to the much that we have known and loved, and would like to see recorded, of which these do not speak. You have no idea how solemn I feel these days, and how this return to the Gareloch, small a matter as it is in comparison, combines with feelings related to him, there first my friend, who has been taken away to the region which knows no such alterations.

"Lord, teach us so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom." Nothing can be more barren and fruitless than ordinary reflections on the lapse of time, and the changes that come with it, being altogether negative and unpractical. But we, having received a kingdom which cannot be removed, will always pass to the thought of that kingdom from all that is moved, with a deeper sense of its value; value because of what *it is*, not merely because *it abides;* but, being what it is, that it abides enhances its value.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

LAUREL BANK, 18th April, 1870.

I suppose this will be my last letter bearing date from this home of your childhood. The sun shines on our departure. Margaret writes full of the beauty of the home about to

receive us: where, since she went as a pioneer, she has had only sunshine.

How the memories of all your young days here seem written upon all that meets the eye. I am saying to you all, for I know this to be the case, that, though yourselves so much the interest of Laurel Bank to your mother and me, you do not, cannot now, share this interest; though you may hereafter, when you look back through a vista of many years, when you shall have reached the *watershed* of life, whence we look down into the future as what we are to descend into, as well as down into the past which has been hopeful ascent; pausing to weigh both as in a balance ere we are now to descend. For by that time the enchantment which Campbell says distance lends to the view, shall have begun to invest the *past*, and life's many disappointments have begun to disenchant the future. But I must not write in this strain of what I may call natural sentiment, for fear I seem to have gathered from experience nothing but the disenchantment of life's young hopes. I bless God that to me *old age's waking consciousness* is infinitely sweeter than the brightest dreams of early days. I have not found the light of hope ever waxing dimmer,—that of memory becoming only more sadly bright when middle age has passed. No: only this has not been my experience, not because time as apart from eternity has been more satisfying to me than to some others, but because I so long ago learned no longer to live in time apart from eternity; taught to live the Eternal Life now in time. This, my own experience, will, I trust, be the experience of all my children also. Yet so much of natural sentiment I wish may live in you all, as will make your old home more interesting hereafter than it yet is. And now, after this parting word of benediction to Laurel Bank, let me look forward, as one being transplanted, and say, that my children will, I trust, be roots of life to me at Achnashie also; and this wee sweet fibre (Mary Campbell Crum), a feeder of

a sweet life to me there, investing that home with the charm peculiar to childhood.

To his Son-in-Law.

Achnashie, Rosneath, 4th May, 1870.

My seventieth birthday! I cannot adopt, I confess, the words of the patriarch, "few and evil," as descriptive of the "days of the years of my pilgrimage." They seem many, and have been often good. But their true value is to be measured by their fruit in the future, and not by what they are in retrospect; and that is but in small part seen here.

My dear William, how exceedingly your sympathies have been moved as a loving family! I have been feeling much with your sister in what she may be feeling in seeing you all leaving; at least those of you whom the near prospect of the end could alone justify in staying. It will have suggested to her that release may be further off than she looked for. Yet when we so know God that we can *trust Him for eternity*, we can also trust Him as to a little more of time; while I trust that the lengthened time may be with diminished suffering. How difficult it is to believe truly that the divine love which is appointing the suffering is greater than the human love in ourselves that is sympathizing in it.

To his Second Son.

Achnashie, 5th May, 1870.

We came down here on the Monday after my last letter, as we then proposed.

I have found the transition easier, and got into my new niche more as into my natural place than I at all expected.

This place is so beautiful, and we have seen it in almost constant sunshine, though with considerable alternations of

heat and cold; the north wind blowing for part of the time, and reaching us still cold, after depositing its freight of snow on the poor Cobbler's bald pate at the head of Loch Long.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

ACHNASHIE, 2nd July, 1870.

One thought of which I desired to give you the benefit, has been waiting to get a place in a letter. I mean the limits within which the promise, "Thou shalt hear a voice saying, This is the way," must be understood—that it is absolute only as to what we may call the *path of our spirit*, i.e., *abiding in the mind of Christ;* but not as to what is the pure exercise of judgment in determining all practical steps; as to which we are not promised infallibility, although, while keeping the heart with all diligence, we may expect to be able to judge better even in these matters also, because of singleness of eye, and rightness of purpose.

I cannot now enlarge on this. But a right discrimination here will save us from forms of undue self-blame from which I have seen many suffer. I may propose to myself that my heart shall be right, and may hope, in the strength which setting the Lord before me imparts, to attain to this in great measure: though my *practical* decision remain liable to my limits of capacity and knowledge.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

ACHNASHIE, ROSNEATH, 9th July, 1870.

I now return (by the first post after receiving it) the remarkable letter which you have sent for my perusal.

I see the writer holds pretty nearly the Lutheran doctrine, as set forth by the Swedish Bishop of whom I have spoken to you[1], in his "Dogmatics." It would take some time and

[1] Martensen.

labour to say anything to any purpose in opposition to a form of Theological Ontology which blends matter and mind, flesh and spirit, and indeed the creation and God in a way that resolves all things into one, and nullifies those capacities of distinctive perceptions which seem to teach that there are distinct regions which these several words (mind, matter, &c.) belong to. I have read (taking them in as they are published) all your numbers;[1] but I do not remember what there is to justify the ascription of a *negative* character to that on the Eucharist; and I do not know how far the same thing would be said of "the Bread of Life" by your correspondent. But to my own mind, the conception I have of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of Christ is in the strictest sense positive.

Your letter from Broom is still unacknowledged. I expect the unfinished book, on which beloved Mr. Erskine bestowed so much labour, will be prepared for the press by Miss Gourlay; and an edition of all his books is thought of. I hope the thought will be acted upon. This will be the best monument to his memory; and I despair of seeing any other that will at all be worthy of him. No man is able to say to those who knew him not what he was; no man could say this to those who knew him in a way that they will feel satisfying.

As to the development of his religious thought, I trust the series of essays read consecutively will tell it clearly enough to capable readers. This development I have often attempted to illustrate in conversation; and to this lower task I might be equal were it called for; but its natural place would be in a preface to the contemplated edition of his works. I might, I say, be equal to it if adhering strictly to the illustration of a mental progress; but it would be difficult for me to write about him at all, and not to attempt more than it would be wise in me to attempt. . . . .

[1] *i.e.*, the numbers of *Present Day Papers*.

Such varied intercourse with thoughtful and unfettered minds as you have been having, could not but be interesting; while increasing the difficulty of responding duly to the obligation to "prove all things." I am just about to read Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, to which I desire to give an open ear; though it is very difficult for me to expect light on such a subject from one who holds that "if it was the purpose of God to give us certain knowledge of Himself, such a purpose implied such an ordinance as an infallible church."

To his SECOND SON.

28th July.

What a constant call to thankfulness there is for us in your life together, which brightens and lightens to each of you his life apart—with you work, with James study.

These are your outward lives apart; which yet have meeting places also, as you will talk to him of your work, and he to you of his studies; and the inner "lives apart" have I trust many meeting places also. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

Telegrams, at all events, and fuller reports also will probably by this time have included you in the ever-widening circle of English comment on this portentous continental war. The "futures" that loom in the distance, as *possible* issues of the great struggle impending, are the unification and consolidation of Germany and the humbling of France, or the further exalting of the French Empire and the humbling of Prussia and disintegrating of Germany.

I doubt not that a third casting of the fused peoples is in the day dreams of our Red Republicans, even the solidarity of the peoples in its appropriate form of an immense republic. I do not believe that *the good* which our God will bring out of the evil will have its visibility in any one of these results.

But that it will be good nevertheless I believe, and without the comfort of this faith the thought of the impending miseries would be sad indeed.

To his ELDEST SON.

ACHNASHIE, 27th July, 1870.

I remember Dean Stanley saying to me that "we must be thankful for such portions of the epistles as no criticism brought into question," and my feeling at the moment unable to sympathize in a faith whose foundation was so much *critical* as to feel this an important matter; (feeling, as I did, that no critical doubts as to the 13th of 1st Corinthians would affect its value to me.) But I see that all that helps us to get into the atmosphere of the facts of existence in which the first Christians were living is valuable, doing so far for us what these facts did for them; *i.e.*, saving them from all possibility of resolving Historical Christianity into a myth, or any approach to such a mental position. Doubtless that very advantage was enjoyed *at a risk*—the risk against which the apostle guards the Corinthians, the risk of valuing gifts above charity—nay, resting in the possession of gifts, not distinguishing between them and that "life" to which they owed their value, but in comparison with which they were in themselves nothing, the possession of them leaving the man still nothing.

August 3rd, 1870.

. . . A subject on which I have desired to say something to you of what has been occupying me, is St. Paul's faith in the Resurrection. I read the clear and explicit record of what that faith was; also, I see the foundations on which it rested. Further, I see how entirely his personal experience in acting on that faith—and the experience of the church around him, with whom he shared that faith—was

fitted to confirm him in the conviction, that those were facts of existence and elements in the kingdom of God which he was accepting as such. What do I, as one of the "heirs of all the ages," and especially of that latest birth—or growth—of time, science, know, and to what light have I been advanced, which would justify and require me to hold this great man—not a deceiver; he, if any man, was true; but—deceived? accepting as facts what were not facts? and if not, as he speaks, "a false witness of God" when he said "that He had raised Christ from the dead;" yet a deceived witness—testifying to the reality of what was not a reality, however honest he was in so testifying?

I see that Matthew Arnold holds Paul to have *outgrown* the faith of a literal physical resurrection; not, however, as having given it up, or having ceased to believe the fact; for this he does not suppose him to have done to the last; but in the way of rising to a higher and more spiritual conception of the resurrection. Would Arnold say that this was a part of St. Paul's "thinking as a child" which he had omitted—rather, been unable—to "put away" when he "became a man;" and a part of that "thinking as a child" which "science" would have enabled him to put away; enabling him, as it would have done, to go on, rich in the spiritual results of all his belief of the great facts of Christianity, while leaving behind him, as cast away delusion, the belief of these facts themselves? And are we now to step in, and share with him all these spiritual results, while ourselves on that higher level of science to which it was not granted to him to attain, and therefore rejecting the matter of fact beliefs which we see clinging to him even when spiritually most raised above them?

I know not science deeply—that is to say as science—know it not as those know it who can pronounce on its accepted results; but I seem to myself (accepting these) to be dealing with it philosophically, asking myself in the light

of reason what it really amounts to, and what it has given me to know that St. Paul did not know: and I cannot find that I know anything, or have learned anything, that would enable me to say to "Paul the aged and ready to be offered," —"Brother, thou hast fought a good fight; thou hast brought a high and pure light into the Church; thou hast taught us to think truly of death and life—yea, to die with Christ and live with Christ; but thou hast erred in thinking that it was possible for God to raise the dead. What has seemed to you personal knowledge of the fact that He had done so, science now teaches us to know was really subjective, not objective. We accept from you what we see to be the higher light to which you attained, but not the facts, by the acceptance of which you seemed to yourself to have attained to it."

To his ELDEST DAUGHTER.

ACHNASHIE, ROSNEATH, 18th August, 1870.

I have great happiness in thinking of my grandson as being "baptized into the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." What treasures of wisdom and knowledge are contained in that name! "Hid" is the Apostle's word, "hid in Christ;" and, considering how little we know in comparison with what we have yet to learn, the word is appropriate. Are not the "unsearchable riches which we have in Christ," God's "precious thoughts," which are "more in number than the sand"—our spiritual wealth, and our provision for eternity—more to us as an inheritance on the possession of the title deeds to which we are found congratulating ourselves, rather than what we know, and on the possession of which we have entered?

I feel that "Heaven" is to many as a book richly bound, bright with jewels, but its golden clasps not yet opened; and this is the case even of those who venture to

rejoice in it as their own prospect. It ought not to be so, for the "*earnest* of the inheritance" is a real foretaste of it. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and these are elements of a present experience as well as of the future hope. And yet, even when they are experienced in the light of the name into which this dear babe is about to be baptized, that name, the faith of which quickens and feeds our experience, is full of mysterious promise to us as "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ;" making our feeling of ignorance to exceed far our feeling of knowledge.

You all will believe how much we are with you to-day in heart and in spirit. I am glad dear Mrs. Crum is represented in the name. No interest in this baptism will be purer or higher than hers.

We are very quiet, and our beautiful weather is more enjoyable because of more or less of a breeze. God gives us all things richly to enjoy, while He Himself is His own best gift, and to be enjoyed not in a way of duty, but in the simple natural realizing aright of what we possess in Him. . . .

The *love of God.* No man who holds by this sheet-anchor can really go adrift; though length of cable, an open anchorage, and the violence of the wind now from one point of the compass, now from another, may cause him to be sorely tossed. He who knows that God is love has the deepest, most essential knowledge of God, whatever of true and important may remain hid from him, trying his faith in that which he knows.

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE [1870].

MY DEAREST JAMES,—Your question as to Newman's *Grammar of Assent* has often recurred to me, in thinking of

that "inner life" of my beloved sons, in which my interest is so deep, while my knowledge of its course is so limited and my power to influence that course so very small.

But I have delayed any attempt to answer your question until I should have read the book itself, which I as yet know only through reviews, one in the *Spectator*, another by Mr. Maurice in the *Contemporary*.

I think, however, I should not longer delay saying something on the subject of "assent." Generally, it is certain that all life of man on earth involves countless acts of assent given on grounds coming short of a warrant for certainty in the greatest variety of measures. Also, these assents are necessitated by the conditions of our existence, which are such as would make the result of practical suspense in waiting for certainty often most fatal. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that we are constantly erring in the way of being contented in comparative darkness while light would have rewarded the due use of the means of knowledge granted to us; and this to our great loss.

A true grammar of assent must recognize these two aspects of our position, and, shedding light on our limits, teach us to avail ourselves of all that lies within them; while reconciling us to their existence, and saving us from the attempt to get beyond them. I hope to read Dr. Newman's *Grammar* prepared to weigh fairly its claims to be such a boon to any extent, more or less, although my expectations from him cannot but be affected by the remembrance that in the highest region of "assent" he has come to the conclusion that "if it was the purpose of God to give us certain knowledge of Himself, such a purpose implied the ordinance of an infallible church."

Am I contentedly uncertain in that of which God gives me the means of certain knowledge? Is this the case in a matter as to which such knowledge is of practical importance? What evil does such uncertainty involve? My answer to such

questions as to the gospel of our salvation lay at the root of my anxiety and my earnest preaching on the subject of "Assurance." Whatever enlargement of view I may be now conscious of in comparing the present and the past, as it has been much the habit of my mind to do, and as to which my present circumstances (back in the evening of life to the scene of my early labours) are a special call, I have learned nothing that has lessened to me the importance of seeing the relation between the intelligent apprehension and undoubted faith of the gospel, and an assured personal confidence towards God.

News are not in my province, and I am not attempting to give any.

Looking down on the loch through the openings among the trees, when I raise my head from my paper, brings a most refreshing sense of beauty. Would you could both share it with me !

11th August, 1870.

We are ready to receive my sister when it suits her to come, and I long to share the enjoyment of Achnashie with her, who has so keen a sense of the beauties of nature, and in our very childhood shared the enjoyment of these with me, at dear Kilninver, more than sixty years ago. The features of the scene here are all different, yet combining the same element of near home quiet beauty, with distant mountains' bold grandeur I may say. To run a parallel I would indeed to some extent need to copy Fluellen's manner of comparison; this villa-bordered Gareloch, with its steamers and its multitude of rattling carriages, being rather a contrast to Loch Feochan. Also in its *inland lake* aspect it is a contrast to that outflow to and inflow from the Atlantic which I have so often enjoyed, in sunshine and in storm, the golden light of the bright west making the ten miles between us and Mull "one sea of gold, like unto glass." Or, in stormy

weather, the waves rolling in from the Atlantic, with all the space between us and America to swell through, breaking on the points of Kerrera. On the other hand, the Mull mountains in front of us, and those towards the north-east to the right, while a noble background, were still less bold and Alpine in their expression than the range due north of us here, extending from Lochgoil to beyond Arrochar, where Ben Im and the Cobbler terminate our sight of this west end of the Grampians.

I find this place was heavily wooded till lately, nothing of this fine north view being visible from the house. The change is a great improvement, and trees enough remain to make a beautiful foreground in that and every direction. I particularly enjoy the tall ashes with dropping branches, which partially hide and beautifully reveal the loch.

14th September, 1870.

Miss Fletcher finished the reading of the *Grammar of Assent* to me yesterday. There is a great deal that is beautiful in it, a clothing of thought with a rich garb of illustration; but I cannot say that I have learned much from it.

The best part of it is the closing argument for faith in Romanism; which, however, as Romanism is distinguishable from Christianity, it is not. But, received as the commending of *the truth*, seen in its simplicity and disengaged from the accretions of church traditions and erring developments, it has a true value.

The danger connected with the book springs out of our tendency to yield ourselves to the guidance of one who seems so much at home in the country in which he offers to be our guide; and also, the special difficulty of obeying the counsel "prove all things" when that which we have to prove is the argument which has seemed conclusive to such

a mind. *That* is likely to be at least very specious which has satisfied such a thinker. As to his logic, important links are, to my apprehension, wanting; one, especially, in the transition from inference to assent, inference being admitted to be *conditional*, while an *absoluteness* is claimed for assent.

Sometimes he seems to mean only that in assenting there is no going back on the inference or inferences by which the conclusion which takes the form of "assent" has been reached; which is true: but though not explicitly, yet implicitly these inferences must be there. To say otherwise seems to be to hold that water may rise higher than its fountain. Thinking of him as the champion of Rome, one always expects a use to be made of what one is reading which never is made, unless the bare statement of Roman Catholic dogmata in the close is supposed to find the mind of his reader prepared to see the light in them which he assumes to be in them.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

ACHNASHIE, September 18th, 1870.

. . . May our gracious God, who has in love given you all to each other, give you both who already know the Giver the blessedness of bringing up to know Him the two who as yet know Him not! How strange, how lifting up and leading forward into the divine future, is the thought of the development of these dear babes up to and beyond our highest present consciousness: and, after they have, so to speak, made up with us, our journeying on together through the eternity where lies our endless way—endless, yet at each step the rest of an end—the fruition of hope, while the quickening of further hope!

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 4th October, 1870.

Birthdays and birthday good wishes have in family life somewhat of the place which Christmas and Easter have in the church life of those who are wont to gather the interest of religion into *foci*. But such concentration is good only when it is at the same time diffusion; as by a double and contradictory process, spreading the light of love by the very act of gathering it to a focus.

Such is the difference between the spiritual and the physical. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." The unsearchable riches which we have in Christ are not a wealth that is such relatively according to a scale of distribution. On the contrary, my brother's wealth of goodness and love is a real addition to mine, and mine to his. Twelve men dwelling together in love, as compared with one, have their love multiplied in being shared. But let me not allow my fancy by illustration to envelop in a mist a very simple truth; the blessed truth that there is no place for rivalry or competition in the pursuit of the true riches.

My birthday wishes, my everyday wishes for you, my James, as for you all, are determined, you well know, by such thoughts as these; which abound in me ever more and more as I live more and more in the light of Christ, the Saviour who is Himself our salvation, seeing that the manner of His saving is by becoming Himself our life.

I trust this is not to you "mysticism" rather than simple practical goodness, which it really is,—goodness as the Father of our spirits commends it to us, when He says of the Son as born into our nature "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Hear Him that ye may learn to be to me beloved sons in whom I shall be well pleased.

Desiring for you that you may ever hear in the spirit the divine voice, which is the drawing of the Father drawing us to the Son, and may obey it, and obeying know by experience what manner of gift Divine Sonship is, I often think of the distracting power of the other voices which ask attention. It is certain that any voice to which we can only listen by ceasing to hear God's voice, is the voice of the tempter; therefore what we are to shut out. But all *true* voices are only better heard and better understood when we are reverently listening to the voice of God.

To Miss Duncan.

Achnashie, Rosneath, 19th October, 1870.

Your letter telling of your friend Mr. Douglas's death is felt by us all in sympathy with you under what is so real a sorrow. Less cherished memories of early friendships than this is to you I now feel having a strong power over me; the bright tints which invest the retrospect of our young days becoming brighter and brighter as they recede into greater distance. And if this is so as to places and scenes and their natural features of beauty, how much more is it so with our feelings towards those who were the life of our life in that fondly remembered past. Dear, dear friend, you have my perfect sympathy.

You may have heard me say that one of the forms in which I expressed to myself the change that came to me with the first assured faith in Christ and hope of Eternal Life was, that whereas previously I had been travelling *from* a bright East, leaving the sweetest light behind me, I was henceforth to feel travelling *towards* a higher dawn in the future, to which belonged the light "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

It is indeed a happy change when the light of hope over-

powers that of memory; our treasure having come to be in the invisible, not in the visible; and therefore what gives its interest to the future and to our Eternal Home, and even changes the past from its sad aspect, as what has come to an end, to its truer character as the beginning of what is never to end.

I do not, however, find the realization of this change an emptying of the past of all its tender interest; only it takes away the element of repining that it should be "past,"—a feeling too near akin to rebellion against the will which "appoints the bounds of our habitation," making them such as to move us to seek Him who is "our dwelling place in all generations."

The light in which one says "I would not live always" surely is light in which one will also say "I would not be young always," with the youth of time at least. But there is an immortal youth.

That the past has passed, as that the present is passing, we alike realize peacefully, *unrepiningly*, in the consciousness that we have "received a kingdom which cannot be moved." God has reconciled us to all His ordering of things in reconciling us to Himself. Nevertheless sorrow has not ceased to be sorrow even when no longer the "sorrow of those who have no hope;" and though we look beyond partings to *the meeting*, partings are trials still, and "for the present not joyous but grievous," because of that wrench which they give where there is love enough to make the severing the touching of life.

To the Rev. P. Stevenson.

Achnashie, Rosneath, 1st December, 1870.

. . . If you come to Glasgow any time after the beginning of the year, we expect to be able to receive you here,

and will be most happy if you can include coming to us in your arrangements.

I hope you will have encouragement in your work to tell me of. You will be much interested in looking with me at the scene of my early labours from forty-five to forty years ago. I have had many thoughts in the freshened retrospect since I came here ; the *issue of peace* being " My work is with the Lord, and my labour is with my God." Begin with this, that you may end with this.

Mrs. Campbell and I are alone at present ; our absent family " in all places whither they are scattered " contributing, nevertheless, valued elements to our daily life. [After speaking of each member of his family :] This is our near circle, in which our thoughts and feelings move round ; I trust not without His approving observation to whom pertains the filling with Himself that *inner* circle in which our inner life is lived : nor causing forgetfulness of that outer circle of human interests which also is of the riches with which He has endowed life.

Yes ! human interests are divine gifts ; and are—even when most painful, as our present sense of brotherhood with the suffering nations under the judgment of war—still among the " all things which work together for good to them that love God."

To his Eldest Son.

Achnashie, 25th November, 1870.

. . . I have just received from Principal Shairp his little volume, " Culture and Religion," with a letter which will interest you. He feels that combined tenderness for and fear from much of the present questioning which I myself feel so much ; and his attempt to help has my entire sympathy.

I have just had read to me the two first papers in Max

Müller's *Chips*, &c., and think to have some light through him that may help the adjustment which I seek to attain of what just claims on respect may be present in the religions of the world in combination with the errors by which they [were] connected with a reign of darkness.

2nd December.

. . . You will feel that the interest of Voysey's case is to me deep while painful; but I cannot write about it at the length due to its importance, or its probable working, as thrown into the caldron, and its boiling vortex of questionings—now, —— would say, receiving its ingredients under the same supervision with that under which the witches in Macbeth filled theirs; which in one view is true, and with doubtless much evil result. But let us rise to the realization of the Higher Supervision, and the result as His who brings good out of evil, that we be not too much cast down or discouraged. My prayer and hope is, that so much proving of what men had taken for granted will issue in a real and not mere traditional holding of that which is right. You know my very special value for the Fourth Gospel, and how much to me it shines by its own light; and will know how painfully I was sure to feel a treatment of portions (at least) of it, which could only be excusable (if then) if it had been proved to be unauthentic, and not merely open to doubts as to its authorship. I was struck with the likeness of the line of argument to that of Renan in reference to St. Paul, exposed by Arnold, viz., assuming the Calvinism of the teaching ascribed to our Lord, and then inferring that it could not be His.

17th December.

[With reference to the intended publication of Mr. Erskine's posthumous book, *The Spiritual Order*.]

. . . As to *his memory*, what embodies his constant

thinking for many years, and was substantially present in the depths of his thought as an element of his peace and rest in God at least for fifty years (if not longer);—what had latterly been his favourite topic with all to whom he spoke of divine things freely, and, from being in him as a hope beyond the Gospel revelation—the development of that revelation—had come to be to him the Gospel itself, and what to deny was to him to nullify the Gospel itself;—*this* to publish, as elaborated by himself in the last ten years of his life, *cannot be to do injustice to his memory*,—could not, unless that elaboration were felt to have in it a weakness and traces of mental decay, offering a contrast to his former writings, and so to his proper self in his manhood. But there is no such contrast. Some portions of this book are at least equal to anything he ever wrote; and if some have not all his characteristic clearness, this seems owing very much to the difficulty of the ground on which he has ventured.

. . . I have been realizing so much the free thinking on this great question which abounds, and its *unhealthiness* in the forms it is generally taking, that I am more and more hopeful that this earnest and reverent and spiritual treatment of it will be profitable to many, and help them in the form in which they are *most likely to accept help*.

But to welcome such a book in connection with the bold thinking on its subject that prevails is one thing, and to have entire unqualified confidence in its teaching is another. . . . There is no misconception that I would more regret than that of concluding from my not seeing altogether eye to eye with Mr. Erskine, that I am *rejecting* the great essence of his book,—the conclusion as to the future of man at which he arrives. I am very far from this. I still feel difficulties which did not weigh with him. I have never felt yet in a fulness of light which would enable me to teach on the subject; as I have felt on the Atonement—its extent—its

nature—Revelation—the Lord's Supper. But I see enough to make me thankful that it is a question that so many good men are feeling to be an open one; while, of the two directions of thought (in reaction against the popular creed here), in one or other of which men are going, I feel that both as a Scriptural question, and as one of Christian philosophy, the conception of *final restitution* commends itself incomparably more to me than that of *annihilation*; which I understand many Nonconformists, as well as some in the church, are accepting.

To Mrs. Macnabb.

Achnashie, 19th December, 1870.

It was this time eight years ago that I last passed this season in Rosneath. In what different circumstances! How solemn the thought of "sparing mercy"! Such it feels; and in thinking of the position of all and each of my family now as compared with what it was then, I feel it *sparing mercy*. And it would be selfish to feel otherwise, even had I attained much more than I have to the fellowship of the Apostle's feeling, that "to depart and be with Christ is far better." What more time, and his bearing a little longer of the *cross*, had done for his *crown* when he had come to say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand," we know not. He knew, while using the "armour of righteousness" through his many years of Christian conflict, that a crown of righteousness awaited him, for he could say of his Lord, "Whose I am and whom I serve." But inasmuch as he said, "I judge not mine own self, but He that judgeth me is the Lord," he would not at any time have pronounced a judgment on the measure of his own "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." So, as a personal question, one cannot say of one's own knowledge that death is better sooner or is better later.

But where so many threads of this mystic web of life are interwoven, it were wrong to fix the eye of faith and its interest just on the thread which is one's *individual self.* While the words, "Thou art thy Saviour's darling; seek no more," may be rightly heard, and healthfully self-applied, in that inmost circle—or centre rather—of our being, in which each one is alone with God; still we have not fellowship with the *Head* if we lose the sense of *membership,* or forget that Christ's eye is on the web and the pattern being woven, and with an interest in which to share is an important and a blessed element in our participation in the mind of Christ. Accept my best wishes of the season,—for an abundant experience of our unsearchable riches in Christ, and proving of the divine meaning of the words, "Unto you is born a Saviour."

CHAPTER XV.

1871—1872.

Presentation and Address to Dr. Campbell—He begins to write *Reminiscences and Reflections*—Family gathering at Achnashie—Letters, January, 1871, to February, 1872—His Last Days—The End—Funeral Sermons—Letters from Professor Lushington and Principal Shairp.

On the 13th of April, 1871, the fortieth anniversary of the day on which he had stood at the bar of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, a meeting was held in the house of Professor Edward Caird, Glasgow University, for the purpose of presenting an address and testimonial to Dr. Campbell.

The address was signed by a committee, which included representatives of the principal churches of Scotland, as well as several well-known citizens of Glasgow. The Established Church was represented by Dr. Burns of the Cathedral, Dr. Caird of the University, Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony, Dr. Wylie of Carluke, Mr. Paisley of St. Ninians, and Mr. Story of Rosneath; the Episcopal Church by Mr. Oldham of St. Mary's, Glasgow; the Free Church by Dr. W. C. Smith; and the United Presbyterian Church by Dr. John Ker. Professors Edward Caird and J. Veitch represented the University of Glasgow; and the other members of the committee were—Mr. James Alexander

Campbell, Mr. Alexander Crum, Mr. Alexander B. M'Grigor, and Mr. Archibald Robertson.

Dr. Macleod was appointed by the committee to present to Dr. Campbell a silver gilt vase, on the model of the Warwick vase, which bore the inscription: "Presented to the Rev. John M'Leod Campbell, D.D., by a number of friends, in token of their affectionate respect for his character, and their high estimate of his labours as a theologian."

Before making the presentation and reading the address of the committee, Dr. Macleod said that he felt it a great honour and pleasure to be chosen to present this token of respect and affection to his oldest and dearest friend now on earth. He did it the more gladly that, as one who had been a Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, he could express the regret of himself and many others that Dr. Campbell was no longer a minister of that Church. He felt sure that such an event as his deposition could not occur now. He then read the following address:—

"*To* JOHN M'LEOD CAMPBELL, D.D.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In the name of a number of clergymen and laymen, we take the opportunity of your leaving Glasgow to request your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial, and at the same time to make known to you the respect and affection which we feel towards you personally, as well as our deep sense of the services you have rendered to the Christian Church.

"In thus addressing you we are assured that we only give expression to feelings widely prevalent; for, although your name has been much associated with religious controversy, we believe that all would now recognize you as one who, in his fearless adherence to that which he held to be the truth of God, has never been tempted to forget the meekness

and gentleness of Christ. And, without entering upon any disputed questions, we desire for ourselves to express the conviction that your labours and example have been the means of deepening religious thought and life in our country; that your influence has been a source of strength and light to the Churches, and that in your writings, as in your words, you have ever united independence of mind with humility and reverence for divine truth, and deep spiritual insight with the purity and tenderness of Christian love.

"And our earnest prayer is, that He who has sustained you hitherto and enabled you to keep your heart in all meekness and sweetness of wisdom, amidst the sorest trials of patience, may be with you still, and that this imperfect but sincere expression of our esteem may cheer you with the assurance that your labours have not been in vain."

Dr. Campbell replied that he felt deeply this expression of personal feeling to himself. He desired to thank the committee and the subscribers for their kindness, and the more that they had expressed that kindness through one who was so old and valued a friend; but his deepest thankfulness was for the testimony borne to his labours, that they had not been in vain. He felt, indeed, some measure of confidence that they had not; and he welcomed this acknowledgment all the more because he believed it to be rendered for Christ's sake—for "we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." He did not feel that he could well speak in reference to his circumstances, of which Dr. Macleod had spoken. He would only say that he felt grateful that the being without and not within the Church of Scotland had never lessened his deep feeling towards the Church, his interest in her ministry, and his thankfulness for the good effected by her ministrations. Perhaps the change in his position had been favourable to his thinking and writing as he might not have done had he remained to the close a hard-

working parish priest. But these things were in the hands of God.

How deeply Dr. Campbell was affected by this occurrence appears from his letters written immediately after it. He refers to letters which he received "in supplement of the presentation—echoes of its voice, both in its comforting and humbling power."

Soon after his return to Achnashie he began to write those *Reminiscences and Reflections* which were published in their unfinished state about a year after his death. At first he thought of writing something which he might send to the members of the Testimonial Committee, both as an acknowledgment of their kindness, and as a record of what he had taught when minister of Row. But the work grew in his hands until it became a book.

His writing was very pleasantly interrupted in the autumn by a family gathering at Achnashie, which included his beloved sister, as well as all his children except his third son, who had gone to Bombay two years before. His second son had come home on three months' leave; his youngest daughter was there with her husband; and his youngest son was still at home, preparing to start for India in October.

After this gathering had dispersed, and he and Mrs. Campbell were left alone, he returned to his work, and wrote the chapters on Old Age, and on the bright dawn of his life at Row. His letters—now written almost entirely to members of his own family—mark the calm and happy course of his life during these months; and their record is continued until the very eve of the attack which terminated fatally after only six days' illness.

To Miss Duncan.

Achnashie, Rosneath, 11th January, 1871.

"By self-knowledge reaching unto God" are Gambold's words. But here, as in "faith" and "love," there is ever an acting and re-acting. Self-knowledge helps us to understand what our God says to us, for He speaks to us according to the truth of what we are and what we need; while it is when taking ourselves to the light of the mind of God concerning us, of what His love wills for us, that we attain to true self-knowledge; just as faith quickens love, and love, as it increases, is an increasing capacity of faith.

May we move round in this circle, which is no "vicious circle," like that imputed by Protestants to Romanists when they receive the Bible on the authority of the church, and the church on the authority of the Bible. I say, no vicious deceptive circle of "taking for granted," but a circle all light, all self-evidencing; for faith is a movement of our being which is in light, and love is also. Cherishing the faith which welcomes love we are obeying light. Dwelling in the love which makes us more able to believe we are dwelling in light.

You will read this, not as "mental analysis" or as "metaphysics," but only as fixing your attention on what you know well; namely, that the more you cherish faith the more you love, and the more you cherish love the more you are able to believe. "Beholding as in a glass His glory we are changed into the same image." Being changed into the same image our vision of the glory becomes more and more clear. This is one aspect of the truth that "He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and its interest and value to me is daily deepening, as I see men with so little profit occupied with *outside* questions and reasons for believing, instead of being looking steadfastly at that which is to

be believed, and so being under the power of the light which shines from itself.

To Mr. George Macallum.

[Achnashie, 1871.]

. . . I am sure your good father feels (as my friend Mr. Maurice says) "thankful that you have a better Father than he has been or can be." And it is a part of this comfort in rising from himself to God,—tracing his own desires for you as a Christian parent up to that fountain of these desires in the heart of God,—that when you go out from time to time from under the paternal roof you are not going from under the overshadowing love of the Father of your spirit, under which is the home of your spirit. May you feel this yourself, and learn to dwell *everywhere* in your Heavenly Father's presence as in your true eternal home! There is enough to quicken and to keep alive this divine home feeling in you in the love of God to you revealed in Christ, if by faith you keep in the light of that love. Of this be assured: it never is the case that we need wish that God's Fatherly love should be greater than it is. What we need is to become more and more what that love desires to make us; so that, from being a love grieving over us, it may come to be a love rejoicing over us.

You will find the attitude of listening to what God is saying to you full of blessing. And what you read in the Scriptures as there addressed to every man you will, as you inwardly weigh it, know to be spoken to yourself; as when it is said, "My son, be wise, and make my heart glad;" for you cannot, if you think, doubt that your being "wise" with the true wisdom is not only what God wills for you, but also what it will make His heart glad to see you. A wonderful thought! but most true: a voice to us from the cross of Christ, and a ray from the glory of God in the face of Christ.

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 2nd February, 1871.

We are venturing to breathe more freely with the prospect of peace. It has been a terrible time; but while sympathizing with both parties in what they may have been suffering, and although not quite satisfied that either has suffered under an absolute necessity, I have seen more to blame in the part of France than in that of Prussia, not only at the first, when all I think blamed the aggressor; but after Sedan and then Metz to continue a hopeless struggle was not guiltless. Whatever patriotism might be present, there were other elements very wrong in this refusal to "accept their punishment," by which the punishment has become so much heavier than it need have been.

16th March.

I enclose a letter from Bob. I see he is like yourself "French" as the phrase is. I certainly am not,—beyond a deep sympathy with their physical suffering, and deep sorrow for their seeming unteachableness, which seems likely to make that physical suffering fruitless of moral gain. But I also object to being regarded as "German;" the course they have judged themselves called to follow not being what, if they were dealing with God who is love as Christians, rather than as philosophers with fixed laws, they would I think have chosen.

I do not see that they have indeed dealt more hardly with the French than the French, *mutatis mutandis*, would have dealt with them; and this should shut the mouths of the French. But that was not the question; and I wish they had rather attempted to "overcome evil with good," than by crushing their enemy to make fresh evil less possible.

As to the future, and the change to Europe, the Germans

being now the head Continental people, I would call it a change for the better, were I not fearful as to their adherence to what were their own moderate thoughts, while yet only in a second place.

The revelation—for it is such even to themselves, I believe—of their great strength, will bring the impulse to use it as a giant.

To his Eldest Son.

Achnashie, 24th February, 1871.

[After referring to an article on the "Voysey judgment:"] Voysey pained me much more by the manner and spirit of his pleadings than by errors; with which, in the form of Unitarianism, I had so long been acquainted, and which I had seemed to myself to have justly rejected after the fullest and fairest consideration. (You know how intercourse when a student with Unitarians neutralized the natural influence of my home training, and caused me to treat as "open questions" what might not otherwise have been such to me.)

The present demand to be "allowed to preach Unitarianism within the church," which is taking the place of "the alternative to leave the church or keep silence" of my young days, has a side on which it may be held a change for the better. But, however this may be, one thing is not better; viz., the manner of preaching with which this new demand is associated. It is difficult, doubtless, to do justice to the way taken in contending for what one rejects as error. Yet trying, as I always do, to look from the standpoint of a controversialist, however much I differ from him, I cannot but feel that the substance of his convictions, did I arrive at them, would not have justified me to myself in assuming his bearing towards the Articles, or the original framers of them, or those who now accept them.

I have spoken to you of two opposite temptations, to

which men of the two opposite types of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Jowett are exposed; (while alike in their demand to be at liberty to receive nothing that they cannot justify;) viz., the temptation to strain Scripture to make it say what a man seems to himself to see to be true, and the temptation to conclude too easily that the Scriptures say that unbelievable thing which to a superficial view—or, it may be, because of traditional glosses—they seem to say, *because* of the liberty taken to reject the teaching all the same. This latter temptation, which first struck me as yielded to in Mr. Jowett's (as I conceive) misconception of St. Paul's controversy with St. Peter, seems to take in Mr. Voysey the two forms of concluding, when the authenticity of a writing is not questioned, against the *light* and *authority* of the writer; or—when these, as in what is ascribed to Christ Himself, are not questioned—concluding against the authenticity of what is ascribed to Him (Christ), but is not seen by the critic to be worthy of Him.

You know how much my own experience in neither accepting nor rejecting (by a strain at accommodation, or a bold venturing to judge) has written *Scylla* and *Charybdis* on the temptations on the one side and the other; and that much that shines to me as light—self-evidencing light—in the Scriptures, I never could have so known *had I taken either* of these opposite courses.

To Dr. Norman Macleod.

Achnashie, 11th March, 1871.

My dear Norman,—You are much in my thoughts, and on my heart, at present, the reports that reach me of you making me anxious about your health; while I know that you will have in this approaching marriage a temptation to what may be an unwise effort which you will find it most difficult to resist. Your absence, if it must be, will be a real

regret, even to myself, how much more to you; both because of your own deep interest in the bride and bridegroom, for whom our hearts desire and our prayers ask a future of much blessing, and because you will enter so much into the feelings of the Queen, and of the Duke and Duchess. The *new* element in the event will make it a new thing in feeling to them all. I am thankful for the widespread interest awakened. The Campbell element in this interest you know I must share in, as a kind of subordinate loyalty; but I have so deep-seated a gratitude to the Duke and Duchess on personal grounds, that what is important to them comes very near to me.

But I am led away from my purpose in taking up my unwonted pen, which was simply the expression of affectionate sympathy. I know you are a *brave* sufferer; an element in your patience which I fear I am more able to admire than qualified by experience to speak of: but I desire to think of you also as a believing sufferer, of which manner of patience I know more; and to which I can with a clearer conscience exhort. I know that sufferings, physical and mental alike, are among the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God;" and in the faith that God who is love expresses the root and essence of His love to us in asking for love from us, and is blessing us most when He most enables us to respond to this love by love,—in the light of this faith I *understand* that all things work together for good to them that love God, because all that is received in love quickens the love in which it is received. For in itself everything as it comes from God is an outcoming of love,—and this mark our love is quick to see on it,—and, recognized as a form of love, it feeds love. I sometimes say, that "love to God is the spiritual philosopher's stone that turns all things to gold." At this moment I rather see that all things even the most unwelcome to flesh and blood, are *really gold*, in respect of that word of God to us which is

in them. So our love to God is the spiritual eye which sees them *as they are*, rather than a charm having power to transmute. "We speak that we do know." "Lord, increase our faith."

My dear friend, be thankful for both endowments in their meeting of your present need—your natural courage and your faith.—Your affectionate

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

To MR. DUNCAN.

ACHNASHIE, 1st April, 1871,

I think of you and your interest in France and memories of Paris, and recal our reading together the history that made me acquainted with the old Revolution—Mignet's. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." This was the explanation to me in 1838 of the semi-obliterated words on the entrance to the "Invalides:" "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death." This has been, as I have often said, the explanation also of the "universal republic," and "the solidarity of peoples;" the response, one may say, in the flesh to the words spoken in th espirit as to the "oneness of all flesh." And now is not "property is robbery" related in the same way to "no man said that any thing he had was his own"?

The only and the sufficient comfort is, that it is the *light*, the *true* light, which is not comprehended—that light which will overcome the darkness which for the present has the temporary power to obscure it, and even to pervert it to evil.

What I most feel condemning us is our blindness to the evil that is in godless life, so long as it does not run to seed, as now it is doing in Paris.

To his SECOND SON.

ACHNASHIE, 6th April, 1871.

What an important part of our "walking by faith and not by sight" is our finding "our life in God's favour;" "our life" and *a fortiori* our rest and peace! And what a rest of freedom and strength is contained in the clear understanding of the harmonious combination of divine strictness and divine tenderness which there is in the feelings with which God regards us in our endeavours to serve Him. He is more strict than another master could be, because He sees us in the pure light of the Divine Ideal for us. He is more tender than another master could be, because He takes *all* the difficulties of our path into account.

Two passages of Scripture bring these two aspects of the divine knowledge of us together to my mind in a way that is full of comfort. First, that 139th psalm which I so often expound: first, God's "seeing our thoughts;" then, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God;" and then the prayer inviting God to "search us and try us," with which the psalm closes. The other passage is Heb. iv. 12, to the end of the chapter. First, God's searching word, "quick" (or living) and "piercing," and then, from verse 14, Christ as our interceding compassionate High Priest. This psalm, and these five verses of this chapter of Hebrews, are to me a constant call to cherish the sense of God's eye upon me both for light and for strength.

Jack has raised the tone of the *Herald* much, and made it really one of our best papers. He has, through this war, been, as they speak, a Prussian; sometimes, to my mind, unreasonably, but more generally with my sympathy. I thought him unreasonable on two points: first, in holding that we might have prevented the war, and should have,

saying to both parties, "the man who strikes makes me his foe." As to this, I neither see that we were under any obligation or had any right to assume this attitude, nor that our assuming it would have had the effect he supposes. France was too self-confident to have had her arm so stayed; nor, had we joined Prussia, would she (France) have been left without allies, for the wound to the *amour propre* of Austria was still tender.

Then, I thought him unreasonable also as to our not stopping the export of arms to France. As to this a change in our existing law in the case of one of the parties *during the war* would have been a clear departure from our professed neutrality. Whether or not we should now change the law prospectively is another question,—lately discussed in the House of Commons, and without result.

Whether the moral and political rottenness of France, revealed first by her military collapse, and now by her present division into two hostile camps of republicans, is now, in being exposed to the world, nearer a cure, though apparently a terrible one, we know not; nor whether, had her hollow prosperity under the Empire been prolonged by the warding off of the war, she would have been renovated by some peaceful process of development within herself, and victory of light over darkness.

What at this moment is to me most saddening is this stepping back to the old Revolution, to take up the *rôle* of the elder revolutionists, where it was stopped by the Empire of the elder Napoleon, as if the bitter fruit it had then already borne had stamped its evil *in vain*. Napoleon said of the Bourbons when they were restored, "They have learned nothing—they have forgotten nothing." How sadly, awfully, true of the Red Republicans.

To his ELDEST SON.

ACHNASHIE, 5th April, 1871.

. . . I have just been reading Hutton's Essay on what he calls "the Hard Church." Rather a happy name, as he could not place the minds he describes (with illustrations) in any of the three existing categories. His essays indicate some deep thinking; while his thoughts are all *sharp cut*—almost too much so, sometimes, for absolute truth, though not for logical impression. I meant to take them up with me to return them to Norman. I hope my poor memory may serve me as to the strictures which have occurred to me in reading them.

I am while writing expecting to be interrupted by Mr. Knight, a friend of P. Stevenson's, who has wished to see me. A small volume[1] of notes of his friend Dr. Duncan's thoughts expressed in conversation interested me in him; as well as being a welcome addition to my knowledge of a man whom I knew and thought a good deal of; but, I now see, much less than was his due.

To the Same:

After the Presentation of the Vase.

ACHNASHIE, 14th April, 1871.

. . . Norman was the mouthpiece of the Committee, and spoke with deep feeling and taste and discretion too.

. . . I said very little; only what Norman's words led me to say; and many things have since occurred to me which I might have said, and which it would have been good to have said. But this cannot be helped. One thing *not* said, and which would have come in naturally,

[1] *Colloquia Peripatetica.* Dr. Duncan was Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh.

after the expression of the feeling with which I have never ceased to regard the Church of Scotland, is, the thankfulness I feel for having been saved from any temptation to attempt to found a sect; cherishing a catholicity with which such an attempt might have been incompatible; of which catholicity I might regard as one pleasant fruit that the members of the Committee represented the Free Church and United Presbyterian, as well as the Established Church, and also the Episcopal Church; and Mental Philosophy also, in the persons of the Professors of Logic and Moral Philosophy.

The great interest of the presentation was of course *impersonal; i.e.*, the response to the preaching of Christ which it professed to express, and which in various measures it did I trust truly express. But the personal regard manifested was also grateful to me; and dear Norman's deep feeling in speaking for the donors was almost overcoming. A solemnity befitting the religious interest of the occasion, and a tenderness as speaking to his "oldest and dearest friend," pervaded all his words and the tones of his voice. His brief and delicate allusion to my deposition was also very happy. I wish I could recal what he said; but I was feeling too much to retain more than the memory of feeling. He was, I believe, thankful for himself—as certainly I was thankful—that he was chosen to speak for the Committee. On many grounds he must have been felt to be "the right man in the right place;" while to himself and to me the word "relative" spoke as others could not understand of a circle—partly in the invisible, but partly also in the visible still—to whom what he was then doing was a family interest—in some deep indeed.

. . . Norman's expectation is to leave for Ems tomorrow week. He is somewhat better than he was when your mother and I saw him at Shandon, and says he feels it a good sign that he is more inclined to go.

21st April.

. . . I find that the intense feeling which Norman's own words awakened hindered my fully appreciating at the time the address of the Committee; but in reading it after I had written to you, I felt the measure of regret at omissions on my own part quite passing away.

Of course *I* cannot but feel such a testimony as rather applicable to the ideal that I had before me than to what I attained. But it is something to have even suggested the right ideal.

25th April.

. . . I have just been having my feeling of the call to thankfulness in this presentation renewed by reading the report in the *Times*, sent by my beloved sister, and come this morning. The sight of it has drawn from D. J. Vaughan a most (to me) affecting letter which you will see. Vaughan notices the advantage I enjoyed in being called to witness for deep fundamental truth, and this I have often myself felt; and still more that I spoke in a light of experience, which made me more a witness than an arguer.

1st May, 1871.

Your beloved mother's letters being angel visits, few and far between, I might hold her one sheet enough; but she wishes me myself to say how well I am, on this May day—so nearly the eve of my seventy-first birthday, and in this the fiftieth summer since I was licensed, the forty-sixth since I was ordained, the fortieth since I was deposed, and my brief career of five years and nine months in the ministry of the church closed. I am indeed very well; and she is well also; and we enjoy together this beautiful region and quiet home, recalling past and present mercies; and as to our beloved children feeling them all though absent a present riches to our hearts. So, beloved son, speak no more of

our "loneliness." Our Robert has naturally at this time a chief place in our thoughts, in our care, in our prayers.

I have just enclosed to M. a letter from ——. Letters come in thus, in supplement of the presentation, echoes of its voice, both in its comforting and humbling power.

To his Eldest Daughter.

Achnashie, 7th May, 1871.

This is the lovely evening of a most lovely day. I have been listening to Mama reading since tea, but have reserved an hour for you.

I will not say "I wish you were here" to enjoy Achnashie with us; though my solitary stroll after breakfast and Mama's and my visit to every corner of our domain between dinner and tea, could not but again and again take our thoughts to you and the rest far and near with whom we could fain share our enjoyment. But I will not say "I wish you were here." You too have probably a beautiful evening at Headlands, and you are mutually enjoying your choice party with all that increased capacity of mutual enjoyment which a beautiful evening and its exhilarating influence brings. So I am contented you should be drinking the cup filled there for you, while *we* drink that filled here for us.

Mama has showed me a ring of gentians encircling one of the round plots, richer in its deep blue flower than ever we knew it at Laurel Bank. Our lauristinuses, especially the large one, are almost as white as "the may." The large sycamore has been so beautiful and delicate an apple green in our afternoon sun. Though so many of the plots are still deaf to the charming of the sun "charm he never so wisely," those nearer the house respond in all the gay hues of hyacinths and tulips. A bird cherry has flowered richly. Many laurels are full of flower. Spruces and American pines are tipping their outmost twigs with those golden fresh

growths, which of old in the fir park near the church at Kilninver I used to call "new gloves," and we are rich in primroses, though they are late.

The heat haze which must dim our Grampians to the best eyes makes them mist to me; only with the glass I see their outlines, and the snow patches still on the Cobbler and Ben Im, not even by the real sight of it lessening the feeling of the summer's heat, but I think adding something to the enjoyment of it.

Is this your last Sunday at Headlands? I do not know what my darling Jean shares of my root-striking tendency.

The sun has set. The north is all golden sky. All mist is gone. The mountains are a beautiful blue, like Arran from Ardrossan as we have seen it.

With our united love to you all, your loving Father.

To his Eldest Son.

Achnashie, 2nd June, 1871.

M. has expressed their wish to have some of Mr. Erskine's letters to me, for a volume of letters, I understand. I find that I have more than I was aware of, but so far as I have yet examined them not suited to what is the purpose of a volume of letters, especially if without the running commentary of a life. Our intercourse was very free, and I generally was able to say intelligibly enough for him with whom I had so much common ground what I desired to say either in agreeing with him or in differing with him. But you know how difficult writing on any deep matter is to me; so I seldom wrote to him, and therefore seldom received from him letters of no "private interpretation." The man himself was in his letters more I think than any man I ever knew,—his heart and life,—but coming out in such special relation to his friend as made his letters "private and confidential,"

even when their essence was, as it usually was, the common salvation.

I hope to go to Parkhill on Monday. I am glad to have the May number of the *Contemporary* to take with me. It has several articles that will interest Mr. Duncan. It has been left with me by my late visitant, Mr. M., who came to us on Monday, and left on Wednesday. Robert Story's life of his father and the Row sermons have given this locality an interest to him.

To MRS. MACNABB.

ACHNASHIE, 4th June, 1871.

I trust your bed of weakness and suffering is still cheered by many seasons of believing meditation and communion with our gracious God; which will make, on the whole, thankfulness your deepest feeling. I have often asked myself "why should not God so deal with His children otherwise experiencing sore pain, as He has often dealt with martyrs at the stake?" Any great pain endured in faith may well be the occasion of such acknowledgment. And I have always remembered Brainerd's case, who, near the close, when coming out of some great paroxysm of agony which it greatly moved those about him to witness, said, "I have had such joy in God in the midst of it that I would prefer that joy with that pain to ordinary joy in God in freedom from pain."

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 23rd June, 1871.

Your mother and I got safe home last evening from Parkhill, having gone there on the 5th. We have had a pleasant visit to our dear friends.

You will believe that this hope of John's coming to us,

though for so brief a visit, is gladdening our hearts, and we trust the permission on which he almost calculated has been granted. You will be, in a sense, *widowed* for the three months of his absence from Bombay, but you will be enjoying the happy meetings which you will be picturing to yourself.

I have just received from Norman his new book, his Indian trip, substantially the articles in *Good Words*, but in part rewritten. We lunched with him yesterday, and we were thankful to see him seemingly much benefited by his time at Ems, from which he only returned last week. I had no less than three hours of Norman, which I valued the more as the opportunities for our meeting must now be rarer.

Our beautiful Achnashie welcomed us home with a look of bright beauty. Some of our rhododendrons had, indeed, passed their prime in our absence, but others are only coming to it.

This is a hurried letter not to let the mail be blank.

To his Eldest Daughter.

Achnashie, 27th June, 1871.

I like to let some infusion of my thinking and feeling flow into the stream of your life from time to time; although I know that there will be no lack of the element I would add, if you are indeed keeping your heart with all diligence, and listening to the voice which is ever testifying as to the path of life, "This is the way, walk in it." For however silent this inward voice may often seem to be when we are listening for a guiding word as to our *outward* path, it is never silent as to the path in which our spirits are called to move, the narrow path in which are the footprints of Christ.

In just now meditating a letter to you, as I was coming in to write, the varied enjoyment you have been having came before me in a relation to words of Henry Dorney,

with Brainerd and Henry Martyn the third of my old friends and companions in my early Row times: "It is good to be busy in lawful work, if so be that communion with that which is above be as the oil to the wheel of all our actions." These words seem to me applicable to all right enjoyment, as well as all lawful work, for nothing more than social enjoyment needs for its sanctification that "communion with that which is above" of which Dorney was thinking, a joy in God's love which has power to empty of the poison of self our social intercourse with others, and substitute for it fellowship in the love of Christ to them and to us.

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 7th July, 1871.

The *Spectator* sent last week had a review of Mr. Erskine's posthumous book, with which you will have made acquaintance ere now, as I ordered copies for John and you immediately on its appearing. You will see in this review the essence of the *thought* of the book, but the *spirit* of the book could not be so given; and I look to the spirit that pervades it, more than to the argument, for power to conciliate many who will feel the bare statement of his conclusion repulsive.

I have just been reading his letters to me, to set apart for preservation those that it seems right to preserve.

The reading now of the book as a whole still leaves the same impression that I received when he read portions of the manuscript to me; viz., that is an imperfect representation of punishment that resolves it into the desire to reclaim. But the conclusion at which he arrives is not necessarily affected by this defect; for that other element in punishment which he seems not to recognize does not necessarily involve the ordinary doctrine. I am thankful to see the *Spectator* drawing attention so *emphatically* to the wide difference

between this volume and ordinary arguments for Universalism, in the *deep sense of the divine condemnation of sin* which possessed Mr. Erskine.

To his SECOND SON.

ACHNASHIE, 22nd July, 1871.

MY DEAREST JOHN,—"My own boy" you will still be coming back to me, though in the guise of a bearded man, with the impress of so much manly work upon you; but which has been transacted in your outer man by your brain, and will have left undisturbed the deep well of your heart, with its fulness of home affections.

In what concerns *that* region you know you will find no change in us, as we will none in you, only in so far as the trial of mutual interest by separation has been its strengthening; even as in the highest region whatever tries the faith of love, making demands on it, strengthens it.

Welcome back, beloved son! My heart is *not* sensibly older, though my sight is more dim, and other outward tokens of age are not wanting, which will be more sensible to you than to those with me all along.

Our hearts are very full in looking forward to so near a meeting. May we come together and be together in the light of the love which has given us to each other.

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 17th August, 1871.

MY DEAREST JAMES,—Our John reached us safe and well on Tuesday, one P.M. He is looking delightfully like his own dear self, and, better, *is* his own dear old self. The Lord is filling our cup of family bliss, and you, beloved absent one, are all the more present in our thoughts and

hearts because of the irrepressible "Oh! that he could have been with us!" But I am not rebellious, and let me not seem to be. We are together in the thought and love of our God, who teaches us to love one another, and His will not only *ought to be*, but *is* welcome.

To his YOUNGEST SON.

ACHNASHIE, 26th September, 1871.

MY DEAREST ROBERT,—I sat down yesterday to write a few farewell words to each of you, to be waiting you to-day in London; but I eventually gave the whole time till letters were called for to John—and yet more as *your brother* than as *himself*, dear fellow; my mind being full of your start in life, and of the value to you, and comfort to us, of your leaving home being with him. I hope, if the Lord will, to be permitted yet to write many *individual* letters to you both. If I can write once a week to one or other of you, it will be a letter in three weeks to each; and in writing to you many things will be suggesting themselves in supplement of our Achnashie *bank-talks*, which may help you, beloved Robert, in the narrow path, in which it is my hope and trust that you are to be walking. This is but a loving "farewell," and a word of parental blessing. I just fall back on the words of Mr. Maurice that you have heard me quoting—"I never can look on my son without being thankful that he has a better Father than I have been or can be." Yet am I also thankful that I have been enabled in some measure to be to you—to each and all of you—such a father, so true a father, that, as in my own case, the experience of the *earthly* father has helped to fill with meaning the words, "Heavenly Father."

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

ACHNASHIE, 6th October, 1871.

I remember fifty years ago—or rather forty-five—my brother used to complain that my letters, however welcome as from me, had one defect; that they might have been written from any spot on earth as well as from Kilninver,—or Row, it more probably was. And this defect has been more or less discernible in my letters ever since; at least in my letters to my *nearest* and *dearest*. Somehow in writing to these I feel more in eternity than in time; their eternal life rising before my mind between me and their temporal life, and causing me to speak to them rather of the meat which endureth unto eternal life, than of that which feeds only our temporal life; however truly I share in the most evanescent enjoyments of the passing hour. In this way I have often disappointed other dear ones as well as my brother, withholding that expression of interest in their daily life which yet I felt;—so seeming to hold that as nothing which I was only lowering to a second place. However, I do not now do this as I did in the Row days; partly because I find a *breadthening virtue* in *experience;* and have learned to see more of the meat which endureth in its combination with much meat which perishes, than I had then discernment of. This means that I see the grace of God in the gift of eternal life, and the testimony of God regarding it, not only in the gospel, but in all the relationships of life—especially in those of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. These truly enjoyed according to the intention of God in bestowing them, and in using them to fill time with a healthy interest, tend to develop in us elements of humanity which have their ultimate reference to eternal life—being all, when fully understood, seen to be so many different forms in which our God and Father is saying to us that His *gift* to *us* as the

Father of our Spirits is *Eternal life.* As to some of the time relationships which have their more obvious use in their temporal results, it is not difficult to see further into them and understand their teaching on the subject of eternal life, and their fitness to help our faith in eternal life. Thus, however valuable I feel my father—my beloved and honoured father—to have been to me as so important an element in what life as temporal life has been to me and is, I feel that my highest experience of value in him as a gift from God I know to be the help to faith in God's Fatherliness which I have had in his fatherliness, and have now in the memory of it. So also in looking on my children and enjoying them, and tasting the sweetness of their love, the value of that sweetness is ever enhanced by the help it yields to my faith in the value which *my love* has to God. And doubtless we would more desire to be a pleasure to our God did we more truly believe that *we can be so;* that is, did we more realize the loving interest which He takes in us, and in what we are. But my time for this present writing is used up, and my letter proves a very good illustration of that old character of my letters of which I have been speaking.

To his Second Son.

Achnashie, 13th October, 1871.

We had two letters together from James last Sunday. It is pleasant to see him enjoying your surroundings here in sympathy with us all, enjoying his own surroundings there also, though so different; enjoyment in nature, though a different aspect of nature, being the common element in his life there, and in our life here; while also, in his last, occupied with your leaving us, and your coming to him.

It is a great happiness to me to see my children so rich in each other's affections, as well as in their mother's and my own; while my heart rises to God in thankful acknowledg-

ment of His love as the foundation of all love, in earnest prayer for a growing discernment of this in you and in us.

How many thoughts in my thinking of you since we parted, bring with them the wish that they had been subjects of our converse when we were together! How unsatisfactory a supplement letters are! But still to be used thankfully.

As to higher matters, while I hope to be able to write, I may from time to time avail myself of your possession of my books, asking you to recur to portions of them though you know them already: and now I would ask you to read the second last chapter of the *Nature of the Atonement.* I have had it read to me lately, and was thankful to find it a more perfect exposition of Christianity as a purpose of God to be realized in us than I thought I had been able to give.

As to lower but still important aspects of life, I have nothing to which to refer you; while your circumstances are so different from any in which I have been at any time, that my experience here has less promise of being helpful to you than in what belongs to any true experience in the path of life which is one for us all—our acceptance of the common salvation.

I do not venture to judge for you in questions of expenditure as affected by your social position, and what is due to the credit of the service. I think you, long ago, spoke in some letter of the knowledge which in the service everybody had of everybody's income. But this knowledge, though it is a temptation to everybody to judge what everybody *should* spend, of course confers no *right* so to judge; except within limits at least—limits not generally kept in view by the men *judging*, but which ought never to be lost sight of by the *judged*. Public opinion must always be taken to the light of some sound principle from which it must derive any real authority over us. We also owe it to the public, as our contribution to its wisdom, that we shall act

out our own convictions, and do our part towards giving it a *healthy tone.* Here the idea that what is everybody's business is nobody's business must be *reversed;* for what is everybody's business *is really* everybody's business; and unless we feel this so we cannot really discharge our individual debt to society.

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL.

4th November, 1871.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—I have not the number of the *Spectator* in question beside me, sending mine on to Bombay; nor, had I it, could I be of any help. Many articles in the *Spectator* and "letters to the Editor" have from time to time been a temptation to me to write, which I have resisted. This article was such a "temptation resisted." You know I have not the pen of a ready writer; which has advantages—saves from rushing into print.

I cannot anticipate the decision of your College of Bishops; only I always think of you as in a minority, if not yourself the minority. Mr. Oldham has proposed to me to be at the opening of the new St. Mary's on Thursday; but I have decided not to go, although interested in the occasion. I am wonderfully well *keeping quiet at home*, but feel that I have no supply of strength to draw on. I was very sorry not to have been able to go to Broom, and especially because your brother, whose acquaintance I have desired to make, was of your party. . . To us here family affection has been just now the source of some anxiety, indeed a good deal; but I trust we may feel relieved. I refer to the illness of William and Jean's little Walter. The sweet lamb has been hitherto only an enjoyment; an anxiety now for the first time. But *one Love* sends *both*, the enjoyment and the anxiety. "In all things give thanks." May they not find this a "hard saying," but receive it in the faith that things

in themselves not joyous but grievous have yet a just claim on our thanks because of their fitness to do us good.

I am thankful to say that Mrs. Campbell is better. The relief with which such words are spoken may seem inconsistent with that faith as to the presence of a good in every thing as it comes to us from God. But we know that there is in this no inconsistence.—Ever yours most truly,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

ACHNASHIE, ROSNEATH, *Dumbartonshire.*

Is it the kindly wish to include me in the number of your clergy that causes you to embrace Rosneath in your diocese of Argyll?

To his ELDEST SON.

ACHNASHIE, 5th November, 1871.

Your anxieties for your mother will have been relieved by M.'s improved accounts of her. Thankfulness is a good *tonic*. Joy is strength, as sorrow is weakness. Would that we knew more than any of us do that "the joy of the Lord is our strength." We are so often living in the weakening sense of some one trying circumstance of our state, as if that trying circumstance were the *whole* circle, in which, indeed, it is but a *small point;* as we see it to be when divine light shines on the whole circle—"the bounds of our habitation," a circle of circumstances divinely fitted to move us to seek God, to help us to find Him—Him, who is *beyond* and *around* as He is also *in* all that encompasses our conscious self, being Himself "our dwelling place in all generations." The forms of self-blame—of just self-blame—are many; as we see and confess them to be when taking ourselves to the light of our true ideal. No form of self-blame more often humbles me than that to which I am now referring—viz., my submitting to the depressing harassing power of some

one thing among the all things appointed for me, some one thing in itself not joyous but grievous, while still no real exception to the law of the kingdom of God that all things work together for good to them that love God.

I have begun again at the beginning with my writing, and am making I think a more hopeful start.

Many thanks for the *Guardian*. Professor Lightfoot's paper is extremely good.

We had a beautiful sermon from Robert Story to-day. I am thankful for the true sympathy with which he enters into any deep sorrow of any of his people, and for the heart he manifests altogether. To-day's sermon was in some measure a funeral sermon for his father's old bellman.

15th December, 1871.

We have been feeling much in sympathy with the Royal family; and our minds have been passing back and forward from this our near and home sorrow[1] to that national anxiety and to those on whom its severity is concentrated. You will not be surprised that my *regular writing* has been very much suspended, while my desire to write something more to help to true thoughts of our God presses on me as much as ever.

We have just received these improved accounts of the Prince. He may yet be given to the nation's cry. He was.

To his THIRD SON.

ACHNASHIE, 4th January, 1872.

I do not remember whether you have from me any anticipation of this season of good wishes for friends, and you will have had some taste of this new year before this letter reaches you; I trust a good beginning. You will all know how

[1] The death of a niece.

much this time of family gatherings intensifies our constant remembrances of our beloved distant ones. This time Christmas day was signalized by letters from you all three; and we have some later letters which came just before the close of the year. How much all these letters have contributed to our Christmas "good cheer." How much your letters all are a precious element in our life. Our children are a life to us in a way in which we are not, are not intended to be, to them; but more especially to your mother to whom home and home duties have been the great business of existence much more than to me, who ever since I have ceased to have special pastoral cares have continued under that "care of all the churches"—very real though not, with me, apostolic—which has determined so much, not of my thinking only, but of deep interested feeling also these many years.

We have, you know, Donald and Margaret, and are a good "foursome" party by ourselves; music, reading aloud, talk, chiefly of our absent ones, make pleasant evenings.

To his Youngest Daughter.

Achnashie, 5th January, 1872.

I believe that J.'s trial is such as very deep love alone can experience. But no capacity of suffering which has so excellent an origin is to be regretted, or to be wished less. . . . One has said,

> "Better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all;"

and so, if to have loved is even in that case better, the betterness is greater in proportion as the love has been intense. . . But indeed, to speak of having loved and *lost* is to see such a sorrow as this only in the light of *time*—not of *eternity*: "not *lost*, but gone before," is the

thought that has come to the help of many bereaved ones, and I trust my dear J. will be able to welcome its help. As to his memories of her who has "gone before" he will have no difficulty; nor will he, I trust, as to the strength of his own purpose to follow in the path of the same faith. It is indeed, strictly considered, a contradiction to feel comfort as to another *because* of that other's faith in Christ, and at the same time to have difficulty in trusting *ourselves* to Christ, and appropriating to ourselves all the comfort of His trustworthiness—trustworthiness alike as to *power* and faithfulness; and it is a contradiction into which we are not in danger of falling *if* we are in the light of the *freeness* of the grace of God—that is to say, are seeing that all that inspires trust in Christ, a right intelligent trust, exists in Him in relation to us all alike: therefore that no one is justified in trusting if any other is not free to trust.

But men feel comfort in the confidence felt by others (especially if that confidence is felt in dying), who do not yet see the same confidence free to themselves, because, where they see this confidence and believe it real, they ascribe it to some excellence in the person's self who is expressing confidence, and not to their clear seeing of Christ's trustworthiness. And this misconception is not removed by any words by which the endeavour is made (as by the dying it so often is) to turn the thoughts of surrounding friends from oneself to Christ. These words fail of their aim, because they are heard simply as the language of a beautiful humility, and so hearing them we are left admiring the dear one taken from us, but not brought ourselves one bit nearer to the faith we have witnessed, or to that knowledge of Christ by which it was sustained.

Rightly considered, another's faith is to us a call to taste and see that God is good; that those who trust in Him are blessed.

To his SECOND SON.

ACHNASHIE, 13th January, 1872.

Many thanks for all your letters. I am very thankful for all that refreshing of your home feelings of which you speak, although it be accompanied by a corresponding liability to symptoms of home-sickness. Sickness of whatever kind has a bright as well as a dark side, because of the value as mental discipline which belongs to it. But home-sickness has a peculiar compensating element in the preciousness of the home feeling to which it belongs.

We have our part also made more trying,—our home, so to speak, made to be a less perfect home ; that is, less rich in what gives its sweetness to home. The temporary increase thereof while you were with us, we now miss, and its withdrawal did not leave us where we were, because of that blank of which you speak as what is more peculiarly felt *by those left behind*, as I have long ago learnt to be the case. But we would not part with our feeling of blank ; for like home-sickness it has its compensating element, and the sweet after all prevails.

To his YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

ACHNASHIE, 8th February, 1872.

Our precious young traveller reached us safe and well, by the expected boat yesterday, in an hour of most exquisite Gareloch loveliness : land and sea sleeping in bright tranquillity ; all nature smiling on our happy meeting. The darling came to us without the slightest approach to shyness or misgiving ;—grandmama and grandpapa to her names of love as truly, though in a second place, as mama and papa, inspiring equally the confidence which *love believed* alone inspires. Oh what a parable !

To his ELDEST SON.

ACHNASHIE, 8th February, 1872.

M. came home yesterday, bringing our wee sweet Mary. The wee pet has made out the journey well, and is here a most bright sunbeam. It is very pleasant to see that we have not had an acquaintance to make, but that between photographs and talk about us, she has felt as knowing us all the time since she was here twelve months ago. She has developed very much and very delightfully.

We had much pleasure in our dear friend Mr. Duncan's week with us. He was interested in my manuscript, and hopes I may be able to go through with it. I have just begun again—a last attempt. If I am not spared to reach the other side, I may at least leave something recorded of my thinking for you and the rest.

Our mail letters from each of the boys are very pleasant, keeping us much up with the course of life with them. My beloved Mr. Erskine used in later years to dwell on the preciousness of the gift of relations, which he thought had at one time been undervalued among us through dwelling too exclusively in the new relationship which our Lord so commends, when asking, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" and Himself answering, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." In his case, the original bond and the new bond were so coincident, that he would have felt it difficult to distinguish between their practical values, the latter exalting what it was added to.

To the Same.

ACHNASHIE, 16th February, 1872.

I am feeling much anxiety about my beloved sister, whose many trying partings have, I think, their climax in this part-

ing with James. But I know the trial of faith, where faith is real, only deepens the conviction that we may rest peacefully in God's choice for us; while we could not in our own.

We do not find it easy to suspend our actual desire on our God's yet unmanifested will, while praying for what we can rightly desire only *conditionally*. This combination we see perfect in our Lord's prayer, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." I know that many regard a conditional element in prayer as incompatible with real faith in prayer; and there is a danger of hiding from ourselves our lack of faith in saying, "If thou wilt." But I could not, as to many things for which I pray, pray unconditionally; while yet in praying I am not simply, as it were, preparing myself to welcome something which would have come to me *at all events*. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." *Requests* with prayer and supplication must be *definite* choosings, and positive desires. What we are to "make known to God" are *our requests*. "Thanksgiving" implies the faith that our requests are graciously considered and granted, if *that is best for us;* which condition they include. Is this equivalent to expecting what was to have been at all events? If so, then quiet waiting upon the evolving of what is to be, would be a more intelligent and natural attitude than prayer and supplication. However much I come short in acting up to my faith, in the free communion of my heart with my God as to all to which I permit a place in my heart, my faith is that my desires, cherished in the light of God, ought to ascend to God as requests, with the confidence that they will have a weight with Him in accordance with that constitution of the kingdom of God of which the ordinance of prayer is a part. Is it not as one living in the light of this kingdom of God, and himself enjoying through prayer what he promises to prayer, that the apostle adds, "and the

peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus"? This promise is manifestly the promise of a participation in that peace which the Lord spoke of to the disciples as His "own peace;" and which they must have learned to connect with His life of prayer.

I believe that one source of the difficulties in having faith in God as the "hearer and answerer of prayer," is the vague conception of some divine end which all that takes place is subserving—hid from us, but the *final cause* of all that takes place—the *reason* in *the divine mind why it takes place;* nay, why it *must* take place, and contribute its part to the great result, which otherwise would fail. This is fatalism, or optimism; that is, a fixedness in all things contemplated as simply a necessity, or as at best a good necessity;—a necessity assumed to be good because God is believed to be good; but the manner of the goodness remaining hid, because the end, which will justify its claim to be goodness, is hid: assumed to be wise also, because God is wise; but the manner of the wisdom remaining in like manner hid, because the relation of the divinely-chosen means to the divinely-determined end is hid. The ordinance of prayer disallows this conception. It belongs to that moral and spiritual constitution of things which, as to all that concerns man, implies a moral and spiritual end on the part of God intelligible to man, and moral and spiritual means in relation to that end of which man can see the wisdom. So that here an answer in light to the question, "Why is this so or so?" must be a moral and spiritual answer in which we can give glory to God. The ordinance of prayer is thus to be understood and appreciated. He whom it became, in bringing sons to glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings (Heb. ii. 10), has given *prayer* and the *answer of prayer* a place both in these sufferings, and in our participation in them in being saved through them. Is not

"asking and receiving" the brief statement of the inner life of Christ in the work of redemption? Nothing can be further removed from the conception we receive of our Lord's mind in relation to the Father than the conception of a *fatalism* or *optimism* waiting on the evolution of a fixed course of things in passive acquiescence. Not a will of God which is a fate ever necessarily fulfilling itself in everything alike that takes place, but a will of God which is a moral will, fulfilled in goodness, resisted and gainsaid in evil, is seen ever present before His mind who came to do the will of God, "having his law hid in his heart;"—a will, the faith of which took first the form of prayer, then of word and deed in sequel to prayer.

. . . . . .

Monday, 19th February, 1872.

MY BELOVED DONALD,—These sheets were written at intervals. I have read them over, and though I can anticipate questions suggesting themselves as you read which I have not noticed, I trust the answers will also suggest themselves. We had a good sermon from Robert yesterday, from the words, "I thank thee that thou hast hid those things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes."—Your loving father,

J. M'L. CAMPBELL.

The above was the last letter which my father wrote to me. After finishing it he said to Mrs. Campbell, "I have written a long letter to my boy; it must do for him for a long time." This was on Monday, 19th February. That afternoon he went to see his old friend, Mrs. Robertson, Strouel Lodge, who was dying; and he prayed with her. On his way back with Mrs. Campbell he stopped in the garden, to superintend the planting of some new roses, whose flowers he was not to enjoy.

Next day he was all the morning at his desk, and he wrote with more than usual ease and fluency. The passage which he then composed forms the last four pages of *Reminiscences and Reflections;* and it shows that his mind was clear and vigorous to the last. The subject was a difficult one—"the relation between our thoughts of God and righteousness." Some days before, he had been unable to express his thoughts satisfactorily; but now he wrote without difficulty. The passage ends with these *last words:* "The relation of faith to righteousness, then, is the relation of our response to God, to God's voice to us. It is thus a reflection of the divine righteousness. A reflection which is one with what it reflects is righteousness—a living reflection from and in the whole man—thought and will, intellect and spirit." In the evening he was well and cheerful; and finding his sight better than it had been for some time, he read aloud from Lockhart's *Life of Scott;* pausing once to express his admiration of Scott's knowledge of human nature. At family worship his prayer seemed even more than usually beautiful and solemn.

That night, or rather very early next morning, he was taken ill. A few particulars of his brief illness may best be given in the words of her who nursed him through it all. "The morning he was taken ill" (Mrs. Campbell wrote two months after) "before the doctor came, he said that there was something in this pain that he never felt before: 'God will give me strength to bear what He sees good for me; and then, what a rest to know that I am in my Father's hands: He knoweth my frame.'" Although he suffered much, his mind continued clear during the first two days. On Thursday Mrs. Campbell heard him repeating the words, from the first question of the Shorter Catechism, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever." "His mind (she continues) was very full of this; and once he said to me, 'I never saw so much meaning in these words before.'

His whole heart was full of these thoughts; and he felt what a blessing it was that these words were taught to all the children in Scotland: he added, 'but how few do know them'; and then he spoke of the great darkness that was covering the land, and many other words that I cannot now write." On Friday his mind was not clear; but he was heard slowly repeating to himself the first of the five hymns which are printed at the end of all Scotch Bibles, beginning with the words—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

On Monday morning his eldest son arrived from London; and he knew him and addressed him by name: but that was all. Early on Tuesday morning, 27th February, he was released from his sufferings.

Little need be said of his funeral, which was attended by a large company, including many members of his former congregation in Glasgow, and some of his old Row parishioners, as well as many ministers of the Scotch churches. The services were conducted in Rosneath Church by Mr. Story and Dr. Macleod; and funeral sermons were afterwards preached by both these friends. Dr. Macleod's sermon was published in *Good Words* for May, 1872; and it records in glowing language his warm affection and enthusiastic admiration for his "oldest and dearest friend."

"Dr. Campbell," he said, "was the best man, without exception, I have ever known. This is my first, most decided, and unqualified statement. His character was the most perfect embodiment I have ever seen of the character of Jesus Christ. . . .

"I never perceived in any other such a constant

sense of God's presence. This impression was not necessarily conveyed by anything he said, nor by what is called religious conversation; but one felt as if there was another person, though unseen, always with him. This sense of God's presence was also seen in the reverent awe with which he spoke of Him or uttered His name, and in the solemn manner also in which he read the Scriptures. . . . To him the written word presented to the outer eye or ear what was in harmony with all he saw or heard of God as seen by the inner eye, or heard by the inner ear of the spirit, as taught of God. More touching still were his prayers. These were, indeed, an opening up of his whole heart in holy awe and loving confidence in God, and in righteous sympathy with His will." [1]

Dr. Story's sermon was also published, but is now out of print. I am permitted to quote from it the following passage, referring to the quiet evening of Dr. Campbell's life, which he spent in the parish of Rosneath :—

"Though to those who mourn him there is 'strong consolation' in the knowledge of his testimony borne, and of his works that follow him, it is difficult for them as yet to admit any thought but this—that he is gone. We may read and ponder the words he wrote ; but we can hear his voice no more, in that converse which was always so rich in suggestive thought, in human kindliness, and in Christlike charity. We can witness no more that life, which, to all who knew the manner of it, was the likest they could picture to that of the Divine Example. Yet we can think gratefully of that calm autumn of his days which he came to spend amongst us here. He had fought a good fight, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith ; and he found here, close to the unforgotten scenes of his early ministry and early troubles, the haven of his repose. No bitterness had ever crossed his

[1] *Good Words* for 1872, pages 353, 354.

thoughts of these ; but now his memory of them was full of content and peace. 'These things,' he said, 'are in the hands of God, and what has been is best.'

"As the end, which none foresaw, was drawing nearer, friends from far and near gathered round him to do him honour ; to express at last, in enduring form, the gratitude and reverence and affection, that had grown through so many years. The world knew his name and acknowledged his worth. Peace and prosperity were in his home. Every compensation for injustice and wrong that this life could give had been given. The Lord had brought forth 'his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noon-day.'

"And now he rests in a spot dear to his own heart, and closely linked with his memory. You can from his grave see, a mile away, the hills of his old parish. A few steps from him, lie the ashes of the friend who shared all his counsels and stood by him in his trials, long ago. Within the now broken walls, which cast their shadow on his resting-place, he often preached the word of life to that friend's congregation, the fathers and kindred of many here.

"May he rest in peace until the resurrection of the just ; and may we, brethren, have grace to be followers, even afar off, of such as he ! As one after another is taken from us, may we be led, ever more and more, to live as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, to walk by faith and not by sight, and to desire more earnestly the full revelation of that divine and eternal kingdom, wherein all who have loved the Lord and served Him heartily shall meet in the presence of their Father ; to whom be all glory in the church, throughout all ages. Amen."

. . . . . .

Of the many letters of sympathy which were received after his death I will quote only one. Professor Lushington wrote :

"Since I had the privilege of first knowing your father,

now many years have past; and wherever I have met him I felt deeply the presence of a heavenly nature refined and sublimed by dwelling amid contemplation of high truths: a spirit open-eyed and fearless, and withal humbly reverent and loving. So pure and holy a life when removed from our view is not wholly lost to us even here; it leaves a light that may guide us in the way we walk. I trust that there are many among younger men whom his words and example may enlighten and strengthen, and inspire with the love of truth and goodness.

"Nearly a year since, I last had the pleasure of seeing him, when there was a topic of special interest to both of us: our common deep regard and affection for Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, then lately deceased—of whom he spoke with feeling not to be forgotten. No doubt you know his genuine reverence for a character so akin to his own."

Many notices of Dr. Campbell's death appeared in the newspapers; and the following passage is taken from the *Glasgow Herald* of February 28th, 1872:

"Dr. Campbell was one of the most just of men, with a justice that could only come of charity. As in his writings his statements of the views he controverted were fair, and even more than fair, so in the more difficult task of judging of the character of personal opponents—enemies he could scarcely be said to have—he was absolutely unbiassed by personal feeling. He seemed, indeed, sometimes to go to the extreme of inventing good motives for those who had them not. If it was possible to ascribe a good motive, he never ascribed a bad one. Yet this did not arise from any lack of moral force of intensity of feeling, but partly from the strict self-repression of a mind determined to be just, and still more from the charity of one who believed in men because he loved them, and to whom Christian love was a love, not merely of all men in general, but of every man in particular.

"Of the incidents of Dr. Campbell's life we shall not here attempt to speak. At present it is enough to say, that the struggles and controversies of the earlier part of his career left no bitterness in his own heart, and we believe that they left little or none in the hearts of others. He lived to see a gradual and marked change in religious thought, which he himself had greatly contributed to produce; and this was strikingly evinced by the fact that only a few months ago an address was presented to him, along with a token of their respect and admiration, by upwards of a hundred of the leading clergymen and laymen of various churches, and that on that occasion the Moderator of the Church of Scotland expressed his conviction that the expulsion of Dr. Campbell from the church was an event deplored by many of its truest friends, and one which could not occur at the present day. In closing this notice, we may add that Dr. Campbell's last days were spent near the scene of his early labours, surrounded by the love and reverence of his family and of many friends, in whose hearts his memory will never die."

In accordance with the intention expressed at the outset, no attempt has been made in these pages to describe Dr. Campbell's character, or to estimate his position as a theological writer. Such an attempt seemed forbidden to one standing in so intimate a relation to the subject of the book. For this reason I am the more glad to be able to supplement those brief tributes to my father which have just been quoted by a letter which Principal Shairp has most kindly written to me, recording his recollections of my father, and of conversations with him on subjects of the deepest interest.

My dear Mr. Campbell,—From early days in our family the name of Mr. Campbell of the Row was familiar. At that time, the fourth decade of this century, "The Row Heresy," as it was then called, was everywhere spoken against. But

through some members of the Stirling of Kippendavie family who used to visit in our immediate neighbourhood, and who were devoted to your father and his teaching, sermons and addresses by him and his friends found their way into our household. They were read by some and produced their own impression; and that was that, however they might be discountenanced by the authorized teachers of the day, they contained something more spiritual and more appealing to the spirit, than was at all common at that time. One small book that was especially valued was 'Fragments of Exposition,' which contained notes taken of discourses delivered by your father after he left the Church of Scotland. I well remember about the years 1845 and 1846, at Oxford, after having heard and read a good many of Mr. Newman's sermons, and being much impressed by them, turning to this small book of your father's discourses. Though they came from a different quarter of the doctrinal heavens, and had no magic in their language as Newman's have, yet they seemed as full of spirituality, and that perhaps more simple and direct. They seemed equally removed from the old orthodoxy of Scotland, and from the spiritual teaching of the best Oxford men, confined as that was within a sacerdotal fence. Perhaps I do not rightly express it, but I remember very well how soothingly many of his thoughts fell on me during those years.

Again, when I used to visit Norman Macleod at Dalkeith during the years from 1843 till 1850 he always talked much of your father, and of the refreshment of spirit he found in converse with him. For during those years Norman was very isolated and lonely in his church relations. He groaned in spirit over the deadness and want of sympathy of those who had remained within the Establishment, and of course he could not find sympathy in those who had left it. Your father's visits to him from time to time were then his chief human support.

It was when Norman went to the Barony Church, Glasgow, that, on visits to him, I first met your father. All that I saw of him and heard him say, during those interviews, was in full harmony with what I had been led to expect. But as there were always three of us present at those times, I had no opportunity of conversing with him alone. After I came to St. Andrews and began to visit the late Mr. Erskine at Linlathen, and in Edinburgh, he too spoke even more of Mr. Campbell than Norman Macleod had done. Often he would revert to the time of their first acquaintance, and tell me about their experiences then.

In one visit to Mr. Erskine at 16 Charlotte Square I had a quiet hour of talk with your father on Sunday, March 11, 1860. Of this conversation, I made the following notes shortly after :—

With regard to the realizing a continual sense of God's Fatherhood and immediate presence, which he so urged as the great practical support for right living and right doing, he was asked :

Is not this something which a man may realize in his chamber, on his knees, but can he bear it with him into the busy world? Will this sense not be scared away by the noise of the market and the exchange?

He said, no doubt it is a narrow way to walk in, this. To do all our business actively, and yet while doing it to feel that it is the business our Father has given us to do, and to do it with the present sense that we are doing it for Him, and in His immediate presence. But this once believed in, and taken with us into our work, instead of being a hindrance, would enable us to do it better than we could do without such a sense of His presence. It would make us calm, it would make us see more clearly all the bearings of what we were doing. It would take away the self-light which obscures, and give us instead God's light wherein we see clearly. We must not however seek too high a link between

our particular work and God's great purposes on earth. A man may have to drudge at a mechanical routine day after day, week after week. His heart may at times sink within him, not seeing any bearing this routine has on the coming of God's kingdom. But he ought not to puzzle himself with trying to find the link. Enough if it is our Father's will for him. Let him do it faithfully, in the full sense that it is what God has given him to do, and he need not seek to see more.

Again in answer to a question, how is a man to know for himself, or to satisfy another, that what he calls knowing God, meeting with God, is not a delusion of his own feelings, how is he to be sure that he has ever got beyond the circle of his own subjectivity?—he first quoted the text, "He that cometh unto God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." And then he went on to say that Faith is itself to him who has it its own evidence, and cannot be proved to be true by any extrinsic evidence. He would have said, I suppose, to him who doubts whether God can indeed be met, Try it honestly, and you shall know. He said, further, that in communion with God we must not look for any sign, or strong vivid impressions borne in upon the feelings, but must be contented with the quiet outgoings of faith, in the certainty it brings that it has an object which is real. More than this may be, often is, given, but this more is not necessary to a true faith.

He mentioned that once in recent years, after the death of his brother, when his own whole body and mind were very much shattered, he found all the scaffolding of thoughts and arguments, which he had laboriously built up, fall away, and there was no help in them. What he might have offered to others at a like time, were then wholly unavailing for himself. One thing only was helpful, (and this, he said, was a precious lesson to him,) he had to begin at the old

beginning—he had to be just like a child, to believe, to put forth simple faith, where he could see nothing, to roll himself over upon God. And this, I think he said, brought comfort when nothing else did.

At another time, while speaking on the subject, he said that he did not think the power of self-introspection, or the power of analysis, or the mental refinement which high education gives, were any helps to realizing God—rather perhaps hindrances.

He then spoke of a criticism of his own book on the Atonement which had recently appeared in the *National Review*. That criticism objected, among other things, that Mr. Campbell's view presupposed a realistic theory of Christ as containing all humanity in Himself. Mr. Campbell did not feel this to be a weighty objection. For if we believe that all men live and have their being in God, and yet that their separate individuality remains intact, it is not more difficult to believe that Christ has in Himself all humanity as its Root, and its Head, without interfering with our separate and distinct individuality. Nor did he feel the force of another objection to his book in the same criticism,—that Christ could not repent, because repentance implies a personal sense of guilt. It is not, as the Reviewer says, that Christ's repentance is made by Mr. Campbell to be the substitute for our repentance. His is not the substitute for ours, but the fountain of it. In Him, and in the light which He manifests of the Father's character, and of our sin, only can we truly repent. "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus once for all." It is the will of the Father, which Jesus wholly met and fulfilled, which entering into a man, and acquiesced in by him, made his own, really sanctifies him. But it can only enter into us, Mr. Campbell said, in and through the shedding of the blood of Jesus. "The wages of sin is death." This is the Father's eternal irre-

versible way of looking at sin. He does not change this will. But Christ meets this will, says, 'Thou art righteous, O Father, in thus judging sin; and I accept Thy judgment of it; and meet it. I in my humanity say Amen to Thy judgment of sin.'

Then he added, those who like Maurice regard Christ's work as only taking away our alienation, by making us see the Father's eternal good-will toward us, as this only and no more, they take no account of the sense of guilt in man. According to their view, there is nothing real in the nature of things answering to this sense of guilt. The sense of guilt becomes a mistake which further knowledge removes. All sin is thus reduced to ignorance.

At another time, when speaking of Christ as the Head of humanity, I understood your father to say that he thought it one of Mr. Maurice's great dangers to carry this so far, as to absorb in it all sense of our own individuality.

Lastly, recurring again to his book and to the objection that it makes the Fatherly character overpower that of the Judge, he said that God could not be an all-wise and righteous Father, if He did not judge. But he thought the Father came first in order of nature, just as a child loves its parent first, without knowing why or how. The Gospel is before the law, as St. Paul shows, though the law comes in and has its place. As to Mr. Erskine's saying, "He judges only in order to save, to bring the soul to know its Father," he thought Mr. Erskine looked so entirely to the remoter end that he forgot the nearer. Mr. Campbell thought that God punishes, no doubt, to save and bring to the truth; but He punishes also directly and immediately to testify His displeasure at sin.

This is the main part of what I afterwards noted down of his conversation during that hour.

Of other times when I met and conversed with your father I have kept no record, and therefore cannot recall them

now. But of two days' visit he paid me at St. Andrews in July, 1868, I have a very distinct remembrance; though I took no notes of what he then said. As we walked about during these two days, he talked of many things besides theology—indeed he did not enlarge on this subject, unless when questioned, and this I did not then do. I remember his speaking of St. Columba with great interest, and quoting a Gaelic verse said to be by him. I put it down at the time and have it somewhere. What especially struck me of his conversation at that time was the extent to which during recent years he seemed to have opened his mind to subjects of general literature and philosophy. In all his remarks on these there was a weight and originality one seldom meets with, as of one who knew nothing of the common and wearisome hearsays that pass current among the so-called educated, but as if everything he uttered had passed through the strainers of his own thought, and came thence pure and direct. Whatever he said bore the mint-mark of his own veracity; and commended itself as true,—true that is, not only as regarded him, but true in itself. All his judgments of things and of men, while they betokened that subtle and reflective analysis which belonged to him, had a scrupulous justness and exactness. Penetrating inwardness there was, and watchful conscientiousness of thought, but at the same time eminent sanity of judgment. Above all, you felt that all his thoughts and feelings breathed in an atmosphere of perfect charity.

One or two theological items I can still recall. Shortly before he left me, in speaking of his own book, he dwelt on the importance of that part of it which dwells on the retrospective aspect of the atonement. This aspect, he said, was in his view essential to the full truth of the doctrine. He spoke with regret of the fact that many who had sympathized so far with his view had dropt this aspect out of sight, and had taken up solely what he says of the prospective aspect

of the atonement. This I understood him to say was to misrepresent his position, and to give a quite inadequate view of the great subject. Owing to this one-sided representation of his view it had come to pass that he had been identified with Maurice, which, if his book were fairly interpreted, he never could be. I inquired how far he agreed with the view which Mr. Erskine took of the relation of the Father and the Son—the view which Mr. Erskine afterwards set forth in his last work, *The Spiritual Order*. As far as I now remember he liked what was positive in the view, but thought it had a negative side which he could not agree with. He feared that in Mr. Erskine's view the personality of the Holy Spirit might be lost sight of; and from this he shrank.

These are the chief things I remember of that visit. You will not expect me to say anything of the impression left on me by your father's character. This only I may say, that like all who were admitted to know him, I felt then as always that he was one of the few men I have met who are truly described by the words 'holy' and 'saintly.' A remark which Norman Macleod made about him in the funeral sermon he preached shortly after his death, struck me at once as exactly expressing what I had often felt. It is that whenever you conversed with him alone he made you feel that there was a Third Being there in whose presence he distinctly felt himself to be. Norman wrote that sermon I know under much pressure of spirit, and as far as the wording goes, it is but a broken utterance. But it contains much of what lay nearest Norman's heart. In the last night I ever passed with him, he was full of your father, and what he had been to him. It was on the 18th March, 1872, when we travelled together by the night mail train to London. Norman had been but a week or two before present at your father's funeral. He said in his own characteristic way that he had never

before felt so thankful for the privilege of extempore prayer, as that, when called on to take part in the ceremonial in Rosneath Church, he could kneel down beside the coffin, and pour out his heart in thankfulness to God for all that your father had been to him.

He then talked long about him, and how much he had received from him during all those years from boyhood. He said that if he were asked to write your father's life, it would probably be the last thing he would ever write, and he would throw his whole heart into it, and try to make it the best. Before three months from that time were over, dear Norman was called to go where your father had just gone.

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